

AMERICAN AND
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FOR GRAMMAR GRADES

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Washington Irving

AMERICAN AND ENGLISH CLASSICS

FOR GRAMMAR GRADES

WITH BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES
PORTRAITS, AND NOTES



BOSTON NEW YORK CHICAGO
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
The Riverside Press Cambridge

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AMERICAN CLASSICS

WASHINGTON IRVING.



BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

IRVING may be named as the first author in the United States whose writings made a place for themselves in general literature. Franklin, indeed, had preceded him with his autobiography, but Franklin belongs rather to the colonial period. It was under the influences of that time that his mind and taste were formed, and there was a marked difference between the Boston and Philadelphia of Franklin's youth and the New York of Irving's time. Politics, commerce, and the rise of industries were rapidly changing social relations and manners, while the country was still dependent on England for its higher literature. It had hardly begun to find materials for literature in its own past or in its aspects of nature, yet there was a very positive element in life which resented foreign interference. There were thus two currents crossing each other: the common life which was narrowly American, and the cultivated taste which was English, or imitative of England. Irving's first ventures, in company with his brothers and Paulding, were in the attempt to represent New York in literature upon the model of contemporary or recent presentations of London. "The town" in the minds of these young writers was that portion of New York society which might be construed into a miniature reflection of London wit and amusement. His associates never advanced beyond this stage, but with Washington Irving the sketches which he wrote under the signa-

ture of *Jonathan Oldstyle* and in the medley of *Salmagundi* were only the first experiments of a mind capable of larger things. After five or six years of trifling with his pen, he wrote and published, in 1809, *A History of New York, by Diedrich Knickerbocker*, which he began in company with his brother Peter as a mere *jeu d'esprit*, but turned into a more determined work of humor, as the capabilities of the subject disclosed themselves. Grave historians had paid little attention to the record of New York under the Dutch; Irving, who saw the humorous contrast between the traditional Dutch society of his day and the pushing new democracy, seized upon the early history and made it the occasion for a good-natured burlesque. He shocked the old families about him, but he amused everybody else, and the book, going to England, made his name at once known to those who had the making there of literary reputations.

Irving himself was born of a Scottish father and English mother, who had come to this country only twenty years before. He was but little removed, therefore, from the traditions of Great Britain, and his brothers and he carried on a trading business with the old country. His own tastes were not mercantile, and he was only silent partner in the house; he wrote occasionally and was for a time the editor of a magazine, but his pleasure was chiefly in travel, good literature, and good society. It was while he was in England, in 1818, that the house in which he was a partner failed, and he was thrown on his own resources. Necessity gave the slight spur which was wanting to his inclination, and he began with deliberation the career of an author. He had found himself at home in England. His family origin and his taste for the best literature had made him English in his sympathies and tastes, and his residence and travels there, the society which he entered and the friends he made, confirmed him in English habits. Nevertheless he was sturdily American in his principles; he was strongly attached to New York and

his American friends, and was always a looker-on in England. His foreign birth and education gave him significant advantages as an observer of English life, and he at once began the writing of those papers, stories, and sketches which appeared in the separate numbers of *The Sketch Book*, in *Bracebridge Hall*, and in *Tales of a Traveller*. They were chiefly drawn from material accumulated abroad, but an occasional American subject was taken. Irving instinctively felt that by the circumstances of the time and the bent of his genius he could pursue his calling more safely abroad than at home. He remained in Europe seventeen years, sending home his books for publication, and securing also the profitable results of publication in London. During that time, besides the books above named, he wrote the *History of the Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus*; the *Voyages and Discoveries of the Companions of Columbus*; *A Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada*; and *The Alhambra*. The Spanish material was obtained while residing in Spain, whither he went at the suggestion of the American minister to make translations of documents relating to the voyages of Columbus which had recently been collected. Irving's training and tastes led him rather into the construction of popular narrative than into the work of a scientific historian, and, with his strong American affections, he was quick to see the interest and value which lay in the history of Spain as connected with America. He was eminently a *raconteur*, very skilful and graceful in the shaping of old material; his humor played freely over the surface of his writing, and, with little power to create characters or plots, he had an unfailing perception of the literary capabilities of scenes and persons which came under his observation.

He came back to America in 1832 with an established reputation, and was welcomed enthusiastically by his friends and countrymen. He travelled into the new parts of America, and spent ten years at home, industriously working at the material which had accumulated in his hands when

abroad, and had been increased during his travels in the West. In this period he published *Legends of the Conquest of Spain*; *The Crayon Miscellany*, including his *Tour on the Prairies, Abbotsford and Newstead Abbey; Astoria*; a number of papers in the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, afterwards published under the title of *Wolfert's Roost*; and edited the *Adventures of Captain Bonneville, U. S. A., in the Rocky Mountains and the Far West*.

In 1842 he went back to Spain as American minister, holding the office for four years, when he returned to America, established himself at his home, Sunnyside on the banks of the Hudson, and remained there until his death in 1859. The fruits of this final period were *Mahomet and his Successors*, which, with a volume of posthumous publication, *Spanish Papers and other Miscellanies*, completed the series of Spanish and Moorish subjects which form a distinct part of his writings; *Oliver Goldsmith, a Biography*; and finally a *Life of Washington*, which occupied the closing years of his life, — years which were not free from physical suffering. In this book Irving embodied his strong admiration for the subject, whose name he bore and whose blessing he had received as a child; he employed, too, a pen which had been trained by its labors on the Spanish material, and, like that series, the work is marked by good taste, artistic sense of proportion, faithfulness, and candor, rather than by the severer work of the historian. It is a popular and a fair life of Washington and account of the war for independence.

Irving's personal and literary history is recorded in *The Life and Letters of Washington Irving*, by his nephew, Pierre M. Irving. A briefer but satisfactory survey of his life and work will be found in the volume by Charles Dudley Warner on Irving, in the *American Men of Letters Series*.

Washington Irving was born in New York, April 3, 1783, and died at Sunnyside on the Hudson, November 28, 1859.

INTRODUCTION TO RIP VAN WINKLE.

THE story of Rip Van Winkle purported to have been written by Diedrich Knickerbocker, who was a humorous invention of Irving's, and whose name was familiar to the public as the author of *A History of New York*. The *History* was published in 1809, but it was ten years more before the first number of *The Sketch Book of Geoffrey Crayon, Gent.*, was published. This number, which contained *Rip Van Winkle*, was, like succeeding numbers, written by Irving in England and sent home to America for publication. He laid the scene of the story in the Kaatskills, but he drew upon his imagination and the reports of others for the scenery, not visiting the spot until 1833. The story is not absolutely new; the fairy tale of *The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood* has the same theme; so has the story of Epimenides of Crete, who lived in the sixth or seventh century before Christ. He was said to have fallen asleep in a cave when a boy, and to have awaked at the end of fifty-seven years, his soul, meanwhile, having been growing in stature. There is the legend also of the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus, Christian martyrs who were walled into a cave to which they had fled for refuge, and there were miraculously preserved for two centuries. Among the stories in which the Harz Mountains of Germany are so prolific is one of Peter Klaus, a goatherd who was accosted one day by a young man who silently beckoned him to follow, and led him to a secluded spot, where he found twelve knights playing, voiceless, at skittles. He saw a can of wine which was very fragrant, and, drinking of it, was thrown into a deep sleep, from which he did not wake for twenty years. The story gives

incidents of his awaking and of the changes which he found in the village to which he returned. This story, which was published with others in 1800, may very likely have been the immediate suggestion to Irving, who has taken nearly the same framework. The humorous additions which he has made, and the grace with which he has invested the tale, have caused his story to supplant earlier ones in the popular mind, so that Rip Van Winkle has passed into familiar speech, and allusions to him are clearly understood by thousands who have never read Irving's story. The recent dramatizing of the story, though following the outline only, has done much to fix the conception of the character. The story appeals very directly to a common sentiment of curiosity as to the future, which is not far removed from what some have regarded as an instinct of the human mind pointing to personal immortality. The name Van Winkle was happily chosen by Irving, but not invented by him. The printer of the *Sketch Book*, for one, bore the name. The name Knickerbocker, also, is among the Dutch names, but Irving's use of it has made it representative. In *The Author's Apology*, which he prefixed to a new edition of the *History of New York*, he says: "I find its very name become a 'household word,' and used to give the home stamp to everything recommended for popular acceptance, such as Knickerbocker societies; Knickerbocker insurance companies; Knickerbocker steamboats; Knickerbocker omnibuses, Knickerbocker bread, and Knickerbocker ice; and . . . New Yorkers of Dutch descent priding themselves upon being 'genuine Knickerbockers.'"

RIP VAN WINKLE.

A POSTHUMOUS WRITING OF DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER.

By Woden, God of Saxons,
From whence comes Wensday, that is Wodensday.
Truth is a thing that ever I will keep
Unto thylke day in which I creep into
My sepulchre.

CARTWRIGHT.¹

THE following tale was found among the papers of the late Diedrich Knickerbocker, an old gentleman of New York, who was very curious in the Dutch history of the province, and the manners of the descendants from its primitive settlers. His historical researches, however, did not lie so much among books as among men; for the former are lamentably scanty on his favorite topics; whereas he found the old burghers, and still more their wives, rich in that legendary lore so invaluable to true history. Whenever, therefore, he happened upon a genuine Dutch family, snugly shut up in its low-roofed farmhouse under a spreading sycamore, he looked upon it as a little clasped volume of black-letter, and studied it with the zeal of a book worm.

The result of all these researches was a history of the province during the reign of the Dutch governors, which he published some years since. There have been various opinions as to the literary character of his work, and, to tell the truth, it is not a whit better than it should be. Its chief merit is its scrupulous accuracy, which indeed was a little questioned on its first appearance, but has since been completely established; and it is now admitted into all historical collections, as a book of unquestionable authority.

The old gentleman died shortly after the publication of his work, and now that he is dead and gone, it cannot do much harm

¹ William Cartwright, 1611–1643, was a friend and disciple of Ben Jonson.

to his memory¹ to say that his time might have been much better employed in weightier labors. He, however, was apt to ride his hobby his own way ; and though it did now and then kick up the dust a little in the eyes of his neighbors, and grieve the spirit of some friends, for whom he felt the truest deference and affection ; yet his errors and follies are remembered “ more in sorrow than in anger,” and it begins to be suspected that he never intended to injure or offend. But however his memory may be appreciated by critics, it is still held dear by many folk, whose good opinion is worth having ; particularly by certain biscuit-bakers, who have gone so far as to imprint his likeness on their new-year cakes ;² and have thus given him a chance for immortality, almost equal to the being stamped on a Waterloo Medal, or a Queen Anne’s Farthing.³

¹ *The History of New York* had given offence to many old New Yorkers because of its saucy treatment of names which were held in veneration as those of founders of families, and its general burlesque of Dutch character. Among the critics was a warm friend of Irving, Gulian C. Verplanck, who in a discourse before the New York Historical Society plainly said : “ It is painful to see a mind, as admirable for its exquisite perception of the beautiful as it is for its quick sense of the ridiculous, wasting the richness of its fancy on an ungrateful theme, and its exuberant humor in a coarse caricature.” Irving took the censure good-naturedly, and as he read Verplanck’s words just as he was finishing the story of *Rip Van Winkle*, he gave them this playful notice in the introduction.

² An oblong seed-cake, still made in New York at New Year’s time, and of Dutch origin.

³ There was a popular story that only three farthings were struck in Queen Anne’s reign ; that two were in public keeping, and that the third was no one knew where, but that its lucky finder would be able to hold it at an enormous price. As a matter of fact there were eight coinings of farthings in the reign of Queen Anne, and numismatists do not set a high value on the piece.

WHOEVER has made a voyage up the Hudson must remember the Kaatskill Mountains. They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lording it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed, every hour of the day, produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains, and they are regarded by all the good wives, far and near, as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but sometimes when the rest of the landscape is cloudless they will gather a hood of gray vapors about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.

At the foot of these fairy¹ mountains, the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle-roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape. It is a little village of great antiquity, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists in the early time of the province, just about the beginning of the government of the good Peter Stuyvesant,² (may he rest in peace!) and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, built of small yellow

¹ A light touch to help the reader into a proper spirit for receiving the tale.

² Stuyvesant was governor of New Netherlands from 1647 to 1664. He plays an important part in *Knickerbocker's History of New York*, as he did in actual life. Until quite recently a pear tree was shown on the Bowery, said to have been planted by him.

bricks brought from Holland, having latticed windows and gable fronts, surmounted with weathercocks.

In that same village, and in one of these very houses (which, to tell the precise truth, was sadly time-worn and weather-beaten), there lived many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple, good-natured fellow, of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a descendant of the Van Winkles who figured so gallantly in the chivalrous days of Peter Stuyvesant, and accompanied him to the siege of Fort Christina.¹ He inherited, however, but little of the martial character of his ancestors. I have observed that he was a simple, good-natured man; he was, moreover, a kind neighbor, and an obedient hen-pecked husband. Indeed, to the latter circumstance might be owing that meekness of spirit which gained him such universal popularity; for those men are most apt to be obsequious and conciliating abroad, who are under the discipline of shrews at home. Their tempers, doubtless, are rendered pliant and malleable in the fiery furnace of domestic tribulation; and a curtain lecture is worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the virtues of patience and long-suffering. A termagant wife may, therefore, in some respects be considered a tolerable blessing, and if so, Rip Van Winkle was thrice blessed.

Certain it is, that he was a great favorite among all the good wives of the village, who, as usual with the amiable sex, took his part in all family squabbles; and never failed, whenever they talked those matters

¹ The Van Winkles appear in the illustrious catalogue of heroes who accompanied Stuyvesant to Fort Christina, and were

“Brimful of wrath and cabbage.”

See *History of New York*. book VI. chap. viii.

over in their evening gossipings, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle. The children of the village, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village, he was surrounded by a troop of them, hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back, and playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity; and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighborhood.

The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labor. It could not be from the want of assiduity or perseverance; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowling-piece on his shoulder for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never refuse to assist a neighbor, even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn, or building stone-fences; the women of the village, too, used to employ him to run their errands, and to do such little odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them. In a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own; but as to doing family duty, and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.

In fact, he declared it was of no use to work on his farm; it was the most pestilent little piece of ground in the whole country; everything about it went wrong,

and would go wrong, in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces ; his cow would either go astray or get among the cabbages ; weeds were sure to grow quicker in his fields than anywhere else ; the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some out-door work to do ; so that though his patrimonial estate had dwindled away under his management, acre by acre, until there was little more left than a mere patch of Indian corn and potatoes, yet it was the worst-conditioned farm in the neighborhood.

His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip, an urchin begotten in his own likeness, promised to inherit the habits, with the old clothes of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of his father's cast-off galligaskins, which he had much ado to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.

Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away in perfect contentment ; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family. Morning, noon, and night her tongue was incessantly going, and everything he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind, and that, by frequent use, had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley

from his wife; so that he was fain to draw off his forces, and take to the outside of the house — the only side which, in truth, belongs to a henpecked husband.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much henpecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye, as the cause of his master's going so often astray. True it is, in all points of spirit befitting an honorable dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods — but what courage can withstand the ever-during and all-besetting terrors of a woman's tongue? The moment Wolf entered the house his crest fell, his tail drooped to the ground, or curled between his legs, he sneaked about with a gallows air, casting many a side-long glance at Dame Van Winkle, and at the least flourish of a broomstick or ladle he would fly to the door with yelping precipitation.

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle as years of matrimony rolled on; a tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant use. For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village; which held its sessions on a bench before a small inn, designated by a rubicund portrait of His Majesty George the Third. Here they used to sit in the shade through a long lazy summer's day, talking listlessly over village gossip, or telling endless sleepy stories about nothing. But it would have been worth any statesman's money to have heard the profound discussions that sometimes took place, when by chance an old newspaper fell into their hands from some passing

traveller. How solemnly they would listen to the contents, as drawled out by Derrick Van Bummel, the school-master, a dapper learned little man, who was not to be daunted by the most gigantic word in the dictionary ; and how sagely they would deliberate upon public events some months after they had taken place.

The opinions of this junto were completely controlled by Nicholas Vedder, a patriarch of the village, and landlord of the inn, at the door of which he took his seat from morning till night, just moving sufficiently to avoid the sun and keep in the shade of a large tree ; so that the neighbors could tell the hour by his movements as accurately as by a sun-dial. It is true he was rarely heard to speak, but smoked his pipe incessantly. His adherents, however (for every great man has his adherents), perfectly understood him, and knew how to gather his opinions. When anything that was read or related displeased him, he was observed to smoke his pipe vehemently, and to send forth short, frequent and angry puffs ; but when pleased, he would inhale the smoke slowly and tranquilly, and emit it in light and placid clouds ; and sometimes, taking the pipe from his mouth, and letting the fragrant vapor curl about his nose, would gravely nod his head in token of perfect approbation.

From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquillity of the assemblage and call the members all to naught ; nor was that august personage, Nicholas Vedder himself, sacred from the daring tongue of this terrible virago, who charged him outright with encouraging her husband in habits of idleness.

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair ;

and his only alternative, to escape from the labor of the farm and clamor of his wife, was to take gun in hand and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree, and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow-sufferer in persecution. "Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it; but never mind, my lad, whilst I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee!" Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face, and if dogs can feel pity I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart.

In a long ramble of the kind on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill Mountains. He was after his favorite sport of squirrel shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and reëchoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll, covered with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of a precipice. From an opening between the trees he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on its silent but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud, or the sail of a lagging bark, here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

On the other side he looked down into a deep mountain glen, wild, lonely, and shagged, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time Rip lay musing on this scene; evening was gradually advancing the mountains began to throw

their long blue shadows over the valleys; he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village, and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

As he was about to descend, he heard a voice from a distance, hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked round, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air: "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" — at the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and giving a low growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him; he looked anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place; but supposing it to be some one of the neighborhood in need of his assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

On nearer approach he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short, square-built old fellow, with thick bushy hair, and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion: a cloth jerkin strapped round the waist, several pair of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides, and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulder a stout keg, that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alac

city; and mutually relieving one another, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent. As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long rolling peals like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, or rather cleft, between lofty rocks, toward which their rugged path conducted. He paused for a moment, but supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient thunder-showers which often take place in mountain heights, he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheatre, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brinks of which impending trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky and the bright evening cloud. During the whole time Rip and his companion had labored on in silence; for though the former marvelled greatly what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain, yet there was something strange and incomprehensible about the unknown, that inspired awe and checked familiarity.

On entering the amphitheatre, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the centre was a company of odd-looking personages playing at ninepins. They were dressed in a quaint outlandish fashion; some wore short doublets, others jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and most of them had enormous breeches of similar style with that of the guide's. Their visages, too, were peculiar; one had a large beard, broad face, and small piggish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat, set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards, of various shapes and colors. There was one who seemed to be

the commander. He was a stout old gentleman, with a weather-beaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes, with roses in them. The whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting in the parlor of Dominie Van Shaick, the village parson, which had been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip was, that though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such fixed, statue-like gaze, and such strange, uncouth, lack-lustre countenances, that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

By degrees Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavor of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another; and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often that at length his

senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

On waking, he found himself on the green knoll whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes — it was a bright, sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze. “Surely,” thought Rip, “I have not slept here all night.” He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with a keg of liquor — the mountain ravine — the wild retreat among the rocks — the woe-begone party at nine-pins — the flagon — “Oh! that flagon! that wicked flagon!” thought Rip — “what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?”

He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean, well-oiled fowling-piece, he found an old fire-lock lying by him, the barrel incrustured with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roisters of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and, having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him, and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's gambol, and if he met with any of the party, to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity. “These mountain beds do not agree with me,” thought Rip, “and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of the rheumatism, I shall have a

blessed time with Dame Van Winkle." With some difficulty he got down into the glen; he found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening; but to his astonishment a mountain stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He, however, made shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras, and witch-hazel, and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grapevines that twisted their coils or tendrils from tree to tree, and spread a kind of network in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheatre; but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high, impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad, deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled after his dog; he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice; and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done? the morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock, and, with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat sur

prised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and whenever they cast their eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip, involuntarily, to do the same, when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long!

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors — strange faces at the windows, — everything was strange. His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but the day before. There stood the Kaatskill Mountains — there ran the silver Hudson at a distance — there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been — Rip was sorely perplexed — “That flagon last night,” thought he, “has addled my poor head sadly!”

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay — the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog that

looked like Wolf was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed — “My very dog,” sighed poor Rip, “has forgotten me!”

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. This desolateness overcame all his connubial fears — he called loudly for his wife and children — the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then again all was silence.

He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the village inn — but it, too, was gone. A large, rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, “The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle.” Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red night-cap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes — all this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe; but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a sceptre, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, GENERAL WASHINGTON.

There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of

the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco-smoke instead of idle speeches; or Var Bummel, the school-master, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean bilious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens — elections — members of congress — liberty — Bunker's Hill — heroes of seventy-six — and other words, which were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and an army of women and children at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern-politicians. They crowded round him, eying him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and, drawing him partly aside, inquired "on which side he voted?" Rip started in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and, rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear, "Whether he was Federal or Democrat?" Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question; when a knowing, self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded in an austere tone, "what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his

heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?" — "Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the king, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the bystanders — "A tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!" It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and, having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit what he came there for, and whom he was seeking? The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors, who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well — who are they? — name them."

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied, in a thin, piping voice: "Nicholas Vedder! why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotten and gone too."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war; some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point¹ — others say he was drowned in a squall at the foot of Antony's Nose.² I don't know — he never came back again."

¹ On the Hudson. The place is famous for the daring assault made by Mad Anthony Wayne, July 15, 1779.

² A few miles above Stony Point is the promontory of Antony's Nose. If we are to believe Diedrich Knickerbocker, it

"Where's Van Bummel, the school-master?"

"He went off to the wars too, was a great militia general, and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand: war — Congress — Stony Point; he had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three, "Oh, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself, as he went up the mountain: apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man.

was named after Antony Van Corlear, Stuyvesant's trumpeter. "It must be known, then, that the nose of Antony the trumpeter was of a very lusty size, strutting boldly from his countenance like a mountain of Golconda. . . . Now thus it happened, that bright and early in the morning the good Antony, having washed his burly visage, was leaning over the quarter railing of the galley, contemplating it in the glassy wave below. Just at this moment the illustrious sun, breaking in all his splendor from behind a high bluff of the highlands, did dart one of his most potent beams full upon the refulgent nose of the sounder of brass — the reflection of which shot straightway down, hissing hot, into the water and killed a mighty sturgeon that was sporting beside the vessel! . . . When this astonishing miracle came to be made known to Peter Stuyvesant he . . . marvelled exceedingly; and as a monument thereof, he gave the name of *Antony's Nose* to a stout promontory in the neighborhood, and it has continued to be called Antony's Nose ever since that time." *History of New York*, book VI. chap. iv.

In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name?

"God knows," exclaimed he, at his wit's end; "I'm not myself — I'm somebody else — that's me yonder — no — that's somebody else got into my shoes — I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!"

The bystanders began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief, at the very suggestion of which the self-important man in the cocked hat retired with some precipitation. At this critical moment a fresh, comely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she, "hush, you little fool; the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind. "What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, Rip Van Winkle was his name, but it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since, — his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one question more to ask; and he put it with a faltering voice: —

“Where’s your mother?”

“Oh, she too had died but a short time since; she broke a blood-vessel in a fit of passion at a New England peddler.”

There was a drop of comfort at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. “I am your father!” cried he — “Young Rip Van Winkle once — old Rip Van Winkle now! Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?”

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, “Sure enough it is Rip Van Winkle — it is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbor — Why, where have you been these twenty long years?”

Rip’s story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbors stared when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks; and the self-important man in the cocked hat, who, when the alarm was over, had returned to the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth, and shook his head — upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was a descendant of the historian of that name,¹ who wrote one of the earliest accounts of the province. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighborhood. He recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story

¹ Adrian Vanderdonk.

in the most satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor the historian, that the Kaatskill Mountains had always been haunted by strange beings. That it was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years, with his crew of the Half-moon; being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the river and the great city called by his name. That his father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses playing at ninepins in a hollow of the mountain; and that he himself had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls like distant peals of thunder.

To make a long story short, the company broke up, and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her; she had a snug well-furnished house, and a stout cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm; but evinced an hereditary disposition to attend to anything else but his business.

Rip now resumed his old walks and habits; he soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time; and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favor.

Having nothing to do at home, and being arrived at that happy age when a man can be idle with impunity, he took his place once more on the bench at the inn door, and was revered as one of the patriarchs

of the village, and a chronicle of the old times "before the war." It was some time before he could get into the regular track of gossip, or could be made to comprehend the strange events that had taken place during his torpor. How that there had been a revolutionary war—that the country had thrown off the yoke of old England—and that, instead of being a subject of his Majesty George the Third, he was now a free citizen of the United States. Rip, in fact, was no politician; the changes of states and empires made but little impression on him; but there was one species of despotism under which he had long groaned, and that was—petticoat government. Happily that was at an end; he had got his neck out of the yoke of matrimony, and could go in and out whenever he pleased, without dreading the tyranny of Dame Van Winkle. Whenever her name was mentioned, however, he shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and cast up his eyes, which might pass either for an expression of resignation to his fate, or joy at his deliverance.

He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at Mr. Doolittle's hotel. He was observed, at first, to vary on some points every time he told it, which was, doubtless, owing to his having so recently awaked. It at last settled down precisely to the tale I have related, and not a man, woman, or child in the neighborhood but knew it by heart. Some always pretended to doubt the reality of it, and insisted that Rip had been out of his head, and that this was one point on which he always remained flighty. The old Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally gave it full credit. Even to this day they never hear a thunder-storm of a summer afternoon about the Kaats

kill, but they say Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of ninepins ; and it is a common wish of all henpecked husbands in the neighborhood, when life hangs heavy on their hands, that they might have a quieting draught out of Rip Van Winkle's flagon.

NOTE.

The foregoing Tale, one would suspect, had been suggested to Mr. Knickerbocker by a little German superstition about the Emperor Frederick *der Rothbart*,¹ and the Kypphaüser mountain ; the subjoined note, however, which he had appended to the tale, shows that it is an absolute fact, narrated with his usual fidelity.

"The story of Rip Van Winkle may seem incredible to many, but nevertheless I give it my full belief, for I know the vicinity of our old Dutch settlements to have been very subject to marvellous events and appearances. Indeed, I have heard many stranger stories than this, in the villages along the Hudson ; all of which were too well authenticated to admit of a doubt. I have even talked with Rip Van Winkle myself, who, when last I saw him, was a very old venerable man, and so perfectly rational and consistent on every other point, that I think no conscientious person could refuse to take this into the bargain ; nay, I have seen a certificate on the subject taken before a country justice and signed with a cross, in the justice's own handwriting. The story therefore, is beyond the possibility of doubt.

"D. K."

POSTSCRIPT.

The following are travelling notes from a memorandum-book of Mr. Knickerbocker :—

The Kaatsberg, or Catskill Mountains, have always been a region full of fable. The Indians considered them the abode of spirits, who influenced the weather, spreading sunshine or clouds

¹ Frederick I. of Germany, 1121–1190, called Barbarossa, *der Rothbart* (Redbeard or Rufus), was fabled not to have died but to have gone into a long sleep, from which he would awake when Germany should need him. The same legend was told by the Danes of their Holger.

over the landscape, and sending good or bad hunting seasons. They were ruled by an old squaw spirit, said to be their mother. She dwelt on the highest peak of the Catskills, and had charge of the doors of day and night to open and shut them at the proper hour. She hung up the new moons in the skies, and cut up the old ones into stars. In times of drought, if properly propitiated, she would spin light summer clouds out of cobwebs and morning dew, and send them off from the crest of the mountain, flake after flake, like flakes of carded cotton, to float in the air ; until, dissolved by the heat of the sun, they would fall in gentle showers, causing the grass to spring, the fruits to ripen, and the corn to grow an inch an hour. If displeased, however, she would brew up clouds black as ink, sitting in the midst of them like a bottle-bellied spider in the midst of its web ; and when these clouds broke, woe betide the valleys !

In old times, say the Indian traditions, there was a kind of Manitou or Spirit, who kept about the wildest recesses of the Catskill Mountains, and took a mischievous pleasure in wreaking all kinds of evils and vexations upon the red men. Sometimes he would assume the form of a bear, a panther, or a deer, lead the bewildered hunter a weary chase through tangled forest and among ragged rocks ; and then spring off with a loud ho ! ho ! leaving him aghast on the brink of a beetling precipice or raging torrent.

The favorite abode of this Manitou is still shown. It is a great rock or cliff on the loneliest part of the mountains, and from the flowering vines which clamber about it, and the wild flowers which abound in its neighborhood, is known by the name of the Garden Rock. Near the foot of it is a small lake, the haunt of the solitary bittern, with water-snakes basking in the sun on the leaves of the pond-lilies which lie on the surface. This place was held in great awe by the Indians, insomuch that the boldest hunter would not pursue his game within its precincts. Once upon a time, however, a hunter, who had lost his way, penetrated to the Garden Rock, where he beheld a number of gourds placed in the crotches of trees. One of these he seized and made off with it, but in the hurry of his retreat he let it fall among the rocks, when a great stream gushed forth, which washed him away and swept him down precipices, where he was dashed to pieces, and the stream made its way to the Hudson, and continues to flow to the present day ; being the identical stream known by the name of the Kaaters-kill.

THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW.

FOUND AMONG THE PAPERS OF THE LATE DIEDRICH
KNICKERBOCKER.

A pleasing land of drowsy head it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
Forever flushing round a summer sky.

*Castle of Indolence.*¹

IN the bosom of one of those spacious coves which indent the eastern shore of the Hudson, at that broad expansion of the river denominated by the ancient Dutch navigators the Tappan Zee,² and where they always prudently shortened sail and implored the protection of St. Nicholas³ when they crossed, there lies a small market town or rural port, which by some is called Greensburgh, but which is more generally and

¹ An exquisite poem by James Thomson, an English poet who lived from 1700 to 1748. In it he describes a beautiful palace with groves and lawns and flowery beds, where everything ministers to the ease and luxury of its lotus-eating inmates. He seems to have gathered his materials from Tasso, an Italian poet of the sixteenth century, and his inspiration from Spenser an English poet of the same century and the author of *The Faerie Queene*.

² The "Mediterranean" of the river, as Irving was pleased to call it, about ten miles long and four wide.

³ The patron saint of children, also of sailors. Tradition says that he was bishop of Myra in Lydia, and died in 326 A. D. He is revered by the young as the bearer of gifts on Christmas eve. The Dutch know him as Santa Claus (or Klaus). Irving alludes to him frequently in his humorous *History of New York*.

properly known by the name of Tarry Town. This name was given, we are told, in former days, by the good housewives of the adjacent country, from the inveterate propensity of their husbands to linger about the village tavern on market days. Be that as it may, I do not vouch for the fact, but merely advert to it, for the sake of being precise and authentic. Not far from this village, perhaps about two miles, there is a little valley or rather lap of land among high hills, which is one of the quietest places in the whole world. A small brook glides through it, with just murmur enough to lull one to repose; and the occasional whistle of a quail or tapping of a woodpecker is almost the only sound that ever breaks in upon the uniform tranquillity.

I recollect that, when a stripling, my first exploit in squirrel-shooting was in a grove of tall walnut-trees that shades one side of the valley. I had wandered into it at noontime, when all nature is peculiarly quiet, and was startled by the roar of my own gun, as it broke the Sabbath stillness around and was prolonged and reverberated by the angry echoes. If ever I should wish for a retreat¹ whither I might steal from the world and its distractions, and dream quietly away the remnant of a troubled life, I know of none more promising than this little valley.

From the listless repose of the place, and the peculiar character of its inhabitants, who are descendants from the original Dutch settlers, this sequestered glen has long been known by the name of SLEEPY

¹ Irving subsequently bought the little stone cottage where the Van Tassels were said to have lived, enlarged and improved it, and gave it the name of Sunnyside. Here he spent his declining years, thus gratifying the wish implied in the text.

HOLLOW, and its rustic lads are called the Sleepy Hollow Boys throughout all the neighboring country. A drowsy, dreamy influence seems to hang over the land, and to pervade the very atmosphere. Some say that the place was bewitched by a High German doctor, during the early days of the settlement; others, that an old Indian chief, the prophet or wizard of his tribe, held his powwows there before the country was discovered by Master Hendrick Hudson.¹ Certain it is, the place still continues under the sway of some witching power, that holds a spell over the minds of the good people, causing them to walk in a continual reverie. They are given to all kinds of marvelous beliefs; are subject to trances and visions, and frequently see strange sights, and hear music and voices in the air. The whole neighborhood abounds with local tales, haunted spots, and twilight superstitions; stars shoot and meteors glare oftener across the valley than in any other part of the country, and the night-mare, with her whole ninefold,² seems to make it the favorite scene of her gambols.

The dominant spirit, however, that haunts this enchanted region, and seems to be commander-in-chief of all the powers of the air, is the apparition of a figure on horseback, without a head. It is said by some to be the ghost of a Hessian trooper, whose head had been carried away by a cannon-ball, in some nameless battle during the Revolutionary War, and who is ever

¹ More commonly known as Henry Hudson. He was an eminent English navigator, who, while seeking a northwest passage to India, discovered the river and the bay that bear his name, the former in 1609 and the latter in 1610. In 1611 a mutinous crew forced him and eight men into a small boat and abandoned them to their fate. They were never heard of afterwards.

² "He met the night-mare and her nine-fold." — *King Lear*.

and anon seen by the country folk hurrying along in the gloom of night, as if on the wings of the wind. His haunts are not confined to the valley, but extend at times to the adjacent roads, and especially to the vicinity of a church¹ at no great distance. Indeed, certain of the most authentic historians of those parts, who have been careful in collecting and collating the floating facts concerning this spectre, allege that the body of the trooper having been buried in the churchyard, the ghost rides forth to the scene of battle in nightly quest of his head, and that the rushing speed with which he sometimes passes along the Hollow, like a midnight blast, is owing to his being belated, and in a hurry to get back to the churchyard before daybreak.

Such is the general purport of this legendary superstition, which has furnished materials for many a wild story in that region of shadows; and the spectre is known at all the country firesides, by the name of the Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow.

It is remarkable that the visionary propensity I have mentioned is not confined to the native inhabitants of the valley, but is unconsciously imbibed by every one who resides there for a time. However wide awake they may have been before they entered that sleepy region, they are sure, in a little time, to inhale the witching influence of the air, and begin to grow imaginative, to dream dreams, and see apparitions.

I mention this peaceful spot with all possible laud; for it is in such little retired Dutch valleys, found here and there embosomed in the great State of New York, that population, manners, and customs remain

¹ This little Dutch church, which was built in 1699, is said to be still standing.

fixed, while the great torrent of migration and improvement, which is making such incessant changes in other parts of this restless country, sweeps by them unobserved. They are like those little nooks of still water, which border a rapid stream, where we may see the straw and bubble riding quietly at anchor, or slowly revolving in their mimic harbor, undisturbed by the rush of the passing current. Though many years have elapsed since I trod the drowsy shades of Sleepy Hollow, yet I question whether I should not still find the same trees and the same families vegetating in its sheltered bosom.

In this by-place of nature there abode, in a remote period of American history, that is to say, some thirty years since, a worthy wight of the name of Ichabod Crane, who sojourned, or, as he expressed it, "tarried," in Sleepy Hollow, for the purpose of instructing the children of the vicinity. He was a native of Connecticut, a State which supplies the Union with pioneers for the mind as well as for the forest, and sends forth yearly its legions of frontier woodmen and country schoolmasters. The cognomen of Crane was not inapplicable to his person. He was tall, but exceedingly lank, with narrow shoulders, long arms and legs, hands that dangled a mile out of his sleeves, feet that might have served for shovels, and his whole frame most loosely hung together. His head was small, and flat at top, with huge ears, large green glassy eyes, and a long snipe nose, so that it looked like a weathercock perched upon his spindle neck to tell which way the wind blew. To see him striding along the profile of a hill on a windy day, with his clothes bagging and fluttering about him, one might have mistaken him for the genius of famine descending upon the earth, or some scarecrow eloped from a cornfield.

His schoolhouse was a low building of one large room, rudely constructed of logs; the windows partly glazed, and partly patched with leaves of old copy-books. It was most ingeniously secured at vacant hours, by a withe twisted in the handle of the door, and stakes set against the window shutters; so that though a thief might get in with perfect ease, he would find some embarrassment in getting out, — an idea most probably borrowed by the architect, Yost Van Houten, from the mystery of an eelpot.¹ The schoolhouse stood in a rather lonely but pleasant situation, just at the foot of a woody hill, with a brook running close by, and a formidable birch-tree growing at one end of it. From hence the low murmur of his pupils' voices, conning over their lessons, might be heard in a drowsy summer's day, like the hum of a beehive; interrupted now and then by the authoritative voice of the master, in the tone of menace or command; or, peradventure, by the appalling sound of the birch, as he urged some tardy loiterer along the flowery path of knowledge. Truth to say, he was a conscientious man, and ever bore in mind the golden maxim, "Spare the rod and spoil the child."² Ichabod Crane's scholars certainly were not spoiled.

I would not have it imagined, however, that he was one of those cruel potentates of the school who joy in the smart of their subjects; on the contrary, he administered justice with discrimination rather than

¹ A trap for catching eels, its funnel-shaped aperture favoring their entrance but thwarting their escape.

² The thought, but not the wording, is from the Bible, as the following quotations show: —

"He that spareth his rod hateth his son." — Prov. xiii. 24.

"Love is a boy by poets styl'd;

Then spare the rod and spoil the child." — Butler's *Hudibras*.

severity ; taking the burden off the backs of the weak, and laying it on those of the strong. Your mere puny stripling, that winced at the least flourish of the rod, was passed by with indulgence ; but the claims of justice were satisfied by inflicting a double portion on some little tough, wrong headed, broad-skirted Dutch urchin, who sulked and swelled and grew dogged and sullen beneath the birch. All this he called “ doing his duty by their parents ; ” and he never inflicted a chastisement without following it by the assurance, so consolatory to the smarting urchin, that “ he would remember it and thank him for it the longest day he had to live.”

When school hours were over, he was even the companion and playmate of the larger boys ; and on holiday afternoons would convoy some of the smaller ones home, who happened to have pretty sisters, or good housewives for mothers, noted for the comforts of the cupboard. Indeed, it behooved him to keep on good terms with his pupils. The revenue arising from his school was small, and would have been scarcely sufficient to furnish him with daily bread, for he was a huge feeder, and, though lank, had the dilating powers of an anaconda ; but to help out his maintenance, he was, according to country custom in those parts, boarded and lodged at the houses of the farmers whose children he instructed. With these he lived successively a week at a time, thus going the rounds of the neighborhood, with all his worldly effects tied up in a cotton handkerchief.

That all this might not be too onerous on the purses of his rustic patrons, who are apt to consider the costs of schooling a grievous burden, and schoolmasters as mere drones, he had various ways of rendering him

self both useful and agreeable. He assisted the farmers occasionally in the lighter labors of their farms, helped to make hay, mended the fences, took the horses to water, drove the cows from pasture, and cut wood for the winter fire. He laid aside, too, all the dominant dignity and absolute sway with which he lorded it in his little empire, the school, and became wonderfully gentle and ingratiating. He found favor in the eyes of the mothers by petting the children, particularly the youngest; and like the lion bold, which whilom so magnanimously the lamb did hold,¹ he would sit with a child on one knee, and rock a cradle with his foot for whole hours together.

In addition to his other vocations, he was the singing-master of the neighborhood, and picked up many bright shillings by instructing the young folks in psalmody. It was a matter of no little vanity to him on Sundays, to take his station in front of the church gallery, with a band of chosen singers; where, in his own mind, he completely carried away the palm from the parson. Certain it is, his voice resounded far above all the rest of the congregation; and there are peculiar quavers still to be heard in that church, and which may even be heard half a mile off, quite to the opposite side of the mill-pond, on a still Sunday morning, which are said to be legitimately descended

¹ In the *New England Primer*, almost the only juvenile book in the early schools of this country, occurs the following rude couplet:—

“The Lion bold
The Lamb doth hold.”

A coarse woodcut, representing a lion with his paw resting lovingly (!) on a lamb, accompanies the rhymes; and the main object seems to be to impress indelibly on the learner's mind the letter L.

from the nose of Ichabod Crane. Thus, by divers little makeshifts, in that ingenious way which is commonly denominated "by hook and by crook," the worthy pedagogue got on tolerably enough, and was thought, by all who understood nothing of the labor of headwork, to have a wonderfully easy life of it.

The schoolmaster is generally a man of some importance in the female circle of a rural neighborhood; being considered a kind of idle, gentlemanlike personage, of vastly superior taste and accomplishments to the rough country swains, and, indeed, inferior in learning only to the parson. His appearance, therefore, is apt to occasion some little stir at the tea-table of a farmhouse, and the addition of a supernumerary dish of cakes or sweetmeats, or, peradventure, the parade of a silver teapot. Our man of letters, therefore, was peculiarly happy in the smiles of all the country damsels. How he would figure among them in the churchyard, between services on Sundays! gathering grapes for them from the wild vines that overran the surrounding trees; reciting for their amusement all the epitaphs on the tombstones; or sauntering, with a whole bevy of them, along the banks of the adjacent mill-pond; while the more bashful country bumpkins hung sheepishly back, envying his superior elegance and address.

From his half-itinerant life, also, he was a kind of traveling gazette, carrying the whole budget of local gossip from house to house, so that his appearance was always greeted with satisfaction. He was, moreover, esteemed by the women as a man of great erudition, for he had read several books quite through, and was a perfect master of Cotton Mather's¹ "History of

¹ Cotton Mather was a New England clergyman, son of

New England Witchcraft," in which, by the way, he most firmly and potently believed.

He was, in fact, an odd mixture of small shrewdness and simple credulity. His appetite for the marvelous, and his powers of digesting it, were equally extraordinary; and both had been increased by his residence in this spell-bound region. No tale was too gross or monstrous for his capacious swallow. It was often his delight, after his school was dismissed in the afternoon, to stretch himself on the rich bed of clover bordering the little brook that whimpered by his school-house, and there con over old Mather's direful tales, until the gathering dusk of evening made the printed page a mere mist before his eyes. Then, as he wended his way by swamp and stream and awful woodland, to the farmhouse where he happened to be quartered, every sound of nature, at that witching hour, fluttered his excited imagination,—the moan of the whip-poor-will from the hillside, the boding cry of the tree toad, that harbinger of storm, the dreary hooting of the screech owl, to the sudden rustling in the thicket of birds frightened from their roost. The fireflies, too, which sparkled most vividly in the darkest places, now and then startled him, as one of uncommon brightness would stream across his path; and if, by chance, a huge blockhead of a beetle came winging his blundering flight against him, the poor varlet was ready to give up the ghost, with the idea

Increase Mather and grandson of John Cotton. He was born in Boston in 1663, graduated at Harvard College in 1684, and ordained minister in Boston the same year. He was a diligent and prolific student, his various publications numbering nearly four hundred. Like most persons of his time, he believed in the existence of witches, and thought he was doing God's service in bunting them down. He died in 1728.

that he was struck with a witch's token. His only resource on such occasions, either to drown thought or drive away evil spirits, was to sing psalm tunes; and the good people of Sleepy Hollow, as they sat by their doors of an evening, were often filled with awe at hearing his nasal melody, "in link'd sweetness long drawn out,"¹ floating from the distant hill, or along the dusky road.

Another of his sources of fearful pleasure was to pass long winter evenings with the old Dutch wives, as they sat spinning by the fire, with a row of apples roasting and spluttering along the hearth, and listen to their marvellous tales of ghosts and goblins, and haunted fields, and haunted brooks, and haunted bridges, and haunted houses, and particularly of the headless horseman, or Galloping Hessian of the Hollow, as they sometimes called him. He would delight them equally by his anecdotes of witchcraft, and of the direful omens and portentous sights and sounds in the air, which prevailed in the earlier times of Connecticut; and would frighten them woefully with speculations upon comets and shooting stars; and with the alarming fact that the world did absolutely turn round, and that they were half the time topsy-turvy!

But if there was a pleasure in all this, while snugly cuddling in the chimney corner of a chamber that was all of a ruddy glow from the crackling wood fire, and where, of course, no spectre dared to show its face, it was dearly purchased by the terrors of his subsequent walk homewards. What fearful shapes and shadows beset his path, amidst the dim and ghastly glare of a snowy night! With what wistful look did he eye every trembling ray of light streaming across the

¹ From Milton's *L'Allegro*.

waste fields from some distant window ! How often was he appalled by some shrub covered with snow, which, like a sheeted spectre, beset his very path ! How often did he shrink with curdling awe at the sound of his own steps on the frosty crust beneath his feet ; and dread to look over his shoulder, lest he should behold some uncouth being tramping close behind him ! and how often was he thrown into complete dismay by some rushing blast, howling among the trees, in the idea that it was the Galloping Hessian on one of his nightly scourings !

All these, however, were mere terrors of the night, phantoms of the mind that walk in darkness ; and though he had seen many spectres in his time, and been more than once beset by Satan ¹ in divers shapes, in his lonely perambulations, yet daylight put an end to all these evils ; and he would have passed a pleasant life of it, in despite of the Devil and all his works, if his path had not been crossed by a being that causes more perplexity to mortal man than ghosts, goblins, and the whole race of witches put together, and that was — a woman.

Among the musical disciples who assembled, one evening in each week, to receive his instructions in psalmody, was Katrina Van Tassel, the daughter and only child of a substantial Dutch farmer. She was a blooming lass of fresh eighteen ; plump as a partridge ripe and melting and rosy-checked as one of her father's peaches, and universally famed, not merely for her beauty, but her vast expectations. She was withal a little of a coquette, as might be perceived even in

¹ An allusion to the old and widespread belief that ghosts, goblins, and witches were the obedient subjects and emissaries of the Evil One.

her dress, which was a mixture of ancient and modern fashions, as most suited to set off her charms. She wore the ornaments of pure yellow gold, which her great-great-grandmother had brought over from Saardam;¹ the tempting stomacher of the olden time, and withal a provokingly short petticoat, to display the prettiest foot and ankle in the country round.

Ichabod Crane had a soft and foolish heart towards the sex; and it is not to be wondered at, that so tempting a morsel soon found favor in his eyes, more especially after he had visited her in her paternal mansion. Old Baltus Van Tassel was a perfect picture of a thriving, contented, liberal-hearted farmer. He seldom, it is true, sent either his eyes or his thoughts beyond the boundaries of his own farm; but within those everything was snug, happy and well-conditioned. He was satisfied with his wealth, but not proud of it; and piqued himself upon the hearty abundance, rather than the style in which he lived. His stronghold was situated on the banks of the Hudson, in one of those green, sheltered, fertile nooks in which the Dutch farmers are so fond of nestling. A great elm tree spread its broad branches over it, at the foot of which bubbled up a spring of the softest and sweetest water, in a little well formed of a barrel; and then stole sparkling away through the grass, to a neighboring brook, that babbled along among alders and dwarf willows. Hard by the farmhouse was a vast barn, that might have served for a church; every window and crevice of which seemed bursting

¹ Also known as Zaandam, a town of Holland about five miles from Amsterdam, historically famous as the place where Peter the Great of Russia worked as a shipwright and learned how to build ships.

forth with the treasures of the farm ; the flail was busily resounding within it from morning to night ; swallows and martins skimmed twittering about the eaves ; and rows of pigeons, some with one eye turned up, as if watching the weather, some with their heads under their wings or buried in their bosoms, and others swelling, and cooing, and bowing about their dames, were enjoying the sunshine on the roof. Sleek unwieldy porkers were grunting in the repose and abundance of their pens, from whence sallied forth, now and then, troops of sucking pigs, as if to snuff the air. A stately squadron of snowy geese were riding in an adjoining pond, convoying whole fleets of ducks ; regiments of turkeys were gobbling through the farmyard, and Guinea fowls fretting about it, like ill-tempered housewives, with their peevish, discontented cry. Before the barn door strutted the gallant cock, that pattern of a husband, a warrior and a fine gentleman, clapping his burnished wings and crowing in the pride and gladness of his heart, — sometimes tearing up the earth with his feet, and then generously calling his ever-hungry family of wives and children to enjoy the rich morsel which he had discovered.

The pedagogue's mouth watered as he looked upon this sumptuous promise of luxurious winter fare. In his devouring mind's eye, he pictured to himself every roasting-pig running about with a pudding in his belly, and an apple in his mouth ; the pigeons were snugly put to bed in a comfortable pie, and tucked in with a coverlet of crust ; the geese were swimming in their own gravy ; and the ducks pairing cosily in dishes, like snug married couples, with a decent competency of onion sauce. In the porkers he saw carved

out the future sleek side of bacon, and juicy relishing ham ; not a turkey but he beheld daintily trussed up, with its gizzard under its wing, and, peradventure, a necklace of savory sausages ; and even bright chanticleer himself lay sprawling on his back, in a side dish, with uplifted claws, as if craving that quarter which his chivalrous spirit disdained to ask while living.

As the enraptured Ichabod fancied all this, and as he rolled his great green eyes over the fat meadow lands, the rich fields of wheat, of rye, of buckwheat, and Indian corn, and the orchards burdened with ruddy fruit, which surrounded the warm tenement of Van Tassel, his heart yearned after the damsel who was to inherit these domains, and his imagination expanded with the idea, how they might be readily turned into cash, and the money invested in immense tracts of wild land, and shingle palaces in the wilderness. Nay, his busy fancy already realized his hopes, and presented to him the blooming Katrina, with a whole family of children, mounted on the top of a wagon loaded with household trumpery, with pots and kettles dangling beneath ; and he beheld himself bestriding a pacing mare, with a colt at her heels, setting out for Kentucky, Tennessee,¹ — or the Lord knows where !

When he entered the house, the conquest of his heart was complete. It was one of those spacious farmhouses, with high-ridged but lowly sloping roofs, built in the style handed down from the first Dutch settlers ; the low projecting eaves forming a piazza along the front, capable of being closed up in bad

¹ At the time the *Sketch Book*, which contains the *Legend of Sleepy Hollow*, was published (1819), the far West that emigrants made their goal was east of the Mississippi.

weather. Under this were hung flails, harness, various utensils of husbandry, and nets for fishing in the neighboring river. Benches were built along the sides for summer use; and a great spinning-wheel at one end, and a churn at the other, showed the various uses to which this important porch might be devoted. From this piazza the wondering Ichabod entered the hall, which formed the centre of the mansion, and the place of usual residence. Here rows of resplendent pewter, ranged on a long dresser, dazzled his eyes. In one corner stood a huge bag of wool, ready to be spun; in another, a quantity of linsey-woolsey just from the loom; ears of Indian corn, and strings of dried apples and peaches, hung in gay festoons along the walls, mingled with the gaud of red peppers; and a door left ajar gave him a peep into the best parlor, where the claw-footed chairs and dark mahogany tables shone like mirrors; andirons, with their accompanying shovel and tongs, glistened from their covert of asparagus tops; mock-oranges and conch-shells decorated the mantelpiece; strings of various-colored birds' eggs were suspended above it; a great ostrich egg was hung from the centre of the room, and a corner cupboard, knowingly left open, displayed immense treasures of old silver and well-mended china.

From the moment Ichabod laid his eyes upon these regions of delight, the peace of his mind was at an end, and his only study was how to gain the affections of the peerless daughter of Van Tassel. In this enterprise, however, he had more real difficulties than generally fell to the lot of a knight-errant of yore,¹ who seldom

¹ A good type of the hero Irving had in mind may be found in Don Quixote, the wandering knight whom Spanish Cervantes immortalized in his inimitable *Don Quixote de la Mancha* (1605).

had anything but giants, enchanters, fiery dragons, and such like easily conquered adversaries, to contend with ; and had to make his way merely through gates of iron and brass, and walls of adamant to the castle keep, where the lady of his heart was confined ; all which he achieved as easily as a man would carve his way to the centre of a Christmas pie ; and then the lady gave him her hand as a matter of course. Icha-bod, on the contrary, had to win his way to the heart of a country coquette, beset with a labyrinth of whims and caprices, which were forever presenting new difficulties and impediments ; and he had to encounter a host of fearful adversaries of real flesh and blood, the numerous rustic admirers, who beset every portal to her heart, keeping a watchful and angry eye upon each other, but ready to fly out in the common cause against any new competitor.

Among these, the most formidable was a burly, roaring, roystering blade, of the name of Abraham, or, according to the Dutch abbreviation, Brom Van Brunt, the hero of the country round, which rang with his feats of strength and hardihood. He was broad-shouldered and double-jointed, with short curly black hair, and a bluff but not unpleasant countenance, having a mingled air of fun and arrogance. From his Herculean frame and great powers of limb, he had received the nickname of BROM BONES, by which he was universally known. He was famed for great knowledge and skill in horsemanship, being as dexterous on horseback as a Tartar. He was foremost at all races and cock-fights ; and, with the ascendancy which bodily strength always acquires in rustic life, was the umpire in all disputes, setting his hat on one side, and giving his decisions with an air and tone that

admitted of no gainsay or appeal. He was always ready for either a fight or a frolic; but had more mischief than ill-will in his composition; and with all his overbearing roughness, there was a strong dash of waggish good humor at bottom. He had three or four boon companions, who regarded him as their model, and at the head of whom he scoured the country, attending every scene of feud or merriment for miles round. In cold weather he was distinguished by a fur cap, surmounted with a flaunting fox's tail; and when the folks at a country gathering descried this well-known crest at a distance, whisking about among a squad of hard riders, they always stood by for a squall. Sometimes his crew would be heard dashing along past the farmhouses at midnight, with whoop and halloo, like a troop of Don Cossacks;¹ and the old dames, startled out of their sleep, would listen for a moment till the hurry-scurry had clattered by, and then exclaim, "Ay, there goes Brom Bones and his gang!" The neighbors looked upon him with a mixture of awe, admiration, and good-will; and, when any madcap prank or rustic brawl occurred in the vicinity, always shook their heads, and warranted Brom Bones was at the bottom of it.

This rantipole hero had for some time singled out the blooming Katrina for the object of his uncouth gallantries, and though his amorous toyings were something like the gentle caresses and endearments of

¹ The Cossacks are restless and warlike Russian tribes, of excellent service to the Russian army as scouts, skirmishers, and irregular cavalry. They are widely distributed over the empire, and are popularly known by their localities as the Cossacks of the river Don, of the Danube, of the Black Sea, of the Caucasus, and so on.

a bear, yet it was whispered that she did not altogether discourage his hopes. Certain it is, his advances were signals for rival candidates to retire, who felt no inclination to cross a lion in his amours; inso-much, that when his horse was seen tied to Van Tassel's paling, on a Sunday night, a sure sign that his master was courting, or, as it is termed, "sparking," within, all other suitors passed by in despair, and carried the war into other quarters.

Such was the formidable rival with whom Ichabod Crane had to contend, and, considering all things, a stouter man than he would have shrunk from the competition, and a wiser man would have despaired. He had, however, a happy mixture of pliability and perseverance in his nature; he was in form and spirit like a supple-jack — yielding, but tough; though he bent, he never broke; and though he bowed beneath the slightest pressure, yet, the moment it was away — jerk! — he was as erect, and carried his head as high as ever.

To have taken the field openly against his rival would have been madness; for he was not a man to be thwarted in his amours, any more than that stormy lover, Achilles.¹ Ichabod, therefore, made his advances in a quiet and gently insinuating manner. Under cover of his character of singing-master, he made frequent visits at the farmhouse; not that he had anything to apprehend from the meddlesome interference of parents, which is so often a stumbling-block in the path of lovers. Balt Van Tassel was an easy.

¹ The most famous warrior of the Trojan War. The *Iliad* of Homer begins with the wrath of Achilles, in the tenth year of the war, because Agamemnon had taken from him Briseïs, a beautiful captive, to whom he was strongly attached.

indulgent soul; he loved his daughter better even than his pipe, and, like a reasonable man and an excellent father, let her have her way in everything. His notable little wife, too, had enough to do to attend to her housekeeping and manage her poultry: for, as she sagely observed, ducks and geese are foolish things, and must be looked after, but girls can take care of themselves. Thus, while the busy dame bustled about the house, or plied her spinning-wheel at one end of the piazza, honest Balt would sit smoking his evening pipe at the other, watching the achievements of a little wooden warrior, who, armed with a sword in each hand, was most valiantly fighting the wind on the pinnacle of the barn. In the mean time, Ichabod would carry on his suit with the daughter by the side of the spring under the great elm, or sauntering along in the twilight, that hour so favorable to the lover's eloquence.

I profess not to know how women's hearts are wooed and won. To me they have always been matters of riddle and admiration. Some seem to have but one vulnerable point, or door of access; while others have a thousand avenues, and may be captured in a thousand different ways. It is a great triumph of skill to gain the former, but a still greater proof of generalship to maintain possession of the latter, for a man must battle for his fortress at every door and window. He who wins a thousand common hearts is therefore entitled to some renown; but he who keeps undisputed sway over the heart of a coquette is indeed a hero. Certain it is, this was not the case with the redoubtable Brom Bones; and from the moment Ichabod Crane made his advances, the interests of the former evidently declined: his horse was no longer

seen tied to the palings on Sunday nights, and a deadly feud gradually arose between him and the preceptor of Sleepy Hollow.

Brom, who had a degree of rough chivalry in his nature, would fain have carried matters to open warfare and have settled their pretensions to the lady, according to the mode of those most concise and simple reasoners, the knights-errant of yore, — by single combat; but Ichabod was too conscious of the superior might of his adversary to enter the lists against him; he had overheard a boast of Bones, that he would “double the schoolmaster up, and lay him on a shelf of his own schoolhouse;” and he was too wary to give him an opportunity. There was something extremely provoking in this obstinately pacific system; it left Brom no alternative but to draw upon the funds of rustic waggery in his disposition, and to play off boorish practical jokes upon his rival. Ichabod became the object of whimsical persecution to Bones and his gang of rough riders. They harried his hitherto peaceful domains, smoked out his singing-school by stopping up the chimney, broke into the schoolhouse at night, in spite of its formidable fastenings of withe and window stakes, and turned everything topsy-turvy, so that the poor schoolmaster began to think all the witches in the country held their meetings there. But what was still more annoying, Brom took all opportunities of turning him into ridicule in presence of his mistress, and had a scoundrel dog whom he taught to whine in the most ludicrous manner, and introduced as a rival of Ichabod’s, to instruct her in psalmody.

In this way matters went on for some time, without producing any material effect on the relative situations of the contending powers. On a fine autumnal

afternoon, Ichabod, in pensive mood, sat enthroned on the lofty stool from whence he usually watched all the concerns of his little literary realm. In his hand he swayed a ferule, that sceptre of despotic power; the birch of justice reposed on three nails behind the throne, a constant terror to evil doers; while on the desk before him might be seen sundry contraband articles and prohibited weapons, detected upon the persons of idle urchins, such as half-munched apples, popguns, whirligigs, fly-cages, and whole legions of rampant little paper game-cocks. Apparently there had been some appalling act of justice recently inflicted, for his scholars were all busily intent upon their books, or slyly whispering behind them with one eye kept upon the master; and a kind of buzzing stillness reigned throughout the schoolroom. It was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of a negro in tow-cloth jacket and trowsers, a round-crowned fragment of a hat, like the cap of Mercury, and mounted on the back of a ragged, wild, half-broken colt, which he managed with a rope by way of halter. He came clattering up to the school-door with an invitation to Ichabod to attend a merry-making or "quilting-frolic,"¹ to be held that evening at Mynheer Van Tassel's; and having delivered his message with that air of importance and effort at fine language which a negro is apt to display on petty embassies of the kind, he dashed over the brook, and was seen scampering away up the Hollow, full of the importance and hurry of his mission.

¹ "Now were instituted 'quilting-bees,' and 'husking-bees,' and other rural assemblages, where, under the inspiring influence of the fiddle, toil was enlivened by gayety and followed up by the dance."—Irving's *History of New York*.

All was now bustle and hubbub in the late quiet schoolroom. The scholars were hurried through their lessons without stopping at trifles ; those who were nimble skipped over half with impunity, and those who were tardy had a smart application now and then in the rear, to quicken their speed or help them over a tall word. Books were flung aside without being put away on the shelves, inkstands were overturned, benches thrown down, and the whole school was turned loose an hour before the usual time, bursting forth like a legion of young imps, yelping and racketing about the green in joy at their early emancipation.

The gallant Ichabod now spent at least an extra half hour at his toilet, brushing and furbishing up his best, and indeed only suit of rusty black, and arranging his locks by a bit of broken looking-glass that hung up in the schoolhouse. That he might make his appearance before his mistress in the true style of a cavalier, he borrowed a horse from the farmer with whom he was domiciliated, a choleric old Dutchman of the name of Hans Van Ripper, and, thus gallantly mounted, issued forth like a knight-errant in quest of adventures. But it is meet I should, in the true spirit of romantic story, give some account of the looks and equipments of my hero and his steed. The animal he bestrode was a broken-down plow-horse, that had outlived almost everything but its viciousness. He was gaunt and shagged, with a ewe neck, and a head like a hammer ; his rusty mane and tail were tangled and knotted with burs ; one eye had lost its pupil, and was glaring and spectral, but the other had the gleam of a genuine devil in it. Still he must have had fire and mettle in his day, if we may judge from the name he bore of Gunpowder. He had, in

fact, been a favorite steed of his master's, the choleric Van Ripper, who was a furious rider, and had infused, very probably, some of his own spirit into the animal; for, old and broken-down as he looked, there was more of the lurking devil in him than in any young filly in the country.

Ichabod was a suitable figure for such a steed. He rode with short stirrups, which brought his knees nearly up to the pommel of the saddle; his sharp elbows stuck out like grasshoppers'; he carried his whip perpendicularly in his hand, like a sceptre, and as his horse jogged on, the motion of his arms was not unlike the flapping of a pair of wings. A small wool hat rested on the top of his nose, for so his scanty strip of forehead might be called, and the skirts of his black coat fluttered out almost to the horse's tail. Such was the appearance of Ichabod and his steed as they shambled out of the gate of Hans Van Ripper, and it was altogether such an apparition as is seldom to be met with in broad daylight.

It was, as I have said, a fine autumnal day; the sky was clear and serene, and nature wore that rich and golden livery which we always associate with the idea of abundance. The forests had put on their sober brown and yellow, while some trees of the tenderer kind had been nipped by the frosts into brilliant dyes of orange, purple, and scarlet. Streaming files of wild ducks began to make their appearance high in the air; the bark of the squirrel might be heard from the groves of beech and hickory-nuts, and the pensive whistle of the quail at intervals from the neighboring stubble field.

The small birds were taking their farewell banquets. In the fullness of their revelry, they fluttered,

chirping and frolicking from bush to bush, and tree to tree, capricious from the very profusion and variety around them. There was the honest cockrobin, the favorite game of stripling sportsmen, with its loud querulous note; and the twittering blackbirds flying in sable clouds; and the golden-winged woodpecker, with his crimson crest, his broad black gorget, and splendid plumage; and the cedar-bird, with its red tipt wings and yellow-tipt tail and its little monteiro¹ cap of feathers; and the blue jay, that noisy coxcomb, in his gay light blue coat and white underclothes, screaming and chattering, nodding and bobbing and bowing, and pretending to be on good terms with every songster of the grove.

As Ichabod jogged slowly on his way, his eye, ever open to every symptom of culinary abundance, ranged with delight over the treasures of jolly autumn. On all sides he beheld vast store of apples: some hanging in oppressive opulence on the trees; some gathered into baskets and barrels for the market; others heaped up in rich piles for the cider-press. Farther on he beheld great fields of Indian corn, with its golden ears peeping from their leafy coverts, and holding out the promise of cakes and hasty-pudding; and the yellow pumpkins lying beneath them, turning up their fair round bellies to the sun, and giving ample prospects of the most luxurious of pies; and anon he passed the fragrant buckwheat fields breathing the odor of the beehive, and as he beheld them, soft anticipations stole over his mind of dainty slap-jacks,

¹ Same as *montero* (mon-tā'-rō), a horseman's or huntsman's cap, having a round crown with flaps which could be drawn down over the sides of the face.

"His hat was like a helmet or Spanish *montero*." — BACON.

well buttered, and garnished with honey or treacle, by the delicate little dimpled hand of Katrina Van Tassel.

Thus feeding his mind with many sweet thoughts and "sugared suppositions," he journeyed along the sides of a range of hills which look out upon some of the goodliest scenes of the mighty Hudson. The sun gradually wheeled his broad disk down in the west. The wide bosom of the Tappan Zee lay motionless and glassy, excepting that here and there a gentle undulation waved and prolonged the blue shadow of the distant mountain. A few amber clouds floated in the sky, without a breath of air to move them. The horizon was of a fine golden tint, changing gradually into a pure apple green, and from that into the deep blue of the mid-heaven. A slanting ray lingered on the woody crests of the precipices that overhung some parts of the river, giving greater depth to the dark gray and purple of their rocky sides. A sloop was loitering in the distance, dropping slowly down with the tide, her sail hanging uselessly against the mast; and as the reflection of the sky gleamed along the still water, it seemed as if the vessel was suspended in the air.

It was toward evening that Ichabod arrived at the castle of the Heer Van Tassel, which he found thronged with the pride and flower of the adjacent country. Old farmers, a spare leathern-faced race, in homespun coats and breeches, blue stockings, huge shoes, and magnificent pewter buckles. Their brisk, withered little dames, in close crimped caps, long-waisted short-gowns, homespun petticoats, with scissors and pin-cushions, and gay calico pockets hanging on the outside. Buxom lasses, almost as antiquated as their mothers,

excepting where a straw hat, a fine ribbon, or perhaps a white frock, gave symptoms of city innovation. The sons, in short square-skirted coats, with rows of stupendous brass buttons, and their hair generally queued in the fashion of the times, especially if they could procure an eelskin for the purpose, it being esteemed throughout the country as a potent nourisher and strengthener of the hair.

Brom Bones, however, was the hero of the scene, having come to the gathering on his favorite steed Daredevil, a creature, like himself, full of mettle and mischief, and which no one but himself could manage. He was, in fact, noted for preferring vicious animals, given to all kinds of tricks which kept the rider in constant risk of his neck, for he held a tractable, well-broken horse as unworthy of a lad of spirit.

Fain would I pause to dwell upon the world of charms that burst upon the enraptured gaze of my hero, as he entered the state parlor of Van Tassel's mansion. Not those of the bevy of buxom lasses, with their luxurious display of red and white; but the ample charms of a genuine Dutch country tea-table, in the sumptuous time of autumn. Such heaped-up platters of cakes of various and almost indescribable kinds, known only to experienced Dutch housewives! There was the doughty doughnut, the tender oly zoek,¹ and the crisp and crumbling cruller; sweet cakes and short cakes, ginger cakes and honey cakes, and the whole family of cakes. And then there were apple pies, and peach pies, and pumpkin pies; besides slices of ham and smoked beef; and moreover delec-

¹ Pronounced *ō'-li-cook*, from a Dutch word that means *oil-cake*. A cake of dough sweetened and fried in lard, — something like the cruller, but richer and tenderer.

table dishes of preserved plums, and peaches, and pears, and quinces ; not to mention broiled shad and roasted chickens ; together with bowls of milk and cream, all mingled higgledy-piggledy, pretty much as I have enumerated them, with the motherly teapot sending up its clouds of vapor from the midst — Heaven bless the mark ! I want breath and time to discuss this banquet as it deserves, and am too eager to get on with my story. Happily, Ichabod Crane was not in so great a hurry as his historian, but did ample justice to every dainty.

He was a kind and thankful creature, whose heart dilated in proportion as his skin was filled with good cheer, and whose spirits rose with eating, as some men's do with drink. He could not help, too, rolling his large eyes round him as he ate, and chuckling with the possibility that he might one day be lord of all this scene of almost unimaginable luxury and splendor. Then, he thought, how soon he'd turn his back upon the old school-house ; snap his fingers in the face of Hans Van Ripper, and every other niggardly patron, and kick any itinerant pedagogue out of doors that should dare to call him comrade !

Old Baltus Van Tassel moved about among his guests with a face dilated with content and good-humor, round and jolly as the harvest moon. His hospitable attentions were brief, but expressive, being confined to a shake of the hand, a slap on the shoulder, a loud laugh, and a pressing invitation to "fall to, and help themselves."

And now the sound of the music from the common room, or hall, summoned to the dance. The musician was an old gray-headed negro, who had been the itinerant orchestra of the neighborhood for more than

half a century. His instrument was as old and battered as himself. The greater part of the time he scraped on two or three strings, accompanying every movement of the bow with a motion of the head; bowing almost to the ground, and stamping with his foot whenever a fresh couple were to start.

Ichabod prided himself upon his dancing as much as upon his vocal powers. Not a limb, not a fibre about him was idle; and to have seen his loosely hung frame in full motion, and clattering about the room, you would have thought St. Vitus himself, that blessed patron of the dance, was figuring before you in person. He was the admiration of all the negroes; who, having gathered, of all ages and sizes, from the farm and the neighborhood, stood forming a pyramid of shining black faces at every door and window; gazing with delight at the scene; rolling their white eye-balls, and showing grinning rows of ivory from ear to ear. How could the flogger of urchins be otherwise than animated and joyous? the lady of his heart was his partner in the dance, and smiling graciously in reply to all his amorous oglings; while Brom Bones, sorely smitten with love and jealousy, sat brooding by himself in one corner.

When the dance was at an end, Ichabod was attracted to a knot of the sager folks, who, with Old Van Tassel, sat smoking at one end of the piazza, gossiping over former times, and drawing out long stories about the war.

This neighborhood, at the time of which I am speaking, was one of those highly favored places which abound with chronicle and great men. The British and American line had run near it during the war; it had, therefore, been the scene of marauding

and infested with refugees, cow-boys, and all kinds of border chivalry. Just sufficient time had elapsed to enable each story-teller to dress up his tale with a little becoming fiction, and, in the indistinctness of his recollection, to make himself the hero of every exploit.

There was the story of Doffue Martling, a large blue-bearded Dutchman, who had nearly taken a British frigate with an old iron nine-pounder from a mud breastwork, only that his gun burst at the sixth discharge. And there was an old gentleman who shall be nameless, being too rich a *mynheer*¹ to be lightly mentioned, who, in the battle of White Plains, being an excellent master of defence, parried a musket-ball with a small-sword, insomuch that he absolutely felt it whiz round the blade, and glance off at the hilt; in proof of which he was ready at any time to show the sword, with the hilt a little bent. There were several more that had been equally great in the field, not one of whom but was persuaded that he had a considerable hand in bringing the war to a happy termination.

But all these were nothing to the tales of ghosts and apparitions that succeeded. The neighborhood is rich in legendary treasures of the kind. Local tales and superstitions thrive best in these sheltered, long-settled retreats; but are trampled under foot by the shifting throng that forms the population of most of our country places. Besides, there is no encouragement for ghosts in most of our villages, for they have scarcely had time to finish their first nap and turn

¹ Pronounced *mīn-hār'*. Literally, *my lord*. It is the ordinary title of address among Dutchmen, corresponding to *sir* or *Mr.* in English use. Hence, a Dutchman.

themselves in their graves, before their surviving friends have travelled away from the neighborhood; so that when they turn out at night to walk their rounds, they have no acquaintance left to call upon. This is perhaps the reason why we so seldom hear of ghosts except in our long-established Dutch communities.

The immediate cause, however, of the prevalence of supernatural stories in these parts, was doubtless owing to the vicinity of Sleepy Hollow. There was a contagion in the very air that blew from that haunted region; it breathed forth an atmosphere of dreams and fancies infecting all the land. Several of the Sleepy Hollow people were present at Van Tassel's, and, as usual, were doling out their wild and wonderful legends. Many dismal tales were told about funeral trains, and mourning cries and wailings heard and seen about the great tree where the unfortunate Major André was taken, and which stood in the neighborhood. Some mention was made also of the woman in white, that haunted the dark glen at Raven Rock, and was often heard to shriek on winter nights before a storm, having perished there in the snow. The chief part of the stories, however, turned upon the favorite spectre of Sleepy Hollow, the Headless Horseman, who had been heard several times of late, patrolling the country; and, it was said, tethered his horse nightly among the graves in the churchyard.

The sequestered situation of this church seems always to have made it a favorite haunt of troubled spirits. It stands on a knoll, surrounded by locust-trees and lofty elms, from among which its decent, whitewashed walls shine modestly forth, like Christian purity beaming through the shades of retirement. A

gentle slope descends from it to a silver sheet of water, bordered by high trees, between which, peeps may be caught at the blue hills of the Hudson. To look upon its grass-grown yard, where the sunbeams seem to sleep so quietly, one would think that there at least the dead might rest in peace. On one side of the church extends a wide woody dell, along which raves a large brook among broken rocks and trunks of fallen trees. Over a deep black part of the stream, not far from the church, was formerly thrown a wooden bridge; the road that led to it, and the bridge itself, were thickly shaded by overhanging trees, which cast a gloom about it, even in the daytime; but occasioned a fearful darkness at night. Such was one of the favorite haunts of the Headless Horseman, and the place where he was most frequently encountered. The tale was told of old Brouwer, a most heretical disbeliever in ghosts, how he met the Horseman returning from his foray into Sleepy Hollow, and was obliged to get up behind him; how they galloped over bush and brake, over hill and swamp, until they reached the bridge; when the Horseman suddenly turned into a skeleton, threw old Brouwer into the brook, and sprang away over the tree-tops with a clap of thunder.

This story was immediately matched by a thrice marvellous adventure of Brom Bones, who made light of the Galloping Hessian as an arrant jockey. He affirmed that on returning one night from the neighboring village of Sing Sing, he had been overtaken by this midnight trooper; that he had offered to race with him for a bowl of punch, and should have won it too, for Daredevil beat the goblin horse all hollow, but just as they came to the church bridge, the Hessian bolted, and vanished in a flash of fire.

All these tales, told in that drowsy undertone with which men talk in the dark, the countenances of the listeners only now and then receiving a casual gleam from the glare of a pipe, sank deep in the mind of Ichabod. He repaid them in kind with large extracts from his invaluable author, Cotton Mather, and added many marvellous events that had taken place in his native State of Connecticut, and fearful sights which he had seen in his nightly walks about Sleepy Hollow.

The revel now gradually broke up. The old farmers gathered together their families in their wagons, and were heard for some time rattling along the hollow roads, and over the distant hills. Some of the damsels mounted on pillions behind their favorite swains, and their light-hearted laughter, mingling with the clatter of hoofs, echoed along the silent woodlands, sounding fainter and fainter, until they gradually died away, — and the late scene of noise and frolic was all silent and deserted. Ichabod only lingered behind, according to the custom of country lovers, to have a tête-à-tête with the heiress; fully convinced that he was now on the high road to success. What passed at this interview I will not pretend to say, for in fact I do not know. Something, however, I fear me, must have gone wrong, for he certainly sallied forth, after no very great interval, with an air quite desolate and chapfallen. Oh, these women! these women! Could that girl have been playing off any of her coquettish tricks? Was her encouragement of the poor pedagogue all a mere sham to secure her conquest of his rival? Heaven only knows, not I! Let it suffice to say, Ichabod stole forth with the air of one who had been sacking a henroost, rather

than a fair lady's heart. Without looking to the right or left to notice the scene of rural wealth, on which he had so often gloated, he went straight to the stable, and with several hearty cuffs and kicks roused his steed most uncourteously from the comfortable quarters in which he was soundly sleeping, dreaming of mountains of corn and oats, and whole valleys of timothy and clover.

It was the very witching time of night¹ that Ichabod, heavy-hearted and crest-fallen, pursued his travels homewards, along the sides of the lofty hills which rise above Tarry Town, and which he had traversed so cheerily in the afternoon. The hour was as dismal as himself. Far below him the Tappan Zee spread its dusky and indistinct waste of waters, with here and there the tall mast of a sloop, riding quietly at anchor under the land. In the dead hush of midnight, he could even hear the barking of the watchdog from the opposite shore of the Hudson; but it was so vague and faint as only to give an idea of his distance from this faithful companion of man. Now and then, too, the long-drawn crowing of a cock, accidentally awakened, would sound far, far off, from some farmhouse away among the hills — but it was like a dreaming sound in his ear. No signs of life occurred near him, but occasionally the melancholy chirp of a cricket, or perhaps the guttural twang of a bull-frog from a neighboring marsh, as if sleeping uncomfortably and turning suddenly in his bed.

All the stories of ghosts and goblins that he had heard in the afternoon now came crowding upon his recollection. The night grew darker and darker; the

¹ " 'T is now the very witching time of night
When churchyards yawn." — *Hamlet*.

stars seemed to sink deeper in the sky, and driving clouds occasionally hid them from his sight. He had never felt so lonely and dismal. He was, moreover, approaching the very place where many of the scenes of the ghost stories had been laid. In the centre of the road stood an enormous tulip-tree, which towered like a giant above all the other trees of the neighborhood, and formed a kind of landmark. Its limbs were gnarled and fantastic, large enough to form trunks for ordinary trees, twisting down almost to the earth, and rising again into the air. It was connected with the tragical story of the unfortunate André, who had been taken prisoner hard by ; and was universally known by the name of Major André's tree. The common people regarded it with a mixture of respect and superstition, partly out of sympathy for the fate of its ill-starred namesake, and partly from the tales of strange sights, and doleful lamentations, told concerning it.

As Ichabod approached this fearful tree, he began to whistle ; he thought his whistle was answered ; it was but a blast sweeping sharply through the dry branches. As he approached a little nearer, he thought he saw something white, hanging in the midst of the tree : he paused, and ceased whistling ; but, on looking more narrowly, perceived that it was a place where the tree had been scathed by lightning, and the white wood laid bare. Suddenly he heard a groan — his teeth chattered, and his knees smote against the saddle : it was but the rubbing of one huge bough upon another, as they were swayed about by the breeze. He passed the tree in safety, but new perils lay before him.

About two hundred yards from the tree, a small

brook crossed the road, and ran into a marshy and thickly-wooded glen, known by the name of Wiley's Swamp. A few rough logs, laid side by side, served for a bridge over this stream. On that side of the road where the brook entered the wood, a group of oaks and chestnuts, matted thick with wild grape-vines, threw a cavernous gloom over it. To pass this bridge was the severest trial. It was at this identical spot that the unfortunate André was captured, and under the covert of those chestnuts and vines were the sturdy yeomen concealed who surprised him. This has ever since been considered a haunted stream, and fearful are the feelings of the school-boy who has to pass it alone after dark.

As he approached the stream, his heart began to thump; he summoned up, however, all his resolution, gave his horse half a score of kicks in the ribs, and attempted to dash briskly across the bridge; but instead of starting forward, the perverse old animal made a lateral movement, and ran broadside against the fence. Ichabod, whose fears increased with the delay, jerked the reins on the other side, and kicked lustily with the contrary foot: it was all in vain; his steed started, it is true, but it was only to plunge to the opposite side of the road into a thicket of brambles and alder-bushes. The schoolmaster now bestowed both whip and heel upon the starveling ribs of old Gunpowder, who dashed forward, snuffling and snorting, but came to a stand just by the bridge, with a suddenness that had nearly sent his rider sprawling over his head. Just at this moment a plashy tramp by the side of the bridge caught the sensitive ear of Ichabod. In the dark shadow of the grove, on the margin of the brook, he beheld something huge, misshapen.

and towering. It stirred not, but seemed gathered up in the gloom, like some gigantic monster ready to spring upon the traveller.

The hair of the affrighted pedagogue rose upon his head with terror. What was to be done? To turn and fly was now too late; and besides, what chance was there of escaping ghost or goblin, if such it was, which could ride upon the wings of the wind? Summoning up, therefore, a show of courage, he demanded in stammering accents, "Who are you?" He received no reply. He repeated his demand in a still more agitated voice. Still there was no answer. Once more he cudgelled the sides of the inflexible Gunpowder, and, shutting his eyes, broke forth with involuntary fervor into a psalm tune. Just then the shadowy object of alarm put itself in motion, and with a scramble and a bound stood at once in the middle of the road. Though the night was dark and dismal, yet the form of the unknown might now in some degree be ascertained. He appeared to be a horseman of large dimensions, and mounted on a black horse of powerful frame. He made no offer of molestation or sociability, but kept aloof on one side of the road, jogging along on the blind side of old Gunpowder, who had now got over his fright and waywardness.

Ichabod, who had no relish for this strange midnight companion, and bethought himself of the adventure of Brom Bones with the Galloping Hessian, now quickened his steed in hopes of leaving him behind. The stranger, however, quickened his horse to an equal pace. Ichabod pulled up, and fell into a walk, thinking to lag behind, — the other did the same. His heart began to sink within him; he endeavored to

resume his psalm tune, but his parched tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and he could not utter a stave. There was something in the moody and dogged silence of this pertinacious companion that was mysterious and appalling. It was soon fearfully accounted for. On mounting a rising ground, which brought the figure of his fellow-traveller in relief against the sky, gigantic in height, and muffled in a cloak, Ichabod was horror-struck on perceiving that he was headless! but his horror was still more increased on observing that the head, which should have rested on his shoulders, was carried before him on the pommel of his saddle! His terror rose to desperation; he rained a shower of kicks and blows upon Gunpowder, hoping by a sudden movement to give his companion the slip; but the spectre started full jump with him. Away, then, they dashed through thick and thin; stones flying and sparks flashing at every bound. Ichabod's flimsy garments fluttered in the air, as he stretched his long lank body away over his horse's head, in the eagerness of his flight.

They had now reached the road which turns off to Sleepy Hollow; but Gunpowder, who seemed possessed with a demon, instead of keeping up it, made an opposite turn, and plunged headlong down hill to the left. This road leads through a sandy hollow, shaded by trees for about a quarter of a mile, where it crosses the bridge famous in goblin story; and just beyond swells the green knoll on which stands the whitewashed church.

As yet the panic of the steed had given his unskilful rider an apparent advantage in the chase; but just as he had got half way through the hollow, the girths of the saddle gave way, and he felt it slipping

from under him. He seized it by the pommel, and endeavored to hold it firm, but in vain; and had just time to save himself by clasping old Gunpowder round the neck, when the saddle fell to the earth, and he heard it trampled under foot by his pursuer. For a moment the terror of Hans Van Ripper's wrath passed across his mind, — for it was his Sunday saddle; but this was no time for petty fears; the goblin was hard on his haunches; and (unskilful rider that he was!) he had much ado to maintain his seat; sometimes slipping on one side, sometimes on another, and sometimes jolted on the high ridge of his horse's backbone, with a violence that he verily feared would cleave him asunder.

An opening in the trees now cheered him with the hopes that the church bridge was at hand. The wavering reflection of a silver star in the bosom of the brook told him that he was not mistaken. He saw the walls of the church dimly glaring under the trees beyond. He recollected the place where Brom Bones' ghostly competitor had disappeared. "If I can but reach that bridge,"¹ thought Ichabod, "I am safe." Just then he heard the black steed panting and blowing close behind him; he even fancied that he felt his hot breath. Another convulsive kick in the ribs, and old Gunpowder sprang upon the bridge; he thundered over the resounding planks; he

¹ It was a superstitious belief that witches could not cross the middle of a stream. In Burns's tale of *Tam O'Shanter* the hero is represented as urging his horse to gain the keystone of the bridge so as to escape the hotly pursuing witches: —

"Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
And win the keystone of the brig:
There at them thou thy tail may toss, —
A running stream they dare not cross!"

gained the opposite side ; and now Ichabod cast a look behind to see if his pursuer should vanish, according to rule, in a flash of fire and brimstone. Just then he saw the goblin rising in his stirrups, and in the very act of hurling his head at him. Ichabod endeavored to dodge the horrible missile, but too late. It encountered his cranium with a tremendous crash, — he was tumbled headlong into the dust, and Gunpowder, the black steed, and the goblin rider, passed by like a whirlwind.

The next morning the old horse was found without his saddle, and with the bridle under his feet, soberly cropping the grass at his master's gate. Ichabod did not make his appearance at breakfast ; dinner-hour came, but no Ichabod. The boys assembled at the schoolhouse, and strolled idly about the banks of the brook ; but no schoolmaster. Hans Van Ripper now began to feel some uneasiness about the fate of poor Ichabod, and his saddle. An inquiry was set on foot, and after diligent investigation they came upon his traces. In one part of the road leading to the church was found the saddle trampled in the dirt ; the tracks of horses' hoofs deeply dented in the road, and evidently at furious speed, were traced to the bridge, beyond which, on the bank of a broad part of the brook, where the water ran deep and black, was found the hat of the unfortunate Ichabod, and close beside it a shattered pumpkin.

The brook was searched, but the body of the schoolmaster was not to be discovered. Hans Van Ripper, as executor of his estate, examined the bundle which contained all his worldly effects. They consisted of two shirts and a half ; two stocks for the neck ; a pair or two of worsted stockings ; an old pair of corduroy

small-clothes; a rusty razor; a book of psalm tunes full of dog's-ears; and a broken pitch-pipe. As to the books and furniture of the schoolhouse, they belonged to the community, excepting Cotton Mather's History of Witchcraft, a New England Almanac, and a book of dreams and fortune-telling; in which last was a sheet of foolscap much scribbled and blotted in several fruitless attempts to make a copy of verses in honor of the heiress of Van Tassel. These magic books and the poetic scrawl were forthwith consigned to the flames by Hans Van Ripper; who, from that time forward, determined to send his children no more to school; observing that he never knew any good come of this same reading and writing. Whatever money the schoolmaster possessed, and he had received his quarter's pay but a day or two before, he must have had about his person at the time of his disappearance.

The mysterious event caused much speculation at the church on the following Sunday. Knots of gazers and gossips were collected in the churchyard, at the bridge, and at the spot where the hat and pumpkin had been found. The stories of Brouwer, of Bones, and a whole budget of others were called to mind; and when they had diligently considered them all, and compared them with the symptoms of the present case, they shook their heads, and came to the conclusion that Ichabod had been carried off by the Galloping Hessian. As he was a bachelor, and in nobody's debt, nobody troubled his head any more about him; the school was removed to a different quarter of the Hollow, and another pedagogue reigned in his stead.

It is true, an old farmer, who had been down to New York on a visit several years after, and from whom this account of the ghostly adventure was re

ceived, brought home the intelligence that Ichabod Crane was still alive ; that he had left the neighborhood partly through fear of the goblin and Hans Van Ripper, and partly in mortification at having been suddenly dismissed by the heiress ; that he had changed his quarters to a distant part of the country ; had kept school and studied law at the same time ; had been admitted to the bar ; turned politician ; electioneered ; written for the newspapers ; and finally had been made a justice of the ten pound court.¹ Brom Bones, too, who, shortly after his rival's disappearance conducted the blooming Katrina in triumph to the altar, was observed to look exceedingly knowing whenever the story of Ichabod was related, and always burst into a hearty laugh at the mention of the pumpkin ; which led some to suspect that he knew more about the matter than he chose to tell.

The old country wives, however, who are the best judges of these matters, maintain to this day that Ichabod was spirited away by supernatural means ; and it is a favorite story often told about the neighborhood round the winter evening fire. The bridge became more than ever an object of superstitious awe ; and that may be the reason why the road has been altered of late years, so as to approach the church by the border of the mill-pond. The schoolhouse being deserted soon fell to decay, and was reported to be haunted by the ghost of the unfortunate pedagogue , and the plough-boy, loitering homeward of a still summer evening, has often fancied his voice at a distance, chanting a melancholy psalm tune among the tranquil solitudes of Sleepy Hollow.

¹ A court of justice authorized to deal with cases in which the amount of money involved does not exceed ten pounds.

POSTSCRIPT.

FOUND IN THE HANDWRITING OF MR. KNICKERBOCKER.

THE preceding tale is given almost in the precise words in which I heard it related at a Corporation meeting of the ancient city of the Manhattoes,¹ at which were present many of its sagest and most illustrious burghers. The narrator was a pleasant, shabby, gentlemanly old fellow in pepper-and-salt clothes, with a sadly humorous face; and one whom I strongly suspected of being poor, — he made such efforts to be entertaining. When his story was concluded there was much laughter and approbation, particularly from two or three deputy aldermen, who had been asleep the greater part of the time. There was, however, one tall, dry-looking old gentleman, with beetling eyebrows, who maintained a grave and rather severe face throughout; now and then folding his arms, inclining his head, and looking down upon the floor, as if turning a doubt over in his mind. He was one of your wary men, who never laugh but upon good grounds, — when they have reason and the law on their side. When the mirth of the rest of the company had subsided, and silence was restored, he leaned one arm or the elbow of his chair, and sticking the other akimbo, demanded, with a slight but exceedingly sage motion

¹ The city of New York, as it is named in *Diedrich Knickerbocker's* (Irving's) *History of New York*.

of the head, and contraction of the brow, what was the moral of the story, and what it went to prove.

The story-teller, who was just putting a glass of wine to his lips, as a refreshment after his toils, paused for a moment, looked at his inquirer with an air of infinite deference, and, lowering the glass slowly to the table, observed that the story was intended most logically to prove :—

“That there is no situation in life but has its advantages and pleasures, provided we will but take a joke as we find it;

“That, therefore, he that runs races with goblin troopers is likely to have rough riding of it;

“Ergo, for a country schoolmaster to be refused the hand of a Dutch heiress is a certain step to high preferment in the state.”

The cautious old gentleman knit his brows tenfold closer after this explanation, being sorely puzzled by the ratiocination of the syllogism; while, methought, the one in pepper-and-salt eyed him with something of a triumphant leer. At length he observed that all this was very well, but still he thought the story a little on the extravagant; there were one or two points on which he had his doubts.

“Faith, sir,” replied the story-teller, “as to that matter, I don’t believe one half of it myself.”

D. K.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

SPEECH AT THE DEDICATION OF THE NATIONAL CEMETERY,
GETTYSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA, NOVEMBER 19, 1863.

The great battles fought at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, in July, 1863, made that spot historic ground. It was early perceived that the battles were critical, and they are now looked upon by many as the turning-point of the war for the Union. The ground where the fiercest conflict raged was taken for a national cemetery, and the dedication of the place was made an occasion of great solemnity. The orator of the day was Edward Everett, who was regarded as the most finished public speaker in the country. Mr. Everett made a long and eloquent address, and was followed by the President in a little speech which instantaneously affected the country, whether people were educated or unlettered, as a great speech. The impression created has deepened with time. Ralph Waldo Emerson in his essay on *Eloquence* says: "I believe it to be true that when any orator at the bar or the Senate rises in his thought, he descends in his language, that is, when he rises to any height of thought or passion, he comes down to a language level with the ear of all his audience. It is the merit of John Brown and of Abraham Lincoln—one at Charlestown, one at Gettysburg—in the two best specimens of eloquence we have had in this country."

It is worth while to listen to Mr. Lincoln's own account of the education which prepared him for public speaking. Before he was nominated for the presidency he had attracted the notice of people by a remarkable contest in debate with a famous Illinois statesman, Stephen Arnold Douglas. As a consequence Mr. Lincoln received a great many invitations to speak in the Eastern States, and made, among others, a notable speech at the Cooper Union, New York. Shortly after, he spoke also at New Haven, and the Rev. J. P. Gulliver, in a paper in the *New York*

NOTE. A biographical sketch of Lincoln has been deemed superfluous, as there are so many now available.

Independent, Sept. 1, 1864, thus reports a conversation which he held with him when traveling in the same railroad car : —

“ ‘Ah, that reminds me,’ he said, ‘of a most extraordinary circumstance, which occurred in New Haven, the other day. They told me that the Professor of Rhetoric in Yale College — a very learned man, is n’t he ?’ ‘Yes, sir, and a very fine critic, too.’ ‘Well, I suppose so ; he ought to be, at any rate — They told me that he came to hear me and took notes of my speech, and gave a lecture on it to his class the next day ; and, not satisfied with that, he followed me up to Meriden the next evening, and heard me again for the same purpose. Now, if this is so, it is to my mind very extraordinary. I have been sufficiently astonished at my success in the West. It has been most unexpected. But I had no thought of any marked success at the East, and least of all that I should draw out such commendations from literary and learned men !’

“ ‘That suggests, Mr. Lincoln, an inquiry which has several times been upon my lips during this conversation. I want very much to know how you got this unusual power of “putting things.” It must have been a matter of education. No man has it by nature alone. What has your education been ?’

“ ‘Well, as to education, the newspapers are correct. I never went to school more than six months in my life. But, as you say, this must be a product of culture in some form. I have been putting the question you ask me to myself while you have been talking. I say this, that among my earliest recollections, I remember how, when a mere child, I used to get irritated when anybody talked to me in a way I could not understand. I don’t think I ever got angry at anything else in my life. But that always disturbed my temper, and has ever since. I can remember going to my little bedroom, after hearing the neighbors talk of an evening with my father, and spending no small part of the night walking up and down, and trying to make out what was the exact meaning of some of their, to me, dark sayings. I could not sleep, though I often tried to, when I got on such a hunt after an idea, until I had caught it ; and when I thought I had got it, I was not satisfied until I had repeated it over and over, until I had put it in language plain enough, as I thought, for any boy I knew to comprehend. This was a kind of passion with me, and it has stuck by me, for I am never easy now, when I am handling a thought, till I have bounded it north and bounded it

south and bounded it east and bounded it west. Perhaps that accounts for the characteristic you observe in my speeches, though I never put the two things together before.'” But to the speech itself.

FOURSCORE and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, — that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion, — that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, — that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, — and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

IT was Hawthorne's wont to keep note-books, in which he recorded his observations and reflections; sometimes he spoke in them of himself, his plans, and his prospects. He began the practice early, and continued it through life; and after his death selections from these note-books were published in six volumes, under the titles: *Passages from the American Note-Books of Nathaniel Hawthorne*, *Passages from the English Note-Books of Nathaniel Hawthorne*, and *Passages from the French and Italian Note-Books of Nathaniel Hawthorne*. In these books, and in prefaces which appear in the front of the volumes containing his collected stories, one finds many frank expressions of the interest which Hawthorne took in his work, and the author appeals very ingenuously to the reader, speaking with an almost confidential closeness of his stories and sketches. Then the *Note-Books* contain the unwrought material of the books which the writer put out in his lifetime. One finds there the suggestions of stories, and frequently pages of observation and reflection, which were afterward transferred, almost as they stood, into the author's works. It is very interesting labor to trace Hawthorne's stories and sketches back to these records in his note-books, and to compare the finished work with the rough material. It seems, also, as if each reader was admitted into the privacy of the author's mind. That is the first impression, but a closer study reveals two

facts very clearly. One is stated by Hawthorne himself in his preface to *The Snow-Image and other Twice-Told Tales*: "I have been especially careful [in my Introductions] to make no disclosures respecting myself which the most indifferent observer might not have been acquainted with, and which I was not perfectly willing that my worst enemy should know. . . . I have taken facts which relate to myself [when telling stories] because they chance to be nearest at hand, and likewise are my own property. And, as for egotism, a person who has been burrowing, to his utmost ability, into the depths of our common nature for the purposes of psychological romance — and who pursues his researches in that dusky region, as he needs must, as well by the tact of sympathy as by the light of observation — will smile at incurring such an imputation in virtue of a little preliminary talk about his external habits, his abode, his casual associates, and other matters entirely upon the surface. These things hide the man instead of displaying him. You must make quite another kind of inquest, and look through the whole range of his fictitious characters, good and evil, in order to detect any of his essential traits."

There has rarely been a writer of fiction, then, whose personality has been so absolutely separate from that of each character created by him, and at the same time has so intimately penetrated the whole body of his writing. Of no one of his characters, male or female, is one ever tempted to say, This is Hawthorne, except in the case of Miles Coverdale in *The Blithedale Romance*, where the circumstances of the story tempt one into an identification; yet all Hawthorne's work is stamped emphatically with his mark. Hawthorne wrote it, is very simple and easy to say of all but the merest trifle in his collected works; but the world has yet to learn who Hawthorne was, and even if he had not forbidden a biography of himself, it is scarcely likely that any Life could have disclosed more than he has chosen himself to reveal.

The advantage of this is that it leaves the student free to concentrate his attention upon the writings rather than on the man. Hawthorne, in the passage quoted above, speaks of himself as one "who has been burrowing, to his utmost ability, into the depths of our common nature for the purposes of psychological romance;" and this states, as closely as so short a sentence can, the controlling purpose and end of the author. The vitality of Hawthorne's characters is derived but little from any external description; it resides in the truthfulness with which they respond to some permanent and controlling operation of the human soul. Looking into his own heart, and always, when studying others, in search of fundamental rather than occasional motives, he proceeded to develop these motives in conduct and life. Hence he had a leaning toward the allegory, where human figures are merely masks for spiritual activities, and sometimes he employed the simple allegory, as in *The Celestial Railroad*. More often in his short stories he has a spiritual truth to illustrate, and uses the simplest, most direct means, taking no pains to conceal his purpose, yet touching his characters quietly or playfully with human sensibilities, and investing them with just so much real life as answers the purpose of the story. This is exquisitely done in *The Snow-Image*. The consequence of this "burrowing into the depths of our common nature" has been to bring much of the darker and concealed life into the movement of his stories. The fact of evil is the terrible fact of life, and its workings in the human soul had more interest for Hawthorne than the obvious physical manifestations. Since his observations are less of the men and women whom everybody sees and recognizes than of the souls which are hidden from most eyes, it is not strange that his stories should often lay bare secrets of sin, and that a somewhat dusky light should seem to be the atmosphere of much of his work. Now and then, especially when dealing with childhood, a warm, sunny glow spreads over the pages of his books; but the reader must

be prepared for the most part to read stories which lie in the shadow of life.

There was one class of subjects which had a peculiar interest for Hawthorne, and in a measure affected his work. He had a strong taste for New England history, and he found in the scenes and characters of that history favorable material for the representation of spiritual conflict. He was himself the most New English of New Englanders, and held an extraordinary sympathy with the very soil of his section of the country. By this sympathy, rather than by any painful research, he was singularly acquainted with the historic life of New England. His stories, based directly on historic facts, are true to the spirit of the times in something more than an archæological way. One is astonished at the ease with which he seized upon characteristic features, and reproduced them in a word or phrase. Merely careful and diligent research would never be adequate to give the life-likeness of the images in *Howe's Masquerade*.

There is, then, a second fact discovered by a study of Hawthorne, that while one finds in the *Note-Books*, for example, the material out of which stories and sketches seem to have been constructed, and while the facts of New England history have been used without exaggeration or distortion, the result in stories and romances is something far beyond a mere report of what has been seen and read. The charm of a vivifying imagination is the crowning charm of Hawthorne's stories, and its medium is a graceful and often exquisitely apt diction. Hawthorne's sense of touch as a writer is very fine. He knows when to be light, and when to press heavily; a very conspicuous quality is what one is likely to term quaintness, — a gentle pleasantry which seems to spring from the author's attitude toward his own work, as if he looked upon that, too, as a part of the spiritual universe which he was surveying.

Hawthorne spent much of his life silently, and there are touching passages in his note-books regarding his sense of

loneliness and his wish for recognition from the world. His early writings were short stories, sketches, and biographies, scattered in magazines and brought together into *Twice-Told Tales*, in two volumes, published, the first in 1837, the second in 1842; *Mosses from an Old Manse*, in 1846; *The Snow-Image and other Twice-Told Tales*, in 1851. They had a limited circle of readers. Some recognized his genius, but it was not until the publication of *The Scarlet Letter*, in 1850, that Hawthorne's name was fairly before the world as a great and original writer of romance. *The House of the Seven Gables* followed in 1851; *The Blithedale Romance* in 1852. He spent the years 1853-1860 in Europe, and the immediate result of his life there is in *Our Old Home: A Series of English Sketches*, published in 1863 and *The Marble Faun, or the Romance of Monte Beni*, in 1860. For young people he wrote *Grandfather's Chair*, a collection of stories from New England history, *The Wonder-Book* and *Tanglewood Tales*, containing stories out of classic mythology. There are a few other scattered writings which have been collected into volumes and published in the complete series of his works.

Hawthorne was born July 4, 1804, and died May 19, 1864.

The student of Hawthorne will find in G. P. Lathrop's *A Study of Hawthorne*, and Henry James, Jr.'s *Hawthorne*, in the series *English Men of Letters*, material which will assist him. Dr. Holmes published, shortly after Hawthorne's death, a paper of reminiscences which is included in *Soundings from the Atlantic*; and Longfellow welcomed *Twice-Told Tales* with a glowing article in the *North American Review*, xlviii. 59, which is reproduced in his prose works. The reader will find it an agreeable task to discover what the poets, Longfellow, Lowell, Stedman, and others, have said of this man of genius.

THE GREAT STONE FACE.

ONE afternoon, when the sun was going down, a mother and her little boy sat at the door of their cottage, talking about the Great Stone Face. They had but to lift their eyes, and there it was plainly to be seen, though miles away, with the sunshine brightening all its features.

And what was the Great Stone Face?

Embosomed amongst a family of lofty mountains there was a valley so spacious that it contained many thousand inhabitants. Some of these good people dwelt in log huts, with the black forest all around them, on the steep and difficult hillsides. Others had their homes in comfortable farm-houses, and cultivated the rich soil on the gentle slopes or level surfaces of the valley. Others, again, were congregated into populous villages, where some wild, highland rivulet, tumbling down from its birthplace in the upper mountain region, had been caught and tamed by human cunning and compelled to turn the machinery of cotton-factories. The inhabitants of this valley, in short, were numerous, and of many modes of life. But all of them, grown people and children, had a kind of familiarity with the Great Stone Face, although some possessed the gift of distinguishing this grand natural phenomenon more perfectly than many of their neighbors.

The Great Stone Face, then, was a work of Nature

in her mood of majestic playfulness, formed on the perpendicular side of a mountain by some immense ~~rocks~~, which had been thrown together in such a position as, when viewed at a proper distance, precisely to resemble the features of the human countenance. It seemed as if an enormous giant, or a Titan, had sculptured his own likeness on the precipice. There was the broad arch of the forehead, a hundred feet in height; the nose, with its long bridge; and the vast lips, which, if they could have spoken, would have rolled their thunder accents from one end of the valley to the other. True it is, that if the spectator approached too near he lost the outline of the gigantic visage, and could discern only a heap of ponderous and gigantic rocks, piled in chaotic ruin one upon another. Retracing his steps, however, the wondrous features would again be seen; and the farther he withdrew from them, the more like a human face, with all its original divinity intact, did they appear; until, as it grew dim in the distance, with the clouds and glorified vapor of the mountains clustering about it, the Great Stone Face seemed positively to be alive.

It was a happy lot for children to grow up to manhood or womanhood with the Great Stone Face before their eyes, for all the features were noble, and the expression was at once grand and sweet, as if it were the glow of a vast, warm heart, that embraced all mankind in its affections, and had room for more. It was an education only to look at it. According to the belief of many people, the valley owed much of its fertility to this benign aspect that was continually beaming over it, illuminating the clouds, and infusing its tenderness into the sunshine.

As we began with saying, a mother and her little

boy sat at their cottage-door, gazing at the Great Stone Face, and talking about it. The child's name was Ernest.

"Mother," said he, while the Titanic visage smiled on him, "I wish that it could speak, for it looks so very kindly that its voice must needs be pleasant. If I were to see a man with such a face, I should love him dearly."

"If an old prophecy should come to pass," answered his mother, "we may see a man, some time or other, with exactly such a face as that."

"What prophecy do you mean, dear mother?" eagerly inquired Ernest. "Pray tell me all about it!"

So his mother told him a story that her own mother had told to her, when she herself was younger than little Ernest; a story, not of things that were past, but of what was yet to come; a story, nevertheless, so very old, that even the Indians, who formerly inhabited this valley, had heard it from their forefathers, to whom, as they affirmed, it had been murmured by the mountain streams, and whispered by the wind among the tree-tops. The purport was, that, at some future day, a child should be born hereabouts, who was destined to become the greatest and noblest personage of his time, and whose countenance, in manhood, should bear an exact resemblance to the Great Stone Face. Not a few old-fashioned people, and young ones likewise, in the ardor of their hopes, still cherished an enduring faith in this old prophecy. But others, who had seen more of the world, had watched and waited till they were weary, and had beheld no man with such a face, nor any man that proved to be much greater or nobler than his neighbors, concluded

it to be nothing but an idle tale. At all events, the great man of the prophecy had not yet appeared.

“O mother, dear mother!” cried Ernest, clapping his hands above his head, “I do hope that I shall live to see him!”

His mother was an affectionate and thoughtful woman, and felt that it was wisest not to discourage the generous hopes of her little boy. So she only said to him, “Perhaps you may.”

And Ernest never forgot the story that his mother told him. It was always in his mind, whenever he looked upon the Great Stone Face. He spent his childhood in the log cottage where he was born, and was dutiful to his mother, and helpful to her in many things, assisting her much with his little hands, and more with his loving heart. In this manner, from a happy yet often pensive child, he grew up to be a mild, quiet, unobtrusive boy, and sun-browned with labor in the fields, but with more intelligence brightening his aspect than is seen in many lads who have been taught at famous schools. Yet Ernest had had no teacher, save only that the Great Stone Face became one to him. When the toil of the day was over, he would gaze at it for hours, until he began to imagine that those vast features recognized him, and gave him a smile of kindness and encouragement, responsive to his own look of veneration. We must not take upon us to affirm that this was a mistake, although the face may have looked no more kindly at Ernest than at all the world besides. But the secret was, that the boy's tender and confiding simplicity discerned what other people could not see; and thus the love, which was meant for all, became his peculiar portion.

About this time there went a rumor throughout the valley, that the great man, foretold from ages long ago, who was to bear a resemblance to the Great Stone Face, had appeared at last. It seems that, many years before, a young man had migrated from the valley and settled at a distant seaport, where, after getting together a little money, he had set up as a shopkeeper. His name — but I could never learn whether it was his real one, or a nickname that had grown out of his habits and success in life — was Gathergold. Being shrewd and active, and endowed by Providence with that inscrutable faculty which develops itself in what the world calls luck, he became an exceedingly rich merchant, and owner of a whole fleet of bulky-bottomed ships. All the countries of the globe appeared to join hands for the mere purpose of adding heap after heap to the mountainous accumulation of this one man's wealth. The cold regions of the north, almost within the gloom and shadow of the Arctic Circle, sent him their tribute in the shape of furs; hot Africa sifted for him the golden sands of her rivers, and gathered up the ivory tusks of her great elephants out of the forests; the East came bringing him the rich shawls, and spices, and teas, and the effulgence of diamonds, and the gleaming purity of large pearls. The ocean, not to be behind-hand with the earth, yielded up her mighty whales, that Mr. Gathergold might sell their oil, and make a profit on it. Be the original commodity what it might, it was gold within his grasp. It might be said of him, as of Midas in the fable, that whatever he touched with his finger immediately glistened, and grew yellow, and was changed at once into sterling metal, or, which suited him still better, into piles of

coin. And, when Mr. Gathergold had become so very rich that it would have taken him a hundred years only to count his wealth, he bethought himself of his native valley, and resolved to go back thither, and end his days where he was born. With this purpose in view, he sent a skilful architect to build him such a palace as should be fit for a man of his vast wealth to live in.

As I have said above, it had already been rumored in the valley that Mr. Gathergold had turned out to be the prophetic personage so long and vainly looked for, and that his visage was the perfect and undeniable similitude of the Great Stone Face. People were the more ready to believe that this must needs be the fact, when they beheld the splendid edifice that rose, as if by enchantment, on the site of his father's old weather-beaten farmhouse. The exterior was of marble, so dazzlingly white that it seemed as though the whole structure might melt away in the sunshine, like those humbler ones which Mr. Gathergold, in his young play-days, before his fingers were gifted with the touch of transmutation, had been accustomed to build of snow. It had a richly ornamented portico, supported by tall pillars, beneath which was a lofty door, studded with silver knobs, and made of a kind of variegated wood that had been brought from beyond the sea. The windows, from the floor to the ceiling of each stately apartment, were composed, respectively, of but one enormous pane of glass, so transparently pure that it was said to be a finer medium than even the vacant atmosphere. Hardly anybody had been permitted to see the interior of this palace; but it was reported, and with good semblance of truth, to be far more gorgeous than the outside, insomuch that whatever

was iron or brass in other houses was silver or gold in this; and Mr. Gathergold's bedchamber, especially, made such a glittering appearance that no ordinary man would have been able to close his eyes there. But, on the other hand, Mr. Gathergold was now so inured to wealth, that perhaps he could not have closed his eyes unless where the gleam of it was certain to find its way beneath his eyelids.

In due time, the mansion was finished; next came the upholsterers, with magnificent furniture; then a whole troop of black and white servants, the harbingers of Mr. Gathergold, who, in his own majestic person, was expected to arrive at sunset. Our friend Ernest, meanwhile, had been deeply stirred by the idea that the great man, the noble man, the man of prophecy, after so many ages of delay, was at length to be made manifest to his native valley. He knew, boy as he was, that there were a thousand ways in which Mr. Gathergold, with his vast wealth, might transform himself into an angel of beneficence, and assume a control over human affairs as wide and benignant as the smile of the Great Stone Face. Full of faith and hope, Ernest doubted not that what the people said was true, and that now he was to behold the living likeness of those wondrous features on the mountain-side. While the boy was still gazing up the valley, and fancying, as he always did, that the Great Stone Face returned his gaze and looked kindly at him, the rumbling of wheels was heard, approaching swiftly along the winding road.

"Here he comes!" cried a group of people who were assembled to witness the arrival. "Here comes the great Mr. Gathergold!"

A carriage drawn by four horses dashed round the

turn of the road. Within it, thrust partly out of the window, appeared the physiognomy of a little old man, with a skin as yellow as if his own Midas-hand had transmuted it. He had a low forehead, small, sharp eyes, puckered about with innumerable wrinkles, and very thin lips, which he made still thinner by pressing them forcibly together.

"The very image of the Great Stone Face!" shouted the people. "Sure enough, the old prophecy is true; and here we have the great man come, at last!"

And, what greatly perplexed Ernest, they seemed actually to believe that here was the likeness which they spoke of. By the roadside there chanced to be an old beggar-woman and two little beggar-children, stragglers from some far-off region, who, as the carriage rolled onward, held out their hands and lifted up their doleful voices, most piteously beseeching charity. A yellow claw — the very same that had clawed together so much wealth — poked itself out of the coach-window, and dropped some copper coins upon the ground; so that, though the great man's name seems to have been Gathergold, he might just as suitably have been nicknamed Scattercopper. Still, nevertheless, with an earnest shout, and evidently with as much good faith as ever, the people bellowed, —

"He is the very image of the Great Stone Face!"

But Ernest turned sadly from the wrinkled shrewdness of that sordid visage, and gazed up the valley, where, amid a gathering mist, gilded by the last sunbeams, he could still distinguish those glorious features which had impressed themselves into his soul. Their aspect cheered him. What did the benign lips seem to say?

“He will come! Fear not, Ernest; the man will come!”

The years went on, and Ernest ceased to be a boy. He had grown to be a young man now. He attracted little notice from the other inhabitants of the valley; for they saw nothing remarkable in his way of life, save that, when the labor of the day was over, he still loved to go apart and gaze and meditate upon the Great Stone Face. According to their idea of the matter, it was a folly, indeed, but pardonable, inasmuch as Ernest was industrious, kind, and neighborly, and neglected no duty for the sake of indulging this idle habit. They knew not that the Great Stone Face had become a teacher to him, and that the sentiment which was expressed in it would enlarge the young man's heart, and fill it with wider and deeper sympathies than other hearts. They knew not that thence would come a better wisdom than could be learned from books, and a better life than could be moulded on the defaced example of other human lives. Neither did Ernest know that the thoughts and affections which came to him so naturally, in the fields and at the fireside, and wherever he communed with himself, were of a higher tone than those which all men shared with him. A simple soul, — simple as when his mother first taught him the old prophecy, — he beheld the marvellous features beaming adown the valley, and still wondered that their human counterpart was so long in making his appearance.

By this time poor Mr. Gathergold was dead and buried; and the oddest part of the matter was, that his wealth, which was the body and spirit of his existence, had disappeared before his death, leaving nothing of him but a living skeleton, covered over

with a wrinkled, yellow skin. Since the melting away of his gold, it had been very generally conceded that there was no such striking resemblance, after all, betwixt the ignoble features of the ruined merchant and that majestic face upon the mountain-side. So the people ceased to honor him during his lifetime, and quietly consigned him to forgetfulness after his decease. Once in a while, it is true, his memory was brought up in connection with the magnificent palace which he had built, and which had long ago been turned into a hotel for the accommodation of strangers, multitudes of whom came every summer to visit that famous natural curiosity, the Great Stone Face. Thus, Mr. Gathergold being discredited and thrown into the shade, the man of prophecy was yet to come.

It so happened that a native-born son of the valley, many years before, had enlisted as a soldier, and, after a great deal of hard fighting, had now become an illustrious commander. Whatever he may be called in history, he was known in camps and on the battlefield under the nickname of Old Blood-and-Thunder. This war-worn veteran, being now infirm with age and wounds, and weary of the turmoil of a military life, and of the roll of the drum and the clangor of the trumpet, that had so long been ringing in his ears, had lately signified a purpose of returning to his native valley, hoping to find repose where he remembered to have left it. The inhabitants, his old neighbors and their grown-up children, were resolved to welcome the renowned warrior with a salute of cannon and a public dinner; and all the more enthusiastically, it being affirmed that now, at last, the likeness of the Great Stone Face had actually appeared. An aide-de-camp of Old Blood-and-Thunder, travelling

through the valley, was said to have been struck with the resemblance. Moreover the schoolmates and early acquaintances of the general were ready to testify, on oath, that to the best of their recollection, the aforesaid general had been exceedingly like the majestic image, even when a boy, only that the idea had never occurred to them at that period. Great, therefore, was the excitement throughout the valley ; and many people, who had never once thought of glancing at the Great Stone Face for years before, now spent their time in gazing at it, for the sake of knowing exactly how General Blood-and-Thunder looked.

On the day of the great festival, Ernest, with all the other people of the valley, left their work, and proceeded to the spot where the sylvan banquet was prepared. As he approached, the loud voice of the Rev. Dr. Battleblast was heard, beseeching a blessing on the good things set before them, and on the distinguished friend of peace in whose honor they were assembled. The tables were arranged in a cleared space of the woods, shut in by the surrounding trees, except where a vista opened eastward, and afforded a distant view of the Great Stone Face. Over the general's chair, which was a relic from the home of Washington, there was an arch of verdant boughs, with the laurel profusely intermixed, and surmounted by his country's banner, beneath which he had won his victories. Our friend Ernest raised himself on his tip-toes, in hopes to get a glimpse of the celebrated guest ; but there was a mighty crowd about the tables anxious to hear the toasts and speeches, and to catch any word that might fall from the general in reply ; and a volunteer company, doing duty as a guard, pricked ruthlessly with their bayonets at any particu-

larly quiet person among the throng. So Ernest, being of an unobtrusive character, was thrust quite into the background, where he could see no more of Old Blood-and-Thunder's physiognomy than if it had been still blazing on the battle-field. To console himself, he turned towards the Great Stone Face, which, like a faithful and long-remembered friend, looked back and smiled upon him through the vista of the forest. Meantime, however, he could overhear the remarks of various individuals, who were comparing the features of the hero with the face on the distant mountain-side.

"'Tis the same face, to a hair!" cried one man, cutting a caper for joy.

"Wonderfully like, that's a fact!" responded another.

"Like! why, I call it Old Blood-and-Thunder himself in a monstrous looking-glass!" cried a third. "And why not? He's the greatest man of this or any other age, beyond a doubt."

And then all three of the speakers gave a great shout, which communicated electricity to the crowd, and called forth a roar from a thousand voices, that went reverberating for miles among the mountains, until you might have supposed that the Great Stone Face had poured its thunder-breath into the cry. All these comments, and this vast enthusiasm, served the more to interest our friend; nor did he think of questioning that now, at length, the mountain-visage had found its human counterpart. It is true, Ernest had imagined that this long-looked-for personage would appear in the character of a man of peace, uttering wisdom, and doing good, and making people happy. But, taking an habitual breadth of view, with all his

simplicity, he contended that Providence should choose its own method of blessing mankind, and could conceive that this great end might be effected even by a warrior and a bloody sword, should inscrutable wisdom see fit to order matters so.

"The general! the general!" was now the cry. "Hush! silence! Old Blood-and-Thunder's going to make a speech."

Even so; for, the cloth being removed, the general's health had been drunk amid shouts of applause, and he now stood upon his feet to thank the company. Ernest saw him. There he was, over the shoulders of the crowd, from the two glittering epaulets and embroidered collar upward, beneath the arch of green boughs with intertwined laurel, and the banner drooping as if to shade his brow! And there, too, visible in the same glance, through the vista of the forest, appeared the Great Stone Face! And was there, indeed, such a resemblance as the crowd had testified? Alas, Ernest could not recognize it. He beheld a war-worn and weather-beaten countenance, full of energy, and expressive of an iron will; but the gentle wisdom, the deep, broad, tender sympathies, were altogether wanting in Old Blood-and-Thunder's visage; and even if the Great Stone Face had assumed his look of stern command, the milder traits would still have tempered it.

"This is not the man of prophecy," sighed Ernest to himself, as he made his way out of the throng. "And must the world wait longer yet?"

The mists had congregated about the distant mountain-side, and there were seen the grand and awful features of the Great Stone Face, awful but benignant, as if a mighty angel were sitting among the hills and

enrobing himself in a cloud-vesture of gold and purple. As he looked, Ernest could hardly believe but that a smile beamed over the whole visage, with a radiance still brightening, although without motion of the lips. It was probably the effect of the western sunshine, melting through the thinly diffused vapors that had swept between him and the object that he gazed at. But — as it always did — the aspect of his marvellous friend made Ernest as hopeful as if he had never hoped in vain.

“Fear not, Ernest,” said his heart, even as if the Great Face were whispering him, — “fear not, Ernest; he will come.”

More years sped swiftly and tranquilly away. Ernest still dwelt in his native valley, and was now a man of middle age. By imperceptible degrees, he had become known among the people. Now, as heretofore, he labored for his bread, and was the same simple-hearted man that he had always been. But he had thought and felt so much, he had given so many of the best hours of his life to unworldly hopes for some great good to mankind, that it seemed as though he had been talking with the angels, and had imbibed a portion of their wisdom unawares. It was visible in the calm and well-considered beneficence of his daily life, the quiet stream of which had made a wide green margin all along its course. Not a day passed by that the world was not the better because this man, humble as he was, had lived. He never stepped aside from his own path, yet would always reach a blessing to his neighbor. Almost involuntarily, too, he had become a preacher. The pure and high simplicity of his thought, which, as one of its manifestations, took shape in the good deeds that dropped silently from his

hand, flowed also forth in speech. He uttered truths that wrought upon and moulded the lives of those who heard him. His auditors, it may be, never suspected that Ernest, their own neighbor and familiar friend, was more than an ordinary man; least of all did Ernest himself suspect it; but, inevitably as the murmur of a rivulet, came thoughts out of his mouth that no other human lips had spoken.

When the people's minds had had a little time to cool, they were ready enough to acknowledge their mistake in imagining a similarity between General Blood-and-Thunder's truculent physiognomy and the benign visage on the mountain-side. But now, again, there were reports and many paragraphs in the newspapers, affirming that the likeness of the Great Stone Face had appeared upon the broad shoulders of a certain eminent statesman. He, like Mr. Gathergold and Old Blood-and-Thunder, was a native of the valley, but had left it in his early days, and taken up the trades of law and politics. Instead of the rich man's wealth and the warrior's sword, he had but a tongue, and it was mightier than both together. So wonderfully eloquent was he, that whatever he might choose to say, his auditors had no choice but to believe him; wrong looked like right, and right like wrong; for when it pleased him he could make a kind of illuminated fog with his mere breath, and obscure the natural daylight with it. His tongue, indeed, was a magic instrument; sometimes it rumbled like the thunder; sometimes it warbled like the sweetest music. It was the blast of war, — the song of peace; and it seemed to have a heart in it, when there was no such matter. In good truth, he was a wondrous man; and when his tongue had acquired him all other im-

aginable success, — when it had been heard in halls of state, and in the courts of princes and potentates, — after it had made him known all over the world, even as a voice crying from shore to shore, — it finally persuaded his countrymen to select him for the Presidency. Before this time, — indeed, as soon as he began to grow celebrated, — his admirers had found out the resemblance between him and the Great Stone Face; and so much were they struck by it that throughout the country this distinguished gentleman was known by the name of Old Stony Phiz. The phrase was considered as giving a highly favorable aspect to his political prospects; for, as is likewise the case with the Popedom, nobody ever becomes President without taking a name other than his own.

While his friends were doing their best to make him President, Old Stony Phiz, as he was called, set out on a visit to the valley where he was born. Of course, he had no other object than to shake hands with his fellow-citizens, and neither thought nor cared about any effect which his progress through the country might have upon the election. Magnificent preparations were made to receive the illustrious statesman; a cavalcade of horsemen set forth to meet him at the boundary line of the State, and all the people left their business and gathered along the wayside to see him pass. Among these was Ernest. Though more than once disappointed, as we have seen, he had such a hopeful and confiding nature, that he was always ready to believe in whatever seemed beautiful and good. He kept his heart continually open, and thus was sure to catch the blessing from on high, when it should come. So now again, as buoyantly as ever, he went forth to behold the likeness of the Great Stone Face.

The cavalcade came prancing along the road, with a great clattering of hoofs and a mighty cloud of dust, which rose up so dense and high that the visage of the mountain-side was completely hidden from Ernest's eyes. All the great men of the neighborhood were there on horseback; militia officers, in uniform; the member of Congress; the sheriff of the county; the editors of newspapers; and many a farmer, too, had mounted his patient steed, with his Sunday coat upon his back. It really was a very brilliant spectacle, especially as there were numerous banners flaunting over the cavalcade, on some of which were gorgeous portraits of the illustrious statesman and the Great Stone Face, smiling familiarly at one another, like two brothers. If the pictures were to be trusted, the mutual resemblance, it must be confessed, was marvellous. We must not forget to mention that there was a band of music, which made the echoes of the mountains ring and reverberate with the loud triumph of its strains; so that airy and soul-thrilling melodies broke out among all the heights and hollows, as if every nook of his native valley had found a voice to welcome the distinguished guest. But the grandest effect was when the far-off mountain precipice flung back the music; for then the Great Stone Face itself seemed to be swelling the triumphant chorus, in acknowledgment that, at length, the man of prophecy was come.

All this while the people were throwing up their hats and shouting, with enthusiasm so contagious that the heart of Ernest kindled up, and he likewise threw up his hat, and shouted, as loudly as the loudest, "Huzza for the great man! Huzza for Old Stony Phiz!" But as yet he had not seen him.

"Here he is now!" cried those who stood near Ernest. "There! There! Look at Old Stony Phiz and then at the Old Man of the Mountain, and see if they are not as like as two twin-brothers!"

In the midst of all this gallant array, came an open barouche, drawn by four white horses; and in the barouche, with his massive head uncovered, sat the illustrious statesman, Old Stony Phiz himself.

"Confess it," said one of Ernest's neighbors to him, "the Great Stone Face has met its match at last!"

Now, it must be owned that, at his first glimpse of the countenance which was bowing and smiling from the barouche, Ernest did fancy that there was a resemblance between it and the old familiar face upon the mountain-side. The brow, with its massive depth and loftiness, and all the other features, indeed, were boldly and strongly hewn, as if in emulation of a more than heroic, of a Titanic model. But the sublimity and stateliness, the grand expression of a divine sympathy, that illuminated the mountain visage, and etherealized its ponderous granite substance into spirit, might here be sought in vain. Something had been originally left out, or had departed. And therefore the marvellously gifted statesman had always a weary gloom in the deep caverns of his eyes, as of a child that has outgrown its playthings, or a man of mighty faculties and little aims, whose life, with all its high performances, was vague and empty, because no high purpose had endowed it with reality.

Still Ernest's neighbor was thrusting his elbow into his side, and pressing him for an answer.

"Confess! confess! Is not he the very picture of your Old Man of the Mountain?"

"No!" said Ernest, bluntly, "I see little or no likeness."

"Then so much the worse for the Great Stone Face!" answered his neighbor; and again he set up a shout for Old Stony Phiz.

But Ernest turned away, melancholy, and almost despondent; for this was the saddest of his disappointments, to behold a man who might have fulfilled the prophecy, and had not willed to do so. Meantime, the cavalcade, the banners, the music, the barouches swept past him, with the vociferous crowd in the rear, leaving the dust to settle down, and the Great Stone Face to be revealed again, with the grandeur that it had worn for untold centuries.

"Lo, here I am, Ernest!" the benign lips seemed to say. "I have waited longer than thou, and am not yet weary. Fear not; the man will come."

The years hurried onward, treading in their haste on one another's heels. And now they began to bring white hairs, and scatter them over the head of Ernest; they made reverend wrinkles across his forehead, and furrows in his cheeks. He was an aged man. But not in vain had he grown old: more than the white hairs on his head were the sage thoughts in his mind; his wrinkles and furrows were inscriptions that Time had graved, and in which he had written legends of wisdom that had been tested by the tenor of a life. And Ernest had ceased to be obscure. Unsought for, undesired, had come the fame which so many seek, and made him known in the great world, beyond the limits of the valley in which he had dwelt so quietly. College professors, and even the active men of cities, came from far to see and converse with Ernest; for the report had gone abroad that this simple husband-

man had ideas unlike those of other men, not gained from books, but of a higher tone, — a tranquil and familiar majesty, as if he had been talking with the angels as his daily friends. Whether it were sage, statesman, or philanthropist, Ernest received these visitors with the gentle sincerity that had characterized him from boyhood, and spoke freely with them of whatever came uppermost, or lay deepest in his heart or their own. While they talked together his face would kindle, unawares, and shine upon them, as with a mild evening light. Pensive with the fulness of such discourse, his guests took leave and went their way ; and passing up the valley, paused to look at the Great Stone Face, imagining that they had seen its likeness in a human countenance, but could not remember where.

While Ernest had been growing up and growing old, a bountiful Providence had granted a new poet to this earth. He, likewise, was a native of the valley, but had spent the greater part of his life at a distance from that romantic region, pouring out his sweet music amid the bustle and din of cities. Often, however, did the mountains which had been familiar to him in his childhood lift their snowy peaks into the clear atmosphere of his poetry. Neither was the Great Stone Face forgotten, for the poet had celebrated it in an ode which was grand enough to have been uttered by its own majestic lips. The man of genius, we may say, had come down from heaven with wonderful endowments. If he sang of a mountain, the eyes of all mankind beheld a mightier grandeur reposing on its breast, or soaring to its summit, than had before been seen there. If his theme were a lovely lake, a celestial smile had now been thrown over

it, to gleam forever on its surface. If it were the vast old sea, even the deep immensity of its dread bosom seemed to swell the higher, as if moved by the emotions of the song. Thus the world assumed another and a better aspect from the hour that the poet blessed it with his happy eyes. The Creator had bestowed him, as the last best touch to his own handiwork. Creation was not finished till the poet came to interpret, and so complete it.

The effect was no less high and beautiful when his human brethren were the subject of his verse. The man or woman, sordid with the common dust of life, who crossed his daily path, and the little child who played in it, were glorified if he beheld them in his mood of poetic faith. He showed the golden links of the great chain that intertwined them with an angelic kindred; he brought out the hidden traits of a celestial birth that made them worthy of such kin. Some, indeed, there were, who thought to show the soundness of their judgment by affirming that all the beauty and dignity of the natural world existed only in the poet's fancy. Let such men speak for themselves, who undoubtedly appear to have been spawned forth by Nature with a contemptuous bitterness; she having plastered them up out of her refuse stuff, after all the swine were made. As respects all things else, the poet's ideal was the truest truth.

The songs of this poet found their way to Ernest. He read them after his customary toil, seated on the bench before his cottage door, where for such a length of time he had filled his repose with thought, by gazing at the Great Stone Face. And now as he read stanzas that caused the soul to thrill within him, he lifted his eyes to the vast countenance beaming on him so benignantly.

"O majestic friend," he murmured, addressing the Great Stone Face, "is not this man worthy to resemble thee?"

The Face seemed to smile, but answered not a word.

Now it happened that the poet, though he dwelt so far away, had not only heard of Ernest, but had meditated much upon his character, until he deemed nothing so desirable as to meet this man, whose untaught wisdom walked hand in hand with the noble simplicity of his life. One summer morning, therefore, he took passage by the railroad, and, in the decline of the afternoon, alighted from the cars at no great distance from Ernest's cottage. The great hotel, which had formerly been the palace of Mr. Gathergold, was close at hand, but the poet, with his carpet-bag on his arm, inquired at once where Ernest dwelt, and was resolved to be accepted as his guest.

Approaching the door, he there found the good old man, holding a volume in his hand, which alternately he read, and then, with a finger between the leaves, looked lovingly at the Great Stone Face.

"Good evening," said the poet. "Can you give a traveller a night's lodging?"

"Willingly," answered Ernest; and then he added, smiling, "methinks I never saw the Great Stone Face look so hospitably at a stranger."

The poet sat down on the bench beside him, and he and Ernest talked together. Often had the poet held intercourse with the wittiest and the wisest, but never before with a man like Ernest, whose thoughts and feelings gushed up with such a natural freedom, and who made great truths so familiar by his simple utterance of them. Angels, as had been so often said, seemed to have wrought with him at his labor in the

fields ; angels seemed to have sat with him by the fire-side ; and, dwelling with angels as friend with friends, he had imbibed the sublimity of their ideas, and imbued it with the sweet and lowly charm of household words. So thought the poet. And Ernest, on the other hand, was moved and agitated by the living images which the poet flung out of his mind, and which peopled all the air about the cottage door with shapes of beauty, both gay and pensive. The sympathies of these two men instructed them with a profounder sense than either could have attained alone. Their minds accorded into one strain, and made delightful music which neither of them could have claimed as all his own, nor distinguished his own share from the other's. They led one another, as it were, into a high pavilion of their thoughts, so remote, and hitherto so dim, that they had never entered it before, and so beautiful that they desired to be there always.

As Ernest listened to the poet, he imagined that the Great Stone Face was bending forward to listen too. He gazed earnestly into the poet's glowing eyes.

"Who are you, my strangely gifted guest?" he said.

The poet laid his finger on the volume that Ernest had been reading.

"You have read these poems," said he. "You know me, then, — for I wrote them."

Again, and still more earnestly than before, Ernest examined the poet's features ; then turned towards the Great Stone Face ; then back, with an uncertain aspect, to his guest. But his countenance fell ; he shook his head, and sighed.

"Wherefore are you sad?" inquired the poet.

"Because," replied Ernest, "all through life I have awaited the fulfilment of a prophecy ; and, when

I read these poems, I hoped that it might be fulfilled in you."

"You hoped," answered the poet, faintly smiling, "to find in me the likeness of the Great Stone Face. And you are disappointed, as formerly with Mr. Gathergold, and Old Blood-and-Thunder, and Old Stony Phiz. Yes, Ernest, it is my doom. You must add my name to the illustrious three, and record another failure of your hopes. For — in shame and sadness do I speak it, Ernest — I am not worthy to be typified by yonder benign and majestic image."

"And why?" asked Ernest. He pointed to the volume. "Are not those thoughts divine?"

"They have a strain of the Divinity," replied the poet. "You can hear in them the far-off echo of a heavenly song. But my life, dear Ernest, has not corresponded with my thought. I have had grand dreams, but they have been only dreams, because I have lived — and that, too, by my own choice — among poor and mean realities. Sometimes even — shall I dare to say it? — I lack faith in the grandeur, the beauty, and the goodness, which my own works are said to have made more evident in nature and in human life. Why, then, pure seeker of the good and true, shouldst thou hope to find me in yonder image of the divine?"

The poet spoke sadly, and his eyes were dim with tears. So, likewise, were those of Ernest.

At the hour of sunset, as had long been his frequent custom, Ernest was to discourse to an assemblage of the neighboring inhabitants in the open air. He and the poet, arm in arm, still talking together as they went along, proceeded to the spot. It was a small nook among the hills, with a gray precipice behind,

the stern front of which was relieved by the pleasant foliage of many creeping plants, that made a tapestry for the naked rock, by hanging their festoons from all its rugged angles. At a small elevation above the ground, set in a rich framework of verdure, there appeared a niche, spacious enough to admit a human figure, with freedom for such gestures as spontaneously accompany earnest thought and genuine emotion. Into this natural pulpit Ernest ascended, and threw a look of familiar kindness around upon his audience. They stood, or sat, or reclined upon the grass, as seemed good to each, with the departing sunshine falling obliquely over them, and mingling its subdued cheerfulness with the solemnity of a grove of ancient trees, beneath and amid the boughs of which the golden rays were constrained to pass. In another direction was seen the Great Stone Face, with the same cheer, combined with the same solemnity, in its benignant aspect.

Ernest began to speak, giving to the people of what was in his heart and mind. His words had power, because they accorded with his thoughts; and his thoughts had reality and depth, because they harmonized with the life which he had always lived. It was not mere breath that this preacher uttered; they were the words of life, because a life of good deeds and holy love was melted into them. Pearls, pure and rich, had been dissolved into this precious draught. The poet, as he listened, felt that the being and character of Ernest were a nobler strain of poetry than he had ever written. His eyes glistening with tears, he gazed reverentially at the venerable man, and said within himself that never was there an aspect so worthy of a prophet and a sage as that mild, sweet, thoughtful

countenance, with the glory of white hair diffused about it. At a distance, but distinctly to be seen, high up in the golden light of the setting sun, appeared the Great Stone Face, with hoary mists around it, like the white hairs around the brow of Ernest. Its look of grand beneficence seemed to embrace the world.

At that moment, in sympathy with a thought which he was about to utter, the face of Ernest assumed a grandeur of expression, so imbued with benevolence, that the poet,¹ by an irresistible impulse, threw his arms aloft, and shouted, —

“Behold! Behold! Ernest is himself the likeness of the Great Stone Face!”

Then all the people looked and saw that what the deep-sighted poet said was true. The prophecy was fulfilled. But Ernest, having finished what he had to say, took the poet’s arm, and walked slowly homeward, still hoping that some wiser and better man than himself would by and by appear, bearing a resemblance to the GREAT STONE FACE.

MY VISIT TO NIAGARA.

NEVER did a pilgrim approach Niagara with deeper enthusiasm than mine. I had lingered away from it, and wandered to other scenes, because my treasury of anticipated enjoyments, comprising all the wonders of

¹ That the poet should have been the one to discover the resemblance accords with the conception of the poet himself in this little apologue. Poetic insight is still separable from integrity of character, and it was quite possible for this poet to see the ideal beauty in another, while conscious of his own defect. The humility of Ernest, as the last word of the story, completes the certainty of the likeness.

the world, had nothing else so magnificent, and I was loath to exchange the pleasures of hope for those of memory so soon. At length the day came. The stage-coach, with a Frenchman and myself on the back seat, had already left Lewiston, and in less than an hour would set us down in Manchester. I began to listen for the roar of the cataract, and trembled with a sensation like dread, as the moment drew nigh, when its voice of ages must roll, for the first time, on my ear. The French gentleman stretched himself from the window, and expressed loud admiration, while, by a sudden impulse, I threw myself back and closed my eyes. When the scene shut in, I was glad to think, that for me the whole burst of Niagara was yet in futurity. We rolled on, and entered the village of Manchester, bordering on the falls.

I am quite ashamed of myself here. Not that I ran like a madman to the falls, and plunged into the thickest of the spray, — never stopping to breathe, till breathing was impossible ; not that I committed this, or any other suitable extravagance. On the contrary, I alighted with perfect decency and composure, gave my cloak to the black waiter, pointed out my baggage, and inquired, not the nearest way to the cataract, but about the dinner-hour. The interval was spent in arranging my dress. Within the last fifteen minutes, my mind had grown strangely benumbed, and my spirits apathetic, with a slight depression, not decided enough to be termed sadness. My enthusiasm was in a deathlike slumber. Without aspiring to immortality, as he did, I could have imitated that English traveller, who turned back from the point where he first heard the thunder of Niagara, after crossing the ocean to behold it. Many a Western trader, by the by, has

performed a similar act of heroism with more heroic simplicity, deeming it no such wonderful feat to dine at the hotel and resume his route to Buffalo or Lewiston, while the cataract was roaring unseen.

Such has often been my apathy, when objects, long sought, and earnestly desired, were placed within my reach. After dinner — at which an unwonted and perverse epicurism detained me longer than usual — I lighted a cigar and paced the piazza, minutely attentive to the aspect and business of a very ordinary village. Finally, with reluctant step, and the feeling of an intruder, I walked towards Goat Island. At the toll-house, there were farther excuses for delaying the inevitable moment. My signature was required in a huge ledger, containing similar records innumerable, many of which I read. The skin of a great sturgeon, and other fishes, beasts, and reptiles; a collection of minerals, such as lie in heaps near the falls; some Indian moccasins, and other trifles, made of deer-skin and embroidered with beads; several newspapers, from Montreal, New York, and Boston, — all attracted me in turn. Out of a number of twisted sticks, the manufacture of a Tuscarora Indian, I selected one of curled maple, curiously convoluted, and adorned with the carved images of a snake and a fish. Using this as my pilgrim's staff, I crossed the bridge. Above and below me were the rapids, a river of impetuous snow, with here and there a dark rock amid its whiteness, resisting all the physical fury, as any cold spirit did the moral influences of the scene. On reaching Goat Island, which separates the two great segments of the falls, I chose the right-hand path, and followed it to the edge of the American cascade. There, while the falling sheet was yet invisible,

I saw the vapor that never vanishes, and the Eternal Rainbow of Niagara.

It was an afternoon of glorious sunshine, without a cloud, save those of the cataracts. I gained an insulated rock, and beheld a broad sheet of brilliant and unbroken foam, not shooting in a curved line from the top of the precipice, but falling headlong down from height to depth. A narrow stream diverged from the main branch, and hurried over the crag by a channel of its own, leaving a little pine-clad island and a streak of precipice between itself and the larger sheet. Below arose the mist, on which was painted a dazzling sunbow with two concentric shadows, — one, almost as perfect as the original brightness; and the other, drawn faintly round the broken edge of the cloud.

Still I had not half seen Niagara. Following the verge of the island, the path led me to the Horseshoe, where the real, broad St. Lawrence, rushing along on a level with its banks, pours its whole breadth over a concave line of precipice, and thence pursues its course between lofty crags towards Ontario. A sort of bridge, two or three feet wide, stretches out along the edge of the descending sheet, and hangs upon the rising mist, as if that were the foundation of the frail structure. Here I stationed myself in the blast of wind, which the rushing river bore along with it. The bridge was tremulous beneath me, and marked the tremor of the solid earth. I looked along the whitening rapids, and endeavored to distinguish a mass of water far above the falls, to follow it to their verge, and go down with it, in fancy, to the abyss of clouds and storm. Casting my eyes across the river, and every side, I took in the whole scene at a glance, and tried to comprehend it in one vast idea. After an

hour thus spent, I left the bridge, and by a staircase, winding almost interminably round a post, descended to the base of the precipice. From that point, my path lay over slippery stones, and among great fragments of the cliff, to the edge of the cataract, where the wind at once enveloped me in spray, and perhaps dashed the rainbow round me. Were my long desires fulfilled? And had I seen Niagara?

Oh that I had never heard of Niagara till I beheld it! Blessed were the wanderers of old, who heard its deep roar, sounding through the woods, as the summons to an unknown wonder, and approached its awful brink, in all the freshness of native feeling. Had its own mysterious voice been the first to warn me of its existence, then, indeed, I might have knelt down and worshipped. But I had come thither, haunted with a vision of foam and fury, and dizzy cliffs, and an ocean tumbling down out of the sky, — a scene, in short, which nature had too much good taste and calm simplicity to realize. My mind had struggled to adapt these false conceptions to the reality, and finding the effort vain, a wretched sense of disappointment weighed me down. I climbed the precipice, and threw myself on the earth, feeling that I was unworthy to look at the Great Falls, and careless about beholding them again. . . .

All that night, as there has been and will be for ages past and to come, a rushing sound was heard, as if a great tempest were sweeping through the air. It mingled with my dreams, and made them full of storm and whirlwind. Whenever I awoke, and heard this dread sound in the air, and the windows rattling as with a mighty blast, I could not rest again, till looking forth, I saw how bright the stars were, and that

every leaf in the garden was motionless. Never was a summer night more calm to the eye, nor a gale of autumn louder to the ear. The rushing sound proceeds from the rapids, and the rattling of the casements is but an effect of the vibration of the whole house, shaken by the jar of the cataract. The noise of the rapids draws the attention from the true voice of Niagara, which is a dull, muffled thunder, resounding between the cliffs. I spent a wakeful hour at midnight, in distinguishing its reverberations, and rejoiced to find that my former awe and enthusiasm were reviving.

Gradually, and after much contemplation, I came to know, by my own feelings, that Niagara is indeed a wonder of the world, and not the less wonderful, because time and thought must be employed in comprehending it. Casting aside all preconceived notions, and preparation to be dire-struck or delighted, the beholder must stand beside it in the simplicity of his heart, suffering the mighty scene to work its own impression. Night after night, I dreamed of it, and was gladdened every morning by the consciousness of a growing capacity to enjoy it. Yet I will not pretend to the all-absorbing enthusiasm of some more fortunate spectators, nor deny that very trifling causes would draw my eyes and thoughts from the cataract.

The last day that I was to spend at Niagara, before my departure for the Far West, I sat upon the Table Rock. This celebrated station did not now, as of old, project fifty feet beyond the line of the precipice, but was shattered by the fall of an immense fragment, which lay distant on the shore below. Still, on the utmost verge of the rock, with my feet hanging over it, I felt as if suspended in the open air. Never be

fore had my mind been in such perfect unison with the scene. There were intervals, when I was conscious of nothing but the great river, rolling calmly into the abyss, rather descending than precipitating itself, and acquiring tenfold majesty from its unhurried motion. It came like the march of Destiny. It was not taken by surprise, but seemed to have anticipated, in all its course through the broad lakes, that it must pour their collected waters down this height. The perfect foam of the river, after its descent, and the ever-varying shapes of mist, rising up, to become clouds in the sky, would be the very picture of confusion, were it merely transient, like the rage of a tempest. But when the beholder has stood awhile, and perceives no lull in the storm, and considers that the vapor and the foam are as everlasting as the rocks which produce them, all this turmoil assumes a sort of calmness. It soothes, while it awes the mind.

Leaning over the cliff, I saw the guide conducting two adventurers behind the falls. It was pleasant, from that high seat in the sunshine, to observe them struggling against the eternal storm of the lower regions, with heads bent down, now faltering, now pressing forward, and finally swallowed up in their victory. After their disappearance, a blast rushed out with an old hat, which it had swept from one of their heads. The rock, to which they were directing their unseen course, is marked, at a fearful distance on the exterior of the sheet, by a jet of foam. The attempt to reach it appears both poetical and perilous to a looker-on, but may be accomplished without much more difficulty or hazard than in stemming a violent northeaster. In a few moments, forth came the children of the mist. Dripping and breathless, they crept

along the base of the cliff, ascended to the guide's cottage, and received, I presume, a certificate of their achievement, with three verses of sublime poetry on the back.

My contemplations were often interrupted by strangers who came down from Forsyth's to take their first view of the falls. A short, ruddy, middle-aged gentleman, fresh from Old England, peeped over the rock, and evinced his approbation by a broad grin. His spouse, a very robust lady, afforded a sweet example of maternal solicitude, being so intent on the safety of her little boy that she did not even glance at Niagara. As for the child, he gave himself wholly to the enjoyment of a stick of candy. Another traveller, a native American, and no rare character among us, produced a volume of Captain Hall's tour, and labored earnestly to adjust Niagara to the captain's description, departing, at last, without one new idea or sensation of his own. The next comer was provided, not with a printed book, but with a blank sheet of foolscap, from top to bottom of which, by means of an ever-pointed pencil, the cataract was made to thunder. In a little talk which we had together, he awarded his approbation to the general view, but censured the position of Goat Island, observing that it should have been thrown farther to the right, so as to widen the American falls, and contract those of the Horseshoe. Next appeared two traders of Michigan, who declared, that, upon the whole, the sight was worth looking at; there certainly was an immense water-power here; but that, after all, they would go twice as far to see the noble stone-works of Lockport, where the Grand Canal is locked down a descent of sixty feet. They were succeeded by a young fellow, in a homespun cotton dress, with a staff in his

hand, and a pack over his shoulders. He advanced close to the edge of the rock, where his attention, at first wavering among the different components of the scene, finally became fixed in the angle of the Horse-shoe falls, which is, indeed, the central point of interest. His whole soul seemed to go forth and be transported thither, till the staff slipped from his relaxed grasp, and falling down — down — down — struck upon the fragment of the Table Rock.

In this manner I spent some hours, watching the varied impression, made by the cataract, on those who disturbed me, and returning to unwearied contemplation, when left alone. At length my time came to depart. There is a grassy footpath through the woods, along the summit of the bank, to a point whence a causeway, hewn in the side of the precipice, goes winding down to the Ferry, about half a mile below the Table Rock. The sun was near setting, when I emerged from the shadow of the trees, and began the descent. The indirectness of my downward road continually changed the point of view, and showed me, in rich and repeated succession, now, the whitening rapids and majestic leap of the main river, which appeared more deeply massive as the light departed; now, the lovelier picture, yet still sublime, of Goat Island, with its rocks and grove, and the lesser falls, tumbling over the right bank of the St. Lawrence, like a tributary stream; now, the long vista of the river, as it eddied and whirled between the cliffs, to pass through Ontario toward the sea, and everywhere to be wondered at, for this one unrivalled scene. The golden sunshine tinged the sheet of the American cascade, and painted on its heaving spray the broken semicircle of a rainbow, heaven's own beauty crown-

ing earth's sublimity. My steps were slow, and I paused long at every turn of the descent, as one lingers and pauses who discerns a brighter and brightening excellence in what he must soon behold no more. The solitude of the old wilderness now reigned over the whole vicinity of the falls. My enjoyment became the more rapturous, because no poet shared it, nor wretch devoid of poetry profaned it; but the spot so famous through the world was all my own!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, of Quaker birth in Puritan surroundings, was born at the homestead near Haverhill, Massachusetts, December 17, 1807. Until his eighteenth year he lived at home, working upon the farm and in the little shoemaker's shop which nearly every farm then had as a resource in the otherwise idle hours of winter. The manual, homely labor upon which he was employed was in part the foundation of that deep interest which the poet never has ceased to take in the toil and plain fortunes of the people. Throughout his poetry runs this golden thread of sympathy with honorable labor and enforced poverty, and many poems are directly inspired by it. While at work with his father he sent poems to the *Haverhill Gazette*, and that he was not in subjection to his work is very evident by the fact that he translated it and similar occupations into *Songs of Labor*. He had two years' academic training, and in 1829 became editor in Boston of the *American Manufacturer*, a paper published in the interest of the tariff. In 1831 he published his *Legends of New England*, prose sketches in a department of literature which has always had strong claims upon his interest. No American writer, unless Irving be excepted, has done so much to throw a graceful veil of poetry and legend over the country of his daily life. Essex County, in Massachusetts, and the beaches lying between Newburyport and Portsmouth blossom with flowers of Whittier's planting. He has made rare use of

the homely stories which he had heard in his childhood, and learned afterward from familiar intercourse with country people, and he has himself used invention delicately and in harmony with the spirit of the New England coast. Although of a body of men who in earlier days had been persecuted by the Puritans of New England, his generous mind has not failed to detect all the good that was in the stern creed and life of the persecutors, and to bring it forward into the light of his poetry.

In 1836 he published *Mogg Megone*, a poem which stood first in the collected edition of his poems issued in 1857, and was admitted there with some reluctance, apparently, by the author. In that and the *Bridal of Pennacook* he draws his material from the relation held between the Indians and the settlers. His sympathy was always with the persecuted and oppressed, and while historically he found an object of pity and self-reproach in the Indian, his profoundest compassion and most stirring indignation were called out by African slavery. From the earliest he was upon the side of the abolition party. Year after year poems fell from his pen in which with all the eloquence of his nature he sought to enlist his countrymen upon the side of emancipation and freedom. It is not too much to say that in the slow development of public sentiment Whittier's steady song was one of the most powerful advocates that the slave had, all the more powerful that it was free from malignity or unjust accusation.

Whittier's poems have been issued in a number of small volumes, and collected into single larger volumes. Besides those already indicated, there are a number which owe their origin to his tender regard for domestic life and the simple experience of the men and women about him. Of these *Snow-Bound* is the most memorable. Then his fondness for a story has led him to use the ballad form in many cases, and *Mabel Martin* is one of a number, in which the narrative is blended with a fine and strong charity. The catholic mind of this writer and his instinct for discovering the pure

moral in human action are disclosed by a number of poems, drawn from a wide range of historical fact, dealing with a great variety of religious faiths and circumstances of life, but always pointing to some sweet and strong truth of the divine life. Of such are *The Brother of Mercy*, *The Gift of Tritemius*, *The Two Rabbis*, and others. Whittier's *Prose Works* are comprised in three volumes, and consist mainly of his contributions to journals and of *Leaves from Margaret Smith's Journal*, a fictitious diary of a visitor to New England in 1678.

Mr. Whittier died at Hampton Falls, N. H., September 7, 1892. His life has been written by his literary executor, Samuel T. Pickard, under the title *Life and Letters of John Greenleaf Whittier*.

SNOW-BOUND.

A WINTER IDYL.

"As the Spirits of Darkness be stronger in the dark, so good Spirits which be Angels of Light are augmented not only by the Divine light of the Sun, but also by our common VVood fire : and as the Celestial Fire drives away dark spirits, so also this our Fire of VVood doth the same." — COR. AGRIPPA, *Occult Philosophy*, Book I. ch. v.

"Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow ; and, driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight ; the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river and the heaven,
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.
The sled and traveller stopped, the courier's feet
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
Around the radiant fireplace, inclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm."

EMERSON, *The Snow-Storm*.

THE sun that brief December day
Rose cheerless over hills of gray,
And, darkly circled, gave at noon
A sadder light than waning moon.
Slow tracing down the thickening sky
Its mute and ominous prophecy,
A portent seeming less than threat,
It sank from sight before it set.
A chill no coat, however stout,
Of homespun stuff could quite shut out,

A hard, dull bitterness of cold,
That checked, mid-vein, the circling race
Of life-blood in the sharpened face,
The coming of the snow-storm told.
The wind blew east ; we heard the roar 15
Of Ocean on his wintry shore,
And felt the strong pulse throbbing there
Beat with low rhythm our inland air.

Meanwhile we did our nightly chores, —
Brought in the wood from out of doors, 20
Littered the stalls, and from the mows
Raked down the herd's-grass for the cows :
Heard the horse whinnying for his corn ;
And, sharply clashing horn on horn,
Impatient down the stanchion rows 25
The cattle shake their walnut bows ;
While, peering from his early perch
Upon the scaffold's pole of birch,
The cock his crested helmet bent
And down his querulous challenge sent. 30
Unwarmed by any sunset light
The gray day darkened into night,
A night made hoary with the swarm
And whirl-dance of the blinding storm,
As zigzag wavering to and fro 35
Crossed and recrossed the wingéd snow :
And ere the early bedtime came
The white drift piled the window-frame,
And through the glass the clothes-line posts
Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts. 40

So all night long the storm roared on •
The morning broke without a sun :

In tiny spherule traced with lines
 Of Nature's geometric signs,
 In starry flake and pellicle 45
 All day the hoary meteor fell;
 And, when the second morning shone,
 We looked upon a world unknown,
 On nothing we could call our own.
 Around the glistening wonder bent 50
 The blue walls of the firmament,
 No cloud above, no earth below, —
 A universe of sky and snow!
 The old familiar sights of ours
 Took marvellous shapes; strange domes and towers
 Rose up where sty or corn-crib stood, 56
 Or garden-wall, or belt of wood;
 A smooth white mound the brush-pile showed,
 A fenceless drift what once was road;
 The bridle-post an old man sat 60
 With loose-flung coat and high cocked hat;
 The well-curb had a Chinese roof;
 And even the long sweep, high aloof,
 In its slant splendor, seemed to tell
 Of Pisa's leaning miracle. 65

A prompt, decisive man, no breath
 Our father wasted: "Boys, a path!"

65. The Leaning Tower of Pisa, in Italy, which inclines from the perpendicular a little more than six feet in eighty, is a campanile, or bell-tower, built of white marble, very beautiful, but so famous for its singular deflection from perpendicularity as to be known almost wholly as a curiosity. Opinions differ as to the leaning being the result of accident or design, but the better judgment makes it an effect of the character of the soil on which it is built. The Cathedral to which it belongs has suffered so much from a similar cause that there is not a vertical line in it.

Well pleased, (for when did farmer boy
Count such a summons less than joy ?)
Our buskins on our feet we drew ; 70
 With mittened hands, and caps drawn low
 To guard our necks and ears from snow,
We cut the solid whiteness through.
And, where the drift was deepest, made
A tunnel walled and overlaid 75
With dazzling crystal : we had read
Of rare Aladdin's wondrous cave,
And to our own his name we gave,
With many a wish the luck were ours
To test his lamp's supernal powers. 80
We reached the barn with merry din,
And roused the prisoned brutes within.
The old horse thrust his long head out,
And grave with wonder gazed about ;
The cock his lusty greeting said, 85
And forth his speckled harem led ;
The oxen lashed their tails, and hooked,
And mild reproach of hunger looked ;
The hornéd patriarch of the sheep,
Like Egypt's Amun roused from sleep, 90
Shook his sage head with gesture mute,
And emphasized with stamp of foot.

All day the gusty north-wind bore
The loosening drift its breath before ;
Low circling round its southern zone, 95
The sun through dazzling snow-mist shone,
No church-bell lent its Christian tone

90. *Amun*, or *Ammon*, was an Egyptian being, representing an attribute of Deity under the form of a ram.

To the savage air, no social smoke
Curled over woods of snow-hung oak.
A solitude made more intense
By dreary-voicéd elements,
The shrieking of the mindless wind,
The moaning tree-boughs swaying blind,
And on the glass the unmeaning beat
Of ghostly finger-tips of sleet.
Beyond the circle of our hearth
No welcome sound of toil or mirth
Unbound the spell, and testified
Of human life and thought outside.
We minded that the sharpest ear
The buried brooklet could not hear,
The music of whose liquid lip
Had been to us companionship,
And, in our lonely life, had grown
To have an almost human tone.

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As night drew on, and, from the crest
Of wooded knolls that ridged the west,
The sun, a snow-blown traveller, sank
From sight beneath the smothering bank.
We piled with care our nightly stack
Of wood against the chimney-back, —
The oaken log, green, huge, and thick,
And on its top the stout back-stick;
The knotty forestick laid apart,
And filled between with curious art
The ragged brush; then, hovering near,
We watched the first red blaze appear,
Heard the sharp crackle, caught the gleam
On whitewashed wall and sagging beam,
Until the old, rude-furnished room

121

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130

Burst, flower-like, into rosy bloom ;
 While radiant with a mimic flame
 Outside the sparkling drift became,
 And through the bare-boughed lilac-tree
 Our own warm hearth seemed blazing free. 137
 The crane and pendent trammels showed,
 The Turk's heads on the andirons glowed ;
 While childish fancy, prompt to tell
 The meaning of the miracle,
 Whispered the old rhyme : "*Under the tree* 140
When fire outdoors burns merrily,
There the witches are making tea."

The moon above the eastern wood
 Shone at its full ; the hill-range stood
 Transfigured in the silver flood, 145
 Its blown snows flashing cold and keen,
 Dead white, save where some sharp ravine
 Took shadow, or the sombre green
 Of hemlocks turned to pitchy black
 Against the whiteness of their back. 150
 For such a world and such a night
 Most fitting that unwarming light,
 Which only seemed where'er it fell
 To make the coldness visible.

Shut in from all the world without, 155
 We sat the clean-winged hearth about,
 Content to let the north-wind roar
 In baffled rage at pane and door,
 While the red logs before us beat
 The frost-line back with tropic heat ; 160
 And ever, when a louder blast
 Shook beam and rafter as it passed,

The merrier up its roaring draught
 The great throat of the chimney laughed,
 The house-dog on his paws outspread
 Laid to the fire his drowsy head,
 The cat's dark silhouette on the wall
 A couchant tiger's seemed to fall ;
 And, for the winter fireside meet,
 Between the andirons' straddling feet,
 The mug of cider simmered slow,
 The apples sputtered in a row,
 And, close at hand, the basket stood
 With nuts from brown October's wood.

165

171

What matter how the night behaved ?
 What matter how the north-wind raved ?
 Blow high, blow low, not all its snow
 Could quench our hearth-fire's ruddy glow.
 O Time and Change ! — with hair as gray
 As was my sire's that winter day,
 How strange it seems, with so much gone
 Of life and love, to still live on !
 Ah, brother ! only I and thou
 Are left of all that circle now, —
 The dear home faces whereupon
 That fitful firelight paled and shone.
 Henceforward, listen as we will,
 The voices of that hearth are still ;
 Look where we may, the wide earth o'er,
 Those lighted faces smile no more.
 We tread the paths their feet have worn,
 We sit beneath their orchard trees,
 We hear, like them, the hum of bees
 And rustle of the bladed corn ;
 We turn the pages that they read,

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Their written words we linger o'er,
 But in the sun they cast no shade,
 No voice is heard, no sign is made,
 No step is on the conscious floor !
 Yet Love will dream and Faith will trust 200
 (Since He who knows our need is just)
 That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.
 Alas for him who never sees
 The stars shine through his cypress-trees !
 Who, hopeless, lays his dead away, 205
 Nor looks to see the breaking day
 Across the mournful marbles play !
 Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
 The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
 That Life is ever lord of Death, 210
 And Love can never lose its own !

We sped the time with stories old,
 Wrought puzzles out, and riddles told,
 Or stammered from our school-book lore
 "The chief of Gambia's golden shore." 215
 How often since, when all the land
 Was clay in Slavery's shaping hand,
 As if a far-blown trumpet stirred
 The languorous, sin-sick air, I heard :
 "Does not the voice of reason cry, 220
 Claim the first right which Nature gave,
From the red scourge of bondage fly,
 Nor deign to live a burdened slave !"
 Our father rode again his ride

215. This line and lines 220-223 are taken from *The African Chief*, a poem by Mrs. Sarah Wentworth Morton, which was included in Caleb Bingham's *The American Preceptor*, a school-book used in Whittier's boyhood.

On Memphremagog's wooded side ; 226
Sat down again to moose and samp
In trapper's hut and Indian camp ;
Lived o'er the old idyllic ease
Beneath St. François' hemlock-trees ;
Again for him the moonlight shone 230
On Norman cap and bodiced zone ;
Again he heard the violin play
Which led the village dance away,
And mingled in its merry whirl
The grandam and the laughing girl. 235
Or, nearer home, our steps he led
Where Salisbury's level marshes spread
Mile-wide as flies the laden bee ;
Where merry mowers, hale and strong,
Swept, scythe on scythe, their swaths along 240
The low green prairies of the sea.
We shared the fishing off Boar's Head,
And round the rocky Isles of Shoals
The hake-broil on the driftwood coals ;
The chowder on the sand-beach made, 245
Dipped by the hungry, steaming hot,
With spoons of clam-shell from the pot.
We heard the tales of witchcraft old,
And dream and sign and marvel told
To sleepy listeners as they lay 250
Stretched idly on the salted hay,
Adrift along the winding shores,
When favoring breezes deigned to blow
The square sail of the gundelow,
And idle lay the useless oars. 255

Our mother, while she turned her wheel
Or run the new-knit stocking heel,

Told how the Indian hordes came down
 At midnight on Cochecho town,
 And how her own great-uncle bore 260
 His cruel scalp-mark to fourscore.
 Recalling, in her fitting phrase,
 So rich and picturesque and free
 (The common unrhymed poetry
 Of simple life and country ways), 265
 The story of her early days, —
 She made us welcome to her home ;
 Old hearths grew wide to give us room ;
 We stole with her a frightened look
 At the gray wizard's conjuring-book, 270
 The fame whereof went far and wide
 Through all the simple country-side ;
 We heard the hawks at twilight play,
 The boat-horn on Piscataqua,
 The loon's weird laughter far away ; 275
 We fished her little trout-brook, knew
 What flowers in wood and meadow grew,
 What sunny hillsides autumn-brown
 She climbed to shake the ripe nuts down,
 Saw where in sheltered cove and bay 280
 The duck's black squadron anchored lay,
 And heard the wild geese calling loud
 Beneath the gray November cloud.
 Then, haply, with a look more grave,
 And soberer tone, some tale she gave 285
 From painful Sewel's ancient tome,

259. Dover in New Hampshire.

286. William Sewel was the historian of the Quakers. Charles Lamb seemed to have as good an opinion of the book as Whittier. In his essay *A Quakers' Meeting*, in *Essays of Elia*, he says :
 "Reader, if you are not acquainted with it, I would recommend

Beloved in every Quaker home,
 Of faith fire-winged by martyrdom,
 Or Chalkley's Journal, old and quaint, —
 Gentlest of skippers, rare sea-saint! —
 Who, when the dreary calms prevailed,
 And water-butt and bread-cask failed,
 And cruel, hungry eyes pursued
 His portly presence, mad for food,
 With dark hints muttered under breath
 Of casting lots for life or death,

290

295

to you, above all church-narratives, to read Sewel's *History of the Quakers*. . . . It is far more edifying and affecting than anything you will read of Wesley or his colleagues."

289. Thomas Chalkley was an Englishman of Quaker parentage, born in 1675, who travelled extensively as a preacher, and finally made his home in Philadelphia. He died in 1749; his *Journal* was first published in 1747. His own narrative of the incident which the poet relates is as follows: "To stop their murmuring, I told them they should not need to cast lots, which was usual in such cases, which of us should die first, for I would freely offer up my life to do them good. One said, 'God bless you! I will not eat any of you.' Another said, 'He would rather die before he would eat any of me;' and so said several. I can truly say, on that occasion, at that time, my life was not dear to me, and that I was serious and ingenuous in my proposition: and as I was leaning over the side of the vessel, thoughtfully considering my proposal to the company, and looking in my mind to Him that made me, a very large dolphin came up towards the top or surface of the water, and looked me in the face; and I called the people to put a hook into the sea, and take him, for here is one come to redeem me (I said to them). And they put a hook into the sea, and the fish readily took it, and they caught him. He was longer than myself. I think he was about six feet long, and the largest that ever I saw. This plainly showed us that we ought not to distrust the providence of the Almighty. The people were quieted by this act of Providence, and murmured no more. We caught enough to eat plentifully of, till we got into the capes of Delaware."

Offered, if Heaven withheld supplies,
 To be himself the sacrifice.
 Then, suddenly, as if to save
 The good man from his living grave, 300
 A ripple on the water grew,
 A school of porpoise flashed in view.
 "Take, eat," he said, "and be content;
 These fishes in my stead are sent
 By Him who gave the tangled ram 305
 To spare the child of Abraham."

Our uncle, innocent of books,
 Was rich in lore of fields and brooks,
 The ancient teachers never dumb
 Of Nature's unhoused lyceum. 310
 In moons and tides and weather wise,
 He read the clouds as prophecies,
 And foul or fair could well divine,
 By many an occult hint and sign,
 Holding the cunning-warded keys 315
 To all the woodcraft mysteries;
 Himself to Nature's heart so near
 That all her voices in his ear
 Of beast or bird had meanings clear,
 Like Apollonius of old, 320
 Who knew the tales the sparrows told,
 Or Hermes, who interpreted

310. The measure requires the accent *ly'ceum*, but in stricter use the accent is *lyce'um*.

320. A philosopher born in the first century of the Christian era, of whom many strange stories were told, especially regarding his converse with birds and animals.

322. Hermes Trismegistus, a celebrated Egyptian priest and philosopher, to whom was attributed the revival of geometry, arithmetic, and art among the Egyptians. He was little later than Apollonius.

What the sage cranes of Nilus said ;
 A simple, guileless, childlike man,
 Content to live where life began ;
 Strong only on his native grounds,
 The little world of sights and sounds
 Whose girdle was the parish bounds,
 Whereof his fondly partial pride
 The common features magnified,
 As Surrey hills to mountains grew
 In White of Selborne's loving view, —
 He told how teal and loon he shot,
 And how the eagle's eggs he got,
 The feats on pond and river done,
 The prodigies of rod and gun ;
 Till, warming with the tales he told,
 Forgotten was the outside cold,
 The bitter wind unheeded blew,
 From ripening corn the pigeons flew,
 The partridge drummed i' the wood, the mink
 Went fishing down the river-brink.
 In fields with bean or clover gay,
 The woodchuck, like a hermit gray,
 Peered from the doorway of his cell ;
 The muskrat plied the mason's trade,
 And tier by tier his mud-walls laid ;
 And from the shagbark overhead
 The grizzled squirrel dropped his shell.

Next, the dear aunt, whose smile of cheer
 And voice in dreams I see and hear, —

332. Gilbert White, of Selborne, England, was a clergyman who wrote the *Natural History of Selborne*, a minute, affectionate, and charming description of what could be seen, as it were, from his own doorstep. The accuracy of his observation and the delightfulness of his manner have kept the book a classic.

The sweetest woman ever Fate
Perverse denied a household mate,
Who, lonely, homeless, not the less
Found peace in love's unselfishness, 355
And welcome whereso'er she went,
A calm and gracious element,
Whose presence seemed the sweet income
And womanly atmosphere of home, —
Called up her girlhood memories, 360
The huskings and the apple-bees,
The sleigh-rides and the summer sails,
Weaving through all the poor details
And homespun warp of circumstance
A golden woof-thread of romance. 365
For well she kept her genial mood
And simple faith of maidenhood;
Before her still a cloud-land lay,
The mirage loomed across her way;
The morning dew, that dried so soon 370
With others, glistened at her noon;
Through years of toil and soil and care,
From glossy tress to thin gray hair,
All unprofaned she held apart
The virgin fancies of the heart. 375
Be shame to him of woman born
Who hath for such but thought of scorn.

There, too, our elder sister plied
Her evening task the stand beside;
A full, rich nature, free to trust, 380
Truthful and almost sternly just,
Impulsive, earnest, prompt to act,
And make her generous thought a fact,
Keeping with many a light disguise

The secret of self-sacrifice.

385

O heart sore-tried ! thou hast the best
That Heaven itself could give thee, — rest,
Rest from all bitter thoughts and things !

How many a poor one's blessing went
With thee beneath the low green tent
Whose curtain never outward swings !

390

As one who held herself a part
Of all she saw, and let her heart

Against the household bosom lean,
Upon the motley-braided mat
Our youngest and our dearest sat,
Lifting her large, sweet, asking eyes,
Now bathed within the fadeless green
And holy peace of Paradise.

395

Oh, looking from some heavenly hill,
Or from the shade of saintly palms,
Or silver reach of river calms,

400

Do those large eyes behold me still?
With me one little year ago :—

The chill weight of the winter snow

405

For months upon her grave has lain ;
And now, when summer south-winds blow

And brier and harebell bloom again,
I tread the pleasant paths we trod,
I see the violet-sprinkled sod,

410

Whereon she leaned, too frail and weak
The hillside flowers she loved to seek,
Yet following me where'er I went
With dark eyes full of love's content.

The birds are glad ; the brier-rose fills

415

398. *Th' unfading green* would be harsher, but more correct,
since the termination *less* is added to nouns and not to verbs.

The air with sweetness ; all the hills
 Stretch green to June's unclouded sky ;
 But still I wait with ear and eye
 For something gone which should be nigh,
 A loss in all familiar things, 420
 In flower that blooms, and bird that sings.
 And yet, dear heart ! remembering thee,

Am I not richer than of old ?
 Safe in thy immortality,

What change can reach the wealth I hold ? 425

What chance can mar the pearl and gold
 Thy love hath left in trust with me ?

And while in life's late afternoon,
 Where cool and long the shadows grow,
 I walk to meet the night that soon 430

Shall shape and shadow overflow,
 I cannot feel that thou art far,
 Since near at need the angels are,
 And when the sunset gates unbar,

Shall I not see thee waiting stand, 435
 And, white against the evening star,
 The welcome of thy beckoning hand ?

Brisk wielder of the birch and rule,
 The master of the district school
 Held at the fire his favored place ; 440
 Its warm glow lit a laughing face
 Fresh-hued and fair, where scarce appeared
 The uncertain prophecy of beard.
 He teased the mitten-blinded cat,
 Played cross-pins on my uncle's hat, 445
 Sang songs, and told us what befalls
 In classic Dartmouth's college halls.
 Born the wild Northern hills among,

From whence his yeoman father wrung
 By patient toil subsistence scant, 450
 Not competence and yet not want,
 He early gained the power to pay
 His cheerful, self-reliant way ;
 Could doff at ease his scholar's gown
 To peddle wares from town to town ; 460
 Or through the long vacation's reach
 In lonely lowland districts teach,
 Where all the droll experience found
 At stranger hearths in boarding round,
 The moonlit skater's keen delight, 460
 The sleigh-drive through the frosty night,
 The rustic party, with its rough
 Accompaniment of blind-man's-buff,
 And whirling plate, and forfeits paid,
 His winter task a pastime made. 465
 Happy the snow-locked homes wherein
 He tuned his merry violin,
 Or played the athlete in the barn,
 Or held the good dame's winding yarn,
 Or mirth-provoking versions told 470
 Of classic legends rare and old,
 Wherein the scenes of Greece and Rome
 Had all the commonplace of home,
 And little seemed at best the odds
 'Twixt Yankee peddlers and old gods ; 475
 Where Pindus-born Arachthus took
 The guise of any grist-mill brook,
 And dread Olympus at his will

476. Pindus is the mountain chain which, running from north to south, nearly bisects Greece. Five rivers take their rise from the central peak, the Aöus, the Arachthus, the Haliacmon, the Penëus, and the Achelöus.

Became a huckleberry hill.

A careless boy that night he seemed ; 480

But at his desk he had the look
And air of one who wisely schemed,
And hostage from the future took
In trained thought and lore of book.

Large-brained, clear-eyed, — of such as he 485

Shall Freedom's young apostles be,
Who, following in War's bloody trail,
Shall every lingering wrong assail ;
All chains from limb and spirit strike,
Uplift the black and white alike ; 490

Scatter before their swift advance
The darkness and the ignorance,
The pride, the lust, the squalid sloth,
Which nurtured Treason's monstrous growth,
Made murder pastime, and the hell 495

Of prison-torture possible ;
The cruel lie of caste refute,
Old forms remould, and substitute
For Slavery's lash the freeman's will,
For blind routine, wise-handed skill ; 500

A school-house plant on every hill,
Stretching in radiate nerve-lines thence
The quick wires of intelligence ;
Till North and South together brought
Shall own the same electric thought, 505

In peace a common flag salute,
And, side by side in labor's free
And unresentful rivalry,
Harvest the fields wherein they fought.

Another guest that winter night 510
Flashed back from lustrous eyes the light.

Unmarked by time, and yet not young,
 The honeyed music of her tongue
 And words of meekness scarcely told
 A nature passionate and bold, 514
 Strong, self-concentred, spurning guide,
 Its milder features dwarfed beside
 Her unbent will's majestic pride.
 She sat among us, at the best,
 A not unfeared, half-welcome guest, 520
 Rebuking with her cultured phrase
 Our homeliness of words and ways.
 A certain pard-like, treacherous grace
 Swayed the lithe limbs and dropped the lash,
 Lent the white teeth their dazzling flash; 525
 And under low brows, black with night,
 Rayed out at times a dangerous light;
 The sharp heat-lightnings of her face
 Presaging ill to him whom Fate
 Condemned to share her love or hate. 530
 A woman tropical, intense
 In thought and act, in soul and sense,
 She blended in a like degree
 The vixen and the devotee,
 Revealing with each freak or feint 535
 The temper of Petruchio's Kate,
 The raptures of Siena's saint.
 Her tapering hand and rounded wrist
 Had facile power to form a fist,
 The warm, dark languish of her eyes 540
 Was never safe from wrath's surprise.
 Brows saintly calm and lips devout

536. See Shakespeare's comedy of the *Taming of the Shrew*.

537. St. Catherine of Siena, who is represented as having wonderful visions. She made a vow of silence for three years.

Knew every change of scowl and pout ;
 And the sweet voice had notes more high
 And shrill for social battle-cry. 545
 Since then what old cathedral town
 Has missed her pilgrim staff and gown,
 What convent-gate has held its lock
 Against the challenge of her knock !
 Through Smyrna's plague-hushed thoroughfares, 550
 Up sea-set Malta's rocky stairs,
 Gray olive slopes of hills that hem
 Thy tombs and shrines, Jerusalem,
 Or startling on her desert throne
 The crazy Queen of Lebanon 555
 With claims fantastic as her own,
 Her tireless feet have held their way ;
 And still, unrestful, bowed, and gray,
 She watches under Eastern skies,
 With hope each day renewed and fresh, 560
 The Lord's quick coming in the flesh,
 Whereof she dreams and prophecies !

555. An interesting account of Lady Hester Stanhope, an English gentlewoman who led a singular life on Mount Lebanon in Syria, will be found in Kinglake's *Eothen*, chapter viii.

562. This *not unfeared, half-welcome guest* was Miss Harriet Livermore, daughter of Judge Livermore of New Hampshire. She was a woman of fine powers, but wayward, wild, and enthusiastic. She went on an independent mission to the Western Indians, whom she, in common with some others, believed to be remnants of the lost tribes of Israel. At the time of this narrative she was about twenty-eight years old, but much of her life afterward was spent in the Orient. She was at one time the companion and friend of Lady Hester Stanhope, but finally quarrelled with her about the use of the holy horses kept in the stable in waiting for the Lord's ride to Jerusalem at the second advent.

Where'er her troubled path may be,
The Lord's sweet pity with her go!
The outward wayward life we see,
The hidden springs we may not know.
Nor is it given us to discern
What threads the fatal sisters spun,
Through what ancestral years has run
The sorrow with the woman born,
What forged her cruel chain of moods,
What set her feet in solitudes,
And held the love within her mute,
What mingled madness in the blood,
A lifelong discord and annoy,
Water of tears with oil of joy,
And hid within the folded bud
Perversities of flower and fruit.
It is not ours to separate
The tangled skein of will and fate,
To show what metes and bounds should stand
Upon the soul's debatable land,
And between choice and Providence
Divide the circle of events ;
But He who knows our frame is just,
Merciful and compassionate,
And full of sweet assurances
And hope for all the language is,
That He remembereth we are dust!

At last the great logs, crumbling low,
Sent out a dull and duller glow,
The bull's-eye watch that hung in view,
Ticking its weary circuit through,
Pointed with mutely-warning sign
Its black hand to the hour of nine.

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That sign the pleasant circle broke :
My uncle ceased his pipe to smoke,
Knocked from its bowl the refuse gray,
And laid it tenderly away,
Then roused himself to safely cover 600
The dull red brand with ashes over.
And while, with care, our mother laid
The work aside, her steps she stayed
One moment, seeking to express
Her grateful sense of happiness 605
For food and shelter, warmth and health,
And love's contentment more than wealth,
With simple wishes (not the weak,
Vain prayers which no fulfilment seek,
But such as warm the generous heart, 610
O'er-prompt to do with Heaven its part)
That none might lack, that bitter night,
For bread and clothing, warmth and light.

Within our beds awhile we heard
The wind that round the gables roared, 615
With now and then a ruder shock,
Which made our very bedsteads rock.
We heard the loosened clapboards tost,
The board-nails snapping in the frost ;
And on us, through the unplastered wall, 620
Felt the light sifted snow-flakes fall,
But sleep stole on, as sleep will do
When hearts are light and life is new ;
Faint and more faint the murmurs grew,
Till in the summer-land of dreams 625
They softened to the sound of streams,
Low stir of leaves, and dip of oars,
And lapsing waves on quiet shores.

Next morn we wakened with the shout
 Of merry voices high and clear ;
 And saw the teamsters drawing near
 To break the drifted highways out.
 Down the long hillside treading slow
 We saw the half-buried oxen go,
 Shaking the snow from heads uptost,
 Their straining nostrils white with frost.
 Before our door the straggling train
 Drew up, an added team to gain.
 The elders threshed their hands a-cold,
 Passed, with the cider-mug, their jokes
 From lip to lip ; the younger folks
 Down the loose snow-banks, wrestling, rolled,
 Then toiled again the cavalcade
 O'er windy hill, through clogged ravine,
 And woodland paths that wound between
 Low drooping pine-boughs winter-weighed.
 From every barn a team afoot,
 At every house a new recruit,
 Where, drawn by Nature's subtlest law,
 Haply the watchful young men saw
 Sweet doorway pictures of the curls
 And curious eyes of merry girls,
 Lifting their hands in mock defence
 Against the snow-balls' compliments,
 And reading in each missive tost
 The charm with Eden never lost.

We heard once more the sleigh-bells' sound ;
 And, following where the teamsters led,
 The wise old Doctor went his round,

659. The *wise old Doctor* was Dr. Weld of Haverhill, an able man, who died at the age of ninety-six.

Just pausing at our door to say 660
 In the brief autocratic way
 Of one who, prompt at Duty's call,
 Was free to urge her claim on all,
 That some poor neighbor sick abed
 At night our mother's aid would need. 665
 For, one in generous thought and deed,
 What mattered in the sufferer's sight
 The Quaker matron's inward light,
 The Doctor's mail of Calvin's creed ?
 All hearts confess the saints elect 670
 Who, twain in faith, in love agree,
 And melt not in an acid sect
 The Christian pearl of charity !

So days went on : a week had passed
 Since the great world was heard from last. 675
 The Almanac we studied o'er,
 Read and reread our little store
 Of books and pamphlets, scarce a score ;
 One harmless novel, mostly hid
 From younger eyes, a book forbid, 680
 And poetry, (or good or bad,
 A single book was all we had,)
 Where Ellwood's meek, drab-skirted Muse,
 A stranger to the heathen Nine,
 Sang, with a somewhat nasal whine, 685

683. Thomas Ellwood, one of the Society of Friends, a contemporary and friend of Milton, and the suggestor of *Paradise Regained*, wrote an epic poem in five books, called *Davideis*, the life of King David of Israel. He wrote the book, we are told, for his own diversion, so it was not necessary that others should be diverted by it. Ellwood's autobiography, a quaint and delightful book, is included in Howells's series of *Choice Autobiographies*.

The wars of David and the Jews.
 At last the floundering carrier bore
 The village paper to our door.
 Lo ! broadening outward as we read,
 To warmer zones the horizon spread ;
 In panoramic length unrolled
 We saw the marvels that it told.
 Before us passed the painted Creeks,
 And daft McGregor on his raids
 In Costa Rica's everglades.
 And up Taygetus winding slow
 Rode Ypsilanti's Mainote Greeks,
 A Turk's head at each saddle bow !
 Welcome to us its week old news,
 Its corner for the rustic Muse,
 Its monthly gauge of snow and rain,
 Its record, mingling in a breath
 The wedding knell and dirge of death ;
 Jest, anecdote, and love-lorn tale,
 The latest culprit sent to jail ;
 Its hue and cry of stolen and lost,
 Its vendue sales and goods at cost,
 And traffic calling loud for gain.
 We felt the stir of hall and street,
 The pulse of life that round us beat ;
 The chill embargo of the snow

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693. Referring to the removal of the Creek Indians from Georgia to beyond the Mississippi.

694. In 1822 Sir Gregor McGregor, a Scotchman, began an ineffectual attempt to establish a colony in Costa Rica.

697. Taygetus is a mountain on the Gulf of Messenia in Greece, and near by is the district of Maina, noted for its robbers and pirates. It was from these mountaineers that Ypsilanti, a Greek patriot, drew his cavalry in the struggle with Turkey which resulted in the independence of Greece.

Was melted in the genial glow ;
 Wide swung again our ice-locked door,
 And all the world was ours once more !

Clasp, Angel of the backward look 715
 And folded wings of ashen gray
 And voice of echoes far away,
 The brazen covers of thy book ;
 The weird palimpsest old and vast,
 Wherein thou hid'st the spectral past ; 720
 Where, closely mingling, pale and glow
 The characters of joy and woe ;
 The monographs of outlived years,
 Or smile-illumed or dim with tears,
 Green hills of life that slope to death, 725
 And haunts of home, whose vistaed trees
 Shade off to mournful cypresses
 With the white amaranths underneath.
 Even while I look, I can but heed 730
 The restless sands' incessant fall,
 Importunate hours that hours succeed,
 Each clamorous with its own sharp need,
 And duty keeping pace with all.
 Shut down and clasp the heavy lids ;
 I hear again the voice that bids 735
 The dreamer leave his dream midway
 For larger hopes and graver fears :
 Life greatens in these later years,
 The century's aloe flowers to-day !

Yet, haply, in some lull of life, 740
 Some Truce of God which breaks its strife,

741. The name is drawn from a historic compact in 1040,
 when the Church forbade barons to make any attack on each

The worldling's eyes shall gather dew,
 Dreaming in throngful city ways
 Of winter joys his boyhood knew ;
 And dear and early friends — the few 741
 Who yet remain — shall pause to view
 These Flemish pictures of old days ;
 Sit with me by the homestead hearth,
 And stretch the hands of memory forth
 To warm them at the wood-fire's blaze ! 750
 And thanks untraced to lips unknown
 Shall greet me like the odors blown
 From unseen meadows newly mown,
 Or lilies floating in some pond,
 Wood-fringed, the wayside gaze beyond ; 755
 The traveller owns the grateful sense
 Of sweetness near, he knows not whence,
 And, pausing, takes with forehead bare
 The benediction of the air.

1866.

THE SHIP-BUILDERS.

THE sky is ruddy in the east,
 The earth is gray below,
 And, spectral in the river-mist,
 The ship's white timbers show.
 Then let the sounds of measured stroke 7
 And grating saw begin ;

other between sunset on Wednesday and sunrise on the following Monday, or upon any ecclesiastical fast or feast day. It also provided that no man was to molest a laborer working in the fields, or to lay hands on any implement of husbandry, on pain of excommunication.

747. The Flemish school of painting was chiefly occupied with homely interiors.

The broad-axe to the gnarléd oak,
The mallet to the pin !

Hark ! roars the bellows, blast on blast,
The sooty smithy jars, 10
And fire-sparks, rising far and fast,
Are fading with the stars.
All day for us the smith shall stand
Beside that flashing forge ;
All day for us his heavy hand 15
The groaning anvil scourge.

From far-off hills, the panting team
For us is toiling near ;
For us the raftsmen down the stream
Their island barges steer. 20
Rings out for us the axe-man's stroke
In forests old and still ;
For us the century-circled oak
Falls crashing down his hill.

Up ! up ! in nobler toil than ours 25
No craftsmen bear a part :
We make of Nature's giant powers
The slaves of human Art.
Lay rib to rib and beam to beam,
And drive the treenails free ; 30
Nor faithless joint nor yawning seam
Shall tempt the searching sea !

Where'er the keel of our good ship
The sea's rough field shall plough ;
Where'er her tossing spars shall drip 35
With salt-spray caught below ;

That ship must heed her master's beck,
Her helm obey his hand,
And seamen tread her reeling deck
As if they trod the land.

40

Her oaken ribs the vulture-beak
Of Northern ice may peel ;
The sunken rock and coral peak
May grate along her keel ;
And know we well the painted shell
We give to wind and wave,
Must float, the sailor's citadel,
Or sink, the sailor's grave !

45

Ho ! strike away the bars and blocks,
And set the good ship free !
Why lingers on these dusty rocks
The young bride of the sea ?
Look ! how she moves adown the grooves,
In graceful beauty now !
How lowly on the breast she loves
Sinks down her virgin prow !

50

55

God bless her ! wheresoe'er the breeze
Her snowy wing shall fan,
Aside the frozen Hebrides,
Or sultry Hindostan !
Where'er, in mart or on the main,
With peaceful flag unfurled,
She helps to wind the silken chain
Of commerce round the world !

60

Speed on the ship ! But let her bear
No merchandise of sin,

65

No groaning cargo of despair
Her roomy hold within ;
No Lethean drug for Eastern lands,
Nor poison-draught for ours ; 70
But honest fruits of toiling hands
And Nature's sun and showers.

Be hers the Prairie's golden grain,
The Desert's golden sand,
The clustered fruits of sunny Spain, 75
The spice of Morning-land !
Her pathway on the open main
May blessings follow free,
And glad hearts welcome back again
Her white sails from the sea ! 80

THE WORSHIP OF NATURE.

THE harp at Nature's advent strung
Has never ceased to play ;
The song the stars of morning sung
Has never died away.

And prayer is made, and praise is given, 5
By all things near and far ;
The ocean looketh up to heaven,
And mirrors every star.

Its waves are kneeling on the strand,
As kneels the human knee, 10
Their white locks bowing to the sand,
The priesthood of the sea !

They pour their glittering treasures forth,
Their gifts of pearl they bring,

And all the listening hills of earth
Take up the song they sing.

15

The green earth sends her incense up
From many a mountain shrine ;
From folded leaf and dewy cup
She pours her sacred wine.

20

The mists above the morning rills
Rise white as wings of prayer ;
The altar-curtains of the hills
Are sunset's purple air.

The winds with hymns of praise are loud,
Or low with sobs of pain, —
The thunder-organ of the cloud,
The dropping tears of rain.

25

With drooping head and branches crossed
The twilight forest grieves,
Or speaks with tongues of Pentecost
From all its sunlit leaves.

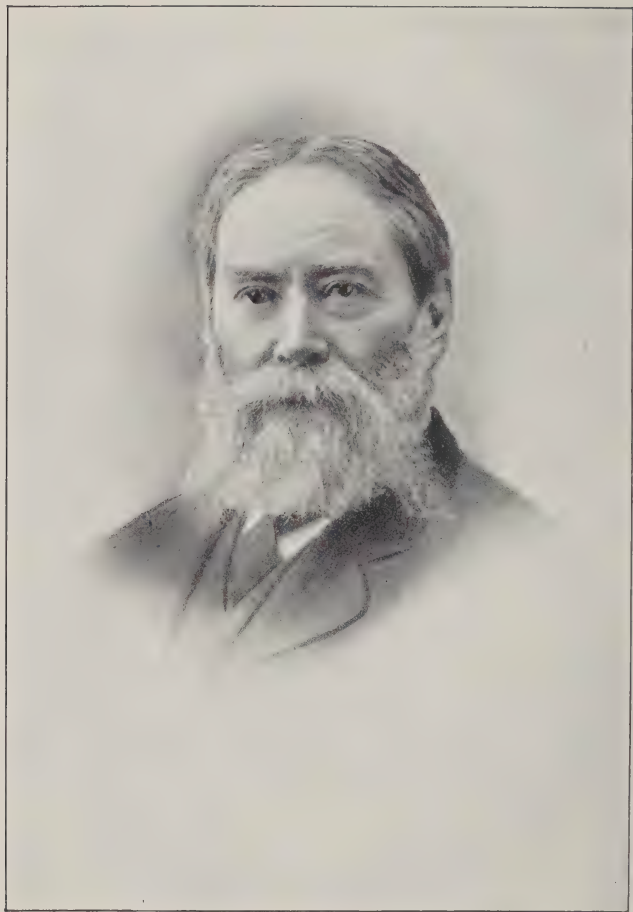
30

The blue sky is the temple's arch,
Its transept earth and air,
The music of its starry march
The chorus of a prayer.

35

So Nature keeps the reverent frame
With which her years began,
And all her signs and voices shame
The prayerless heart of man.

40



J. M. Lowell

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL was born February 22, 1819, at Elmwood, Cambridge, Massachusetts, in the house where he died August 12, 1891. His early life was spent in Cambridge, and he has sketched many of the scenes in it very delightfully in *Cambridge Thirty Years Ago*, in his volume of *Fireside Travels*, as well as in his early poem, *An Indian Summer Reverie*. His father was a Congregationalist minister of Boston, and the family to which he belonged has had a strong representation in Massachusetts. His grandfather, John Lowell, was an eminent jurist, the Lowell Institute of Boston owes its endowment to John Lowell, a cousin of the poet, and the city of Lowell was named after Francis Cabot Lowell, an uncle, who was one of the first to begin the manufacturing of cotton in New England.

Lowell was a student at Harvard, and was graduated in 1838, when he gave a class poem, and in 1841 his first volume of poems, *A Year's Life*, was published. His bent from the beginning was more decidedly literary than that of any contemporary American poet. That is to say, the history and art of literature divided his interest with the production of literature, and he carries the unusual gift of rare critical power, joined to hearty, spontaneous creation. It may indeed be guessed that the keenness of judgment and incisiveness of wit which characterize his examination of literature have sometimes interfered with his poetic power,

and made him liable to question his art when he would rather have expressed it unchecked. In connection with Robert Carter, a littérateur who has lately died, he began, in 1843, the publication of *The Pioneer, a Literary and Critical Magazine*, which lived a brilliant life of three months. A volume of poetry followed in 1844, and the next year he published *Conversations on Some of the Old Poets*, — a book which is now out of print, but interesting as marking the enthusiasm of a young scholar, treading a way then almost wholly neglected in America, and intimating a line of thought and study in which he afterward made most noteworthy ventures. Another series of poems followed in 1848, and in the same year *The Vision of Sir Launfal*. Perhaps it was in reaction from the marked sentiment of his poetry that he issued now a *jeu d'esprit*, *A Fable for Critics*, in which he hit off, with a rough and ready wit, the characteristics of the writers of the day, not forgetting himself in these lines : —

"There is Lowell, who 's striving Parnassus to climb
 With a whole bale of *isms* tied together with rhyme ;
 He might get on alone, spite of brambles and boulders,
 But he can't with that bundle he has on his shoulders ;
 The top of the hill he will ne'er come nigh reaching
 Till he learns the distinction 'twixt singing and preaching ;
 His lyre has some chords that would ring pretty well,
 But he 'd rather by half make a drum of the shell,
 And rattle away till he 's old as Methusalem,
 At the head of a march to the last new Jerusalem."

This, of course, is but a half serious portrait of himself, and it touches but a single feature ; others can say better that Lowell's ardent nature showed itself in the series of satirical poems which made him famous, *The Biglow Papers*, written in a spirit of indignation and fine scorn, when the Mexican War was causing many Americans to blush with shame at the use of the country by a class for its own ignoble ends. The true patriotism which marked these and

other of his early poems burned with a steady glow in after years, and illumined poems of which we shall speak presently.

After a year and a half spent in travel, Lowell was appointed in 1855 to the Belles Lettres professorship at Harvard, previously held by Longfellow. When the *Atlantic Monthly* was established in 1857 he became its editor, and soon after relinquishing that post he assumed part editorship of the *North American Review*. In these two magazines, as also in *Putnam's Monthly*, he published poems, essays, and critical papers, which have been gathered into volumes. His prose writings, besides the volumes already mentioned, include two series of *Among my Books*, historical and critical studies, chiefly in English literature; and *My Study Windows*, including, with similar subjects, observations of nature and contemporary life. During the war for the Union he published a second series of the *Biglow Papers*, in which, with the wit and fun of the earlier series, there was mingled a deeper strain of feeling and a larger tone of patriotism. The limitations of his style in these satires forbade the fullest expression of his thought and emotion; but afterward in a succession of poems, occasioned by the honors paid to student-soldiers in Cambridge, the death of Agassiz, and the celebration of national anniversaries during the years 1875 and 1876, he sang in loftier, more ardent strains. The interest which readers have in Lowell is still divided between his rich, abundant prose, and his thoughtful, often passionate verse. The sentiment of his early poetry, always humane, was greatly enriched by larger experience; so that the themes which he chose for his later work demanded and received a broad treatment, full of sympathy with the most generous instincts of their time, and built upon historic foundations.

In 1877 he went to Spain as Minister Plenipotentiary. In 1880 he was transferred to England as Minister Plenipotentiary near the Court of St. James. His duties as

American Minister did not prevent him from producing occasional writings, chiefly in connection with public events. Notable among these are his address at the unveiling of a statue of Fielding, and his address on Democracy.

Mr. Lowell returned to the United States in 1885, and was not afterward engaged in public affairs, but passed the rest of his life quietly in his Cambridge home, prevented by failing health from doing much literary work. He made a collection of his later poems in 1888, under the title *Heartsease and Rue*, and carefully revised his complete works, published in ten volumes in 1890.

THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL.

[AUTHOR'S NOTE. — According to the mythology of the Romancers, the San Greal, or Holy Grail, was the cup out of which Jesus Christ partook of the last supper with his disciples. It was brought into England by Joseph of Arimathea, and remained there, an object of pilgrimage and adoration, for many years, in the keeping of his lineal descendants. It was incumbent upon those who had charge of it to be chaste in thought, word, and deed ; but one of the keepers having broken this condition, the Holy Grail disappeared. From that time it was a favorite enterprise of the Knights of Arthur's court to go in search of it. Sir Galahad was at last successful in finding it, as may be read in the seventeenth book of the Romance of King Arthur. Tennyson has made Sir Galahad the subject of one of the most exquisite of his poems.

The plot (if I may give that name to anything so slight) of the following poem is my own, and, to serve its purposes, I have enlarged the circle of competition in search of the miraculous cup in such a manner as to include not only other persons than the heroes of the Round Table, but also a period of time subsequent to the supposed date of King Arthur's reign.]

PRELUDE TO PART FIRST.

OVER his keys the musing organist,
Beginning doubtfully and far away,
First lets his fingers wander as they list,
And builds a bridge from Dreamland for his
lay:
Then, as the touch of his loved instrument
Gives hope and fervor, nearer draws his theme,

First guessed by faint auroral flushes sent
 Along the wavering vista of his dream.

Not only around our infancy
 Doth heaven with all its splendors lie ; 10
 Daily, with souls that cringe and plot,
 We Sinais climb and know it not.

Over our manhood bend the skies ;
 Against our fallen and traitor lives
 The great winds utter prophecies ; 15
 With our faint hearts the mountain strives ;
 Its arms outstretched, the druid wood
 Waits with its benedicite ;
 And to our age's drowsy blood
 Still shouts the inspiring sea. 20

Earth gets its price for what Earth gives us ;
 The beggar is taxed for a corner to die in,
 The priest hath his fee who comes and shrives us,
 We bargain for the graves we lie in ;
 At the Devil's booth are all things sold, 25
 Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold ;
 For a cap and bells our lives we pay,

9. In allusion to Wordsworth's

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy,"

in his ode, *Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood*.

27. In the Middle Ages kings and noblemen had in their courts jesters to make sport for the company ; as every one then wore a dress indicating his rank or occupation, so the jester wore a cap hung with bells. The fool of Shakespeare's plays is the king's jester at his best.

Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking :

'T is heaven alone that is given away,

'T is only God may be had for the asking ;

30

No price is set on the lavish summer ;

June may be had by the poorest comer.

And what is so rare as a day in June ?

Then, if ever, come perfect days ;

Then Heaven tries earth if it be in tune,

35

And over it softly her warm ear lays :

Whether we look, or whether we listen,

We hear life murmur, or see it glisten ;

Every clod feels a stir of might,

An instinct within it that reaches and towers,

40

And, groping blindly above it for light,

Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers ;

The flush of life may well be seen

Thrilling back over hills and valleys ;

The cowslip startles in meadows green,

45

The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,

And there 's never a leaf nor a blade too mean

To be some happy creature's palace ;

The little bird sits at his door in the sun,

Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,

50

And lets his illumined being o'errun

With the deluge of summer it receives ;

His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,

And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and
sings ;

He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest, —

55

In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best ?

Now is the high-tide of the year,

And whatever of life hath ebbd away

Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer,
Into every bare inlet and creek and bay ; 60
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,
We are happy now because God wills it ;
No matter how barren the past may have been,
'T is enough for us now that the leaves are green ;
We sit in the warm shade and feel right well 65
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell ;
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing
That skies are clear and grass is growing ;
The breeze comes whispering in our ear,
That dandelions are blossoming near, 70
That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,
That the river is bluer than the sky,
That the robin is plastering his house hard by ;
And if the breeze kept the good news back,
For other couriers we should not lack ; 75
We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing, —
And hark ! how clear bold chanticleer,
Warmed with the new wine of the year,
Tells all in his lusty crowing !

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how ; 80
Everything is happy now,
Everything is upward striving ;
'T is as easy now for the heart to be true
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue, —
'T is the natural way of living : 85
Who knows whither the clouds have fled ?
In the unscarred heaven they leave no wake ;
And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,
The heart forgets its sorrow and ache ;
The soul partakes of the season's youth, 90
And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woe

Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth,
Like burnt-out craters healed with snow.
What wonder if Sir Launfal now
Remembered the keeping of his vow?

93

PART FIRST.

I.

“My golden spurs now bring to me,
And bring to me my richest mail,
For to-morrow I go over land and sea
In search of the Holy Grail ;
Shall never a bed for me be spread,
Nor shall a pillow be under my head,
Till I begin my vow to keep ;
Here on the rushes will I sleep,
And perchance there may come a vision true
Ere day create the world anew.”

100

105

Slowly Sir Launfal's eyes grew dim,
Slumber fell like a cloud on him,
And into his soul the vision flew.

II.

The crows flapped over by twos and threes,
In the pool drowsed the cattle up to their knees,
The little birds sang as if it were
The one day of summer in all the year,
And the very leaves seemed to sing on the trees :
The castle alone in the landscape lay
Like an outpost of winter, dull and gray ;
'T was the proudest hall in the North Countree,
And never its gates might opened be,
Save to lord or lady of high degree ;

115

Summer besieged it on every side,
But the churlish stone her assaults defied, 120
She could not scale the chilly wall,
Though around it for leagues her pavilions tall
Stretched left and right,
Over the hills and out of sight ;
 Green and broad was every tent, 125
 And out of each a murmur went
Till the breeze fell off at night.

III.

The drawbridge dropped with a surly clang,
And through the dark arch a charger sprang,
Bearing Sir Launfal, the maiden knight, 130
In his gilded mail, that flamed so bright
It seemed the dark castle had gathered all
Those shafts the fierce sun had shot over its wall
 In his siege of three hundred summers long,
And, binding them all in one blazing sheaf, 135
 Had cast them forth : so, young and strong,
And lightsome as a locust-leaf,
Sir Launfal flashed forth in his maiden mail,
To seek in all climes for the Holy Grail.

IV.

It was morning on hill and stream and tree, 140
 And morning in the young knight's heart ;
Only the castle moodily
Rebuffed the gifts of the sunshine free,
 And gloomed by itself apart ;
The season brimmed all other things up 145
Full as the rain fills the pitcher-plant's cup.

V.

As Sir Launfal made morn through the darksome gate,
He was 'ware of a leper, crouched by the same,
Who begged with his hand and moaned as he sate ;
And a loathing over Sir Launfal came ; 156
The sunshine went out of his soul with a thrill,
The flesh 'neath his armor 'gan shrink and crawl,
And midway its leap his heart stood still
Like a frozen waterfall ;
For this man, so foul and bent of stature, 158
Rasped harshly against his dainty nature,
And seemed the one blot on the summer morn, —
So he tossed him a piece of gold in scorn.

VI.

The leper raised not the gold from the dust :
“ Better to me the poor man's crust, 160
Better the blessing of the poor,
Though I turn me empty from his door ;
That is no true alms which the hand can hold ;
He gives only the worthless gold
Who gives from a sense of duty ; 165
But he who gives but a slender mite,
And gives to that which is out of sight,
That thread of the all-sustaining Beauty
Which runs through all and doth all unite, —
The hand cannot clasp the whole of his alms, 170
The heart outstretches its eager palms,
For a god goes with it and makes it store
To the soul that was starving in darkness before.”

PRELUDE TO PART SECOND.

Down swept the chill wind from the mountain peak,
 From the snow five thousand summers old ; 175
 On open wold and hill-top bleak
 It had gathered all the cold,
 And whirled it like sleet on the wanderer's cheek ;
 It carried a shiver everywhere
 From the unleafed boughs and pastures bare ; 180
 The little brook heard it and built a roof
 'Neath which he could house him, winter-proof ;
 All night by the white stars' frosty gleams
 He groined his arches and matched his beams ;
 Slender and clear were his crystal spars 185
 As the lashes of light that trim the stars ;
 He sculptured every summer delight
 In his halls and chambers out of sight ;
 Sometimes his tinkling waters slipt
 Down through a frost-leaved forest-crypt, 190
 Long, sparkling aisles of steel-stemmed trees
 Bending to counterfeit a breeze ;
 Sometimes the roof no fretwork knew
 But silvery mosses that downward grew ;
 Sometimes it was carved in sharp relief 195
 With quaint arabesques of ice-fern leaf ;
 Sometimes it was simply smooth and clear
 For the gladness of heaven to shine through, and here
 He had caught the nodding bulrush-tops
 And hung them thickly with diamond drops, 200

174. Note the different moods that are indicated by the two preludes. The one is of June, the other of snow and winter. By these preludes the poet, like an organist, strikes a key which he holds in the subsequent part.

That crystallled the beams of moon and sun,
 And made a star of every one :
 No mortal builder's most rare device
 Could match this winter-palace of ice ;
 'T was as if every image that mirrored lay 205
 In his depths serene through the summer day,
 Each fleeting shadow of earth and sky,
 Lest the happy model should be lost,
 Had been mimicked in fairy masonry
 By the elfin builders of the frost. 210

Within the hall are song and laughter,
 The cheeks of Christmas glow red and jolly,
 And sprouting is every corbel and rafter
 With lightsome green of ivy and holly ;
 Through the deep gulf of the chimney wide 215
 Wallows the Yule-log's roaring tide ;
 The broad flame-pennons droop and flap
 And belly and tug as a flag in the wind ;
 Like a locust shrills the imprisoned sap,
 Hunted to death in its galleries blind ; 220
 And swift little troops of silent sparks,
 Now pausing, now scattering away as in fear,
 Go threading the soot-forest's tangled darks
 Like herds of startled deer.

204. The Empress of Russia, Catherine II., in a magnificent freak, built a palace of ice, which was a nine-days' wonder. Cowper has given a poetical description of it in *The Task*, Book V. lines 131-176.

216. The Yule-log was anciently a huge log burned at the feast of Juul by our Scandinavian ancestors in honor of the god Thor. Juul-tid corresponded in time to Christmas tide, and when Christian festivities took the place of pagan, many ceremonies remained. The great log, still called the Yule-log, was dragged in and burned in the fireplace after Thor had been forgotten.

But the wind without was eager and sharp, 225
 Of Sir Launfal's gray hair it makes a harp,
 And rattles and wrings
 The icy strings,
 Singing, in dreary monotone,
 A Christmas carol of its own, 230
 Whose burden still, as he might guess,
 Was — " Shelterless, shelterless, shelterless ! "

The voice of the seneschal flared like a torch
 As he shouted the wanderer away from the porch,
 And he sat in the gateway and saw all night 235
 The great hall-fire, so cheery and bold,
 Through the window-slits of the castle old,
 Build out its piers of ruddy light
 Against the drift of the cold.

PART SECOND.

I.

There was never a leaf on bush or tree, 240
 The bare boughs rattled shudderingly ;
 The river was dumb and could not speak,
 For the weaver Winter its shroud had spun ;
 A single crow on the tree-top bleak
 From his shining feathers shed off the cold sun ; 245
 Again it was morning, but shrunk and cold,
 As if her veins were sapless and old,
 And she rose up decrepitley
 For a last dim look at earth and sea.

II.

Sir Launfal turned from his own hard gate, 250
 For another heir in the earldom sate ;

An old, bent man, worn out and frail,
He came back from seeking the Holy Grail ;
Little he recked of his earldom's loss,
No more on his surcoat was blazoned the cross, 255
But deep in his soul the sign he wore,
The badge of the suffering and the poor.

III.

Sir Launfal's raiment thin and spare
Was idle mail 'gainst the barbed air,
For it was just at the Christmas time ; 260
So he mused, as he sat, of a sunnier clime,
And sought for a shelter from cold and snow
In the light and warmth of long-ago ;
He sees the snake-like caravan crawl
O'er the edge of the desert, black and small, 265
Then nearer and nearer, till, one by one,
He can count the camels in the sun,
As over the red-hot sands they pass
To where, in its slender necklace of grass,
The little spring laughed and leapt in the shade, 270
And with its own self like an infant played,
And waved its signal of palms.

IV.

"For Christ's sweet sake, I beg an alms ;" —
The happy camels may reach the spring,
But Sir Launfal sees only the grewsome thing, 275
The leper, lank as the rain-blanchèd bone,
That cowers beside him, a thing as lone
And white as the ice-isles of Northern seas,
In the desolate horror of his disease.

V.

And Sir Launfal said, — “ I behold in thee 280
An image of Him who died on the tree ;
Thou also hast had thy crown of thorns, —
Thou also hast had the world’s buffets and scorns, —
And to thy life were not denied
The wounds in the hands and feet and side : 285
Mild Mary’s Son, acknowledge me ;
Behold, through him, I give to Thee ! ”

VI.

Then the soul of the leper stood up in his eyes
And looked at Sir Launfal, and straightway he
Remembered in what a haughtier guise 290
He had flung an alms to leprosie,
When he girt his young life up in gilded mail
And set forth in search of the Holy Grail.
The heart within him was ashes and dust ;
He parted in twain his single crust, 295
He broke the ice on the streamlet’s brink,
And gave the leper to eat and drink,
'T was a mouldy crust of coarse brown bread,
'T was water out of a wooden bowl, —
Yet with fine wheaten bread was the leper fed, 300
And 't was red wine he drank with his thirsty
soul.

VII.

As Sir Launfal mused with a downcast face,
A light shone round about the place ;
The leper no longer crouched at his side,
But stood before him glorified, 305
Shining and tall and fair and straight
As the pillar that stood by the Beautiful Gate, —

Himself the Gate whereby men can
Enter the temple of God in Man.

VIII.

His words were shed softer than leaves from the
pine, 310

And they fell on Sir Launfal as snows on the brine,
That mingle their softness and quiet in one
With the shaggy unrest they float down upon ;
And the voice that was softer than silence said,
“ Lo, it is I, be not afraid ! 315

In many climes, without avail,
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail ;
Behold, it is here, — this cup which thou
Didst fill at the streamlet for me but now ;
This crust is my body broken for thee, 320
This water His blood that died on the tree ;
The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
In whatso we share with another's need :
Not what we give, but what we share, —
For the gift without the giver is bare ; 325
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three, —
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me.”

IX.

Sir Launfal awoke as from a swoond :
“ The Grail in my castle here is found !
Hang my idle armor up on the wall, 330
Let it be the spider's banquet hall ;
He must be fenced with stronger mail
Who would seek and find the Holy Grail.”

X.

The castle gate stands open now,
And the wanderer is welcome to the hall 335

As the hangbird is to the elm-tree bough ;
No longer scowl the turrets tall,
The Summer's long siege at last is o'er ;
When the first poor outcast went in at the door,
She entered with him in disguise, 340
And mastered the fortress by surprise ;
There is no spot she loves so well on ground,
She lingers and smiles there the whole year round ;
The meanest serf on Sir Launfal's land
Has hall and bower at his command ; 345
And there's no poor man in the North Countree
But is lord of the earldom as much as he.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW was born in Portland, Maine, February 27, 1807. He was a classmate of Hawthorne at Bowdoin College, graduating there in the class of 1825. He began the study of law in the office of his father, Hon. Stephen Longfellow; but receiving shortly the appointment of professor of modern languages at Bowdoin, he devoted himself after that to literature, and to teaching in connection with literature. Before beginning his work at Bowdoin he increased his qualifications by travel and study in Europe, where he stayed three years. Upon his return he gave his lectures on modern languages and literature at the college, and wrote occasionally for the *North American Review* and other periodicals. The first volume which he published was an *Essay on the Moral and Devotional Poetry of Spain*, accompanied by translations from Spanish verse. This was issued in 1833, but has not been kept in print as a separate work. It appears as a chapter in *Outre-Mer*, a reflection of his European life and travel, the first of his prose writings. In 1835 he was invited to succeed Mr. George Ticknor as professor of modern languages and literature at Harvard College, and again went to Europe for preparatory study, giving especial attention to Switzerland and the Scandinavian countries. He held his professorship until 1854, but continued to live in Cambridge until his death, March 24, 1882, occupying a house known from a former occupant as the Craigie house, and

also as Washington's headquarters, that general having so used it while organizing the army that held Boston in siege at the beginning of the Revolution. Everett, Sparks, and Worcester, the lexicographer, at one time or another lived in this house, and here Longfellow wrote most of his works.

In 1839 appeared *Hyperion, a Romance*, which, with more narrative form than *Outre-Mer*, like that gave the results of a poet's entrance into the riches of the Old World life. In the same year was published *Voices of the Night*, a little volume containing chiefly poems and translations which had been printed separately in periodicals. *The Psalm of Life*, perhaps the best known of Longfellow's short poems, was in this volume, and here too were *The Beleaguered City* and *Footsteps of Angels*. *Ballads and other Poems* and *Poems on Slavery* appeared in 1842; *The Spanish Student*, a play in three acts, in 1843; *The Belfry of Bruges and other Poems* in 1846; *Evangeline* in 1847; *Kavanagh, a Tale*, in prose, in 1849. Besides the various volumes comprising short poems, the list of Mr. Longfellow's works includes *The Golden Legend*, *The Song of Hiawatha*, *The Courtship of Miles Standish*, *Tales of a Wayside Inn*, *The New England Tragedies*, and a translation of Dante's *Divina Commedia*. Mr. Longfellow's literary life began in his college days, and he wrote poems almost to the day of his death. A classification of his poems and longer works would be an interesting task, and would help to disclose the wide range of his sympathy and taste; a collection of the metres which he has used would show the versatility of his art, and similar studies would lead one to discover the many countries and ages to which he went for subjects. It would not be difficult to gather from the volume of Longfellow's poems hints of personal experience, that biography of the heart which is of more worth to us than any record, however full, of external change and adventure. Such hints may be found, for example, in the early lines, *To the River Charles*, which may be compared with

his recent *Three Friends of Mine*, iv., v.; in *A Gleam of Sunshine*, *To a Child*, *The Day is Done*, *The Fire of Driftwood*, *Resignation*, *The Open Window*, *The Ladder of St. Augustine*, *My Lost Youth*, *The Children's Hour*, *Weariness*, and other poems; not that we are to take all sentiments and statements made in the first person as the poet's, for often the form of the poem is so far dramatic that the poet is assuming a character not necessarily his own, but the recurrence of certain strains, joined with personal allusions, helps one to penetrate the slight veil with which the poet, here as elsewhere, half conceals and half reveals himself. The friendly associations of the poet may also be discovered in several poems directly addressed to persons or distinctively alluding to them, and the reader will find it pleasant to construct the companionship of the poet out of such poems as *The Herons of Elmwood*, *To William E. Channing*, *The Fiftieth Birthday of Agassiz*, *To Charles Sumner*, the *Prelude to Tales of a Wayside Inn*, *Hawthorne*, and other poems. An interesting study of Mr. Longfellow's writings will be found in a paper by W. D. Howells, in the *North American Review*, vol. civ.

EVANGELINE: A TALE OF ACADIE.

HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION.

[THE country now known as Nova Scotia, and called formerly Acadie by the French, was in the hands of the French and English by turns until the year 1713, when, by the Peace of Utrecht, it was ceded by France to Great Britain, and has ever since remained in the possession of the English. But in 1713 the inhabitants of the peninsula were mostly French farmers and fishermen, living about Minas Basin and on Annapolis River, and the English government exercised only a nominal control over them. It was not till 1749 that the English themselves began to make settlements in the country, and that year they laid the foundations of the town of Halifax. A jealousy soon sprang up between the English and French settlers, which was deepened by the great conflict which was impending between the two mother countries; for the treaty of peace at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748, which confirmed the English title to Nova Scotia, was scarcely more than a truce between the two powers which had been struggling for ascendancy during the beginning of the century. The French engaged in a long controversy with the English respecting the boundaries of Acadie, which had been defined by the treaties in somewhat general terms, and intrigues were carried on with the Indians, who were generally in sympathy with the French, for the annoyance of the English settlers. The Acadians were allied to the French by blood and by religion, but they claimed to have the rights of neutrals, and that these rights had been

granted to them by previous English officers of the crown. The one point of special dispute was the oath of allegiance demanded of the Acadians by the English. This they refused to take, except in a form modified to excuse them from bearing arms against the French. The demand was repeatedly made, and evaded with constant ingenuity and persistency. Most of the Acadians were probably simple-minded and peaceful people, who desired only to live undisturbed upon their farms; but there were some restless spirits, especially among the young men, who compromised the reputation of the community, and all were very much under the influence of their priests, some of whom made no secret of their bitter hostility to the English, and of their determination to use every means to be rid of them.

As the English interests grew and the critical relations between the two countries approached open warfare, the question of how to deal with the Acadian problem became the commanding one of the colony. There were some who coveted the rich farms of the Acadians; there were some who were inspired by religious hatred; but the prevailing spirit was one of fear for themselves from the near presence of a community which, calling itself neutral, might at any time offer a convenient ground for hostile attack. Yet to require these people to withdraw to Canada or Louisburg would be to strengthen the hands of the French, and make these neutrals determined enemies. The colony finally resolved, without consulting the home government, to remove the Acadians to other parts of North America, distributing them through the colonies in such a way as to preclude any concert amongst the scattered families by which they should return to Acadia. To do this required quick and secret preparations. There were at the service of the English governor a number of New England troops, brought thither for the capture of the forts lying in the debatable land about the head of the Bay of Fundy. These were under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel John Winslow, of Massachu-

setts, a great-grandson of Governor Edward Winslow, of Plymouth, and to this gentleman and Captain Alexander Murray was intrusted the task of removal. They were instructed to use stratagem, if possible, to bring together the various families, but to prevent any from escaping to the woods. On the 2d of September, 1755, Winslow issued a written order, addressed to the inhabitants of Grand-Pré, Minas, River Canard, etc., "as well ancient as young men and lads," — a proclamation summoning all the males to attend him in the church at Grand-Pré on the 5th instant, to hear a communication which the governor had sent. As there had been negotiations respecting the oath of allegiance, and much discussion as to the withdrawal of the Acadians from the country, though none as to their removal and dispersal, it was understood that this was an important meeting, and upon the day named four hundred and eighteen men and boys assembled in the church. Winslow, attended by his officers and men, caused a guard to be placed round the church, and then announced to the people his majesty's decision that they were to be removed with their families out of the country. The church became at once a guard-house, and all the prisoners were under strict surveillance. At the same time similar plans had been carried out at Piquid under Captain Murray, and less successfully at Chignecto. Meanwhile there were whispers of a rising among the prisoners, and although the transports which had been ordered from Boston had not yet arrived, it was determined to make use of the vessels which had conveyed the troops, and remove the men to these for safer keeping. This was done on the 10th of September, and the men remained on the vessels in the harbor until the arrival of the transports, when these were made use of, and about three thousand souls sent out of the country to North Carolina, Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, New York, Connecticut, and Massachusetts. In the haste and confusion of sending them off, — a haste which was increased by the anxiety of the offi-

cers to be rid of the distasteful business, and a confusion which was greater from the difference of tongues, — many families were separated, and some at least never came together again.

The story of *Evangeline* is the story of such a separation. The removal of the Acadians was a blot upon the government of Nova Scotia and upon that of Great Britain, which never disowned the deed, although it was probably done without direct permission or command from England. It proved to be unnecessary, but it must also be remembered that to many men at that time the English power seemed trembling before France, and that the colony at Halifax regarded the act as one of self-preservation.

The authorities for an historical inquiry into this subject are best seen in a volume published by the government of Nova Scotia at Halifax in 1869, entitled *Selections from the Public Documents of the Province of Nova Scotia*, edited by Thomas B. Akins, D. C. L., Commissioner of Public Records; and in a manuscript journal kept by Colonel Winslow, now in the cabinet of the Massachusetts Historical Society in Boston. At the State House in Boston are two volumes of records, entitled *French Neutrals*, which contain voluminous papers relating to the treatment of the Acadians who were sent to Massachusetts. Probably the work used by the poet in writing *Evangeline* was *An Historical and Statistical Account of Nova Scotia*, by Thomas C. Haliburton, who is best known as the author of *The Clock-Maker, or The Sayings and Doings of Samuel Slick of Slickville*, a book which, written apparently to prick the Nova Scotians into more enterprise, was for a long while the chief representative of Yankee smartness. Judge Haliburton's history was published in 1829. A later history, which takes advantage more freely of historical documents, is *A History of Nova Scotia, or Acadie*, by Beamish Murdock, Esq., Q. C., Halifax, 1866. Still more recent is a smaller, well-written work, entitled *The History of Acadia from its*

First Discovery to its Surrender to England by the Treaty of Paris, by James Hannay, St. John, N. B., 1879. W. J. Anderson published a paper in the *Transactions* of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, New Series, part 7, 1870, entitled *Evangeline and the Archives of Nova Scotia*, in which he examines the poem by the light of the volume of *Nova Scotia Archives*, edited by T. B. Akins. The sketches of travellers in Nova Scotia, as *Acadia, or a Month among the Blue Noses*, by F. S. Cozzens, and *Baddeck*, by C. D. Warner, give the present appearance of the country and inhabitants.

The measure of *Evangeline* is what is commonly known as English dactylic hexameter. The hexameter is the measure used by Homer in the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, and by Virgil in the *Æneid*, but the difference between the English language and the Latin or Greek is so great, especially when we consider that in English poetry every word must be accented according to its customary pronunciation, while in scanning Greek and Latin verse accent follows the quantity of the vowels, that in applying this term of hexameter to *Evangeline* it must not be supposed by the reader that he is getting the effect of Greek hexameters. It is the Greek hexameter translated into English use, and some have maintained that the verse of the *Iliad* is better represented in the English by the trochaic measure of fifteen syllables, of which an excellent illustration is in Tennyson's *Locksley Hall*; others have compared the Greek hexameter to the ballad metre of fourteen syllables, used notably by Chapman in his translation of Homer's *Iliad*. The measure adopted by Mr. Longfellow has never become very popular in English poetry, but has repeatedly been attempted by other poets. The reader will find the subject of hexameters discussed by Matthew Arnold in his lectures *On Translating Homer*; by James Spedding in *English Hexameters*, in his recent volume, *Reviews and Discussions, Literary, Political and Historical, not relating to*

Bacon ; and by John Stuart Blackie in *Remarks on English Hexameters*, contained in his volume *Horæ Hellenicæ*.

The measure lends itself easily to the lingering melancholy which marks the greater part of the poem, and the poet's fine sense of harmony between subject and form is rarely better shown than in this poem. The fall of the verse at the end of the line and the sharp recovery at the beginning of the next will be snares to the reader, who must beware of a jerking style of delivery. The voice naturally seeks a rest in the middle of the line, and this rest, or cæsural pause, should be carefully regarded ; a little practice will enable one to acquire that habit of reading the hexameter, which we may liken, roughly, to the climbing of a hill, resting a moment on the summit, and then descending the other side. The charm in reading *Evangeline* aloud, after a clear understanding of the sense, which is the essential in all good reading, is found in this gentle labor of the former half of the line, and gentle acceleration of the latter half.]

THIS is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines
and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct
in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and prophetic,

1. A primeval forest is, strictly speaking, one which has never been disturbed by the axe.

3. *Druids* were priests of the Celtic inhabitants of ancient Gaul and Britain. The name was probably of Celtic origin, but its form may have been determined by the Greek word *drūs*, an oak, since their places of worship were consecrated groves of oak. Perhaps the choice of the image was governed by the analogy of a religion and tribe that were to disappear before a stronger power.

Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their
bosoms.

Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neigh-
boring ocean 5

Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail
of the forest.

This is the forest primeval; but where are the
hearts that beneath it

Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the woodland
the voice of the huntsman?

Where is the thatch-roofed village, the home of Aca-
dian farmers, —

Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the
woodlands, 10

Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image
of heaven?

Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers for-
ever departed!

Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty blasts
of October

Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle them
far o'er the ocean.

Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful village
of Grand-Pré. 15

Ye who believe in affection that hopes, and endures,
and is patient,

4. A poetical description of an ancient harper will be found
in the *Introduction* to the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, by Sir Walter
Scott.

8. Observe how the tragedy of the story is anticipated by this
picture of the startled roe.

Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of woman's
 devotion,
 List to the mournful tradition still sung by the pines
 of the forest ;
 List to a Tale of Love in Acadie, home of the happy.

PART THE FIRST.

I.

IN the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of
 Minas, 20
 Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-Pré
 Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched
 to the eastward,
 Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks
 without number.
 Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with
 labor incessant,

19. In the earliest records *Acadie* is called *Cadie* ; it afterwards was called *Arcadia*, *Accadia*, or *L'Acadie*. The name is probably a French adaptation of a word common among the Miemac Indians living there, signifying place or region, and used as an affix to other words as indicating the place where various things, as cranberries, eels, seals, were found in abundance. The French turned this Indian term into *Cadie* or *Acadie* ; the English into *Quoddy*, in which form it remains when applied to the Quoddy Indians, to Quoddy Head, the last point of the United States next to Acadia, and in the compound *Passamaquoddy*, or *Pollock-Ground*.

21. Compare, for effect, the first line of Goldsmith's *The Traveller*. Grand-Pré will be found on the map as part of the township of Horton.

24. The people of Acadia are mainly the descendants of the colonists who were brought out to La Have and Port Royal by Isaac de Razilly and Charnisay between the years 1633 and 1638.

Shut out the turbulent tides ; but at stated seasons the
 flood-gates 25
 Opened and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er
 the meadows.
 West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards
 and cornfields
 Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain ; and away
 to the northward
 Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the
 mountains
 Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty
 Atlantic 30
 Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their sta-
 tion descended.
 There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the Acadian
 village.
 Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak and
 of hemlock,
 Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign
 of the Henries.

These colonists came from Rochelle, Saintonge, and Poitou, so that they were drawn from a very limited area on the west coast of France, covered by the modern departments of Vendée and Charente Inférieure. This circumstance had some influence on their mode of settling the lands of Acadia, for they came from a country of marshes, where the sea was kept out by artificial dikes, and they found in Acadia similar marshes, which they dealt with in the same way that they had been accustomed to practise in France. Hannay's *History of Acadia*, pp. 282, 283. An excellent account of dikes and the flooding of lowlands, as practised in Holland, may be found in *A Farmer's Vacation*, by George E. Waring, Jr.

29. *Blomidon* is a mountainous headland of red sandstone, surmounted by a perpendicular wall of basaltic trap, the whole about four hundred feet in height, at the entrance of the Basin of Minas.

Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-windows ; and
 gables projecting³⁵
Over the basement below protected and shaded the
 doorway.
There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when
 brightly the sunset
Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes on the
 chimneys,
Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and in
 kirtles
Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning the
 golden⁴⁰
Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles
 within doors
Mingled their sound with the whirl of the wheels and
 the songs of the maidens.
Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and
 the children
Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to
 bless them.
Reverend walked he among them ; and up rose ma-
 trons and maidens,⁴⁵
Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate
 welcome.
Then came the laborers home from the field, and se-
 renely the sun sank

36. The characteristics of a Normandy village may be further learned by reference to a pleasant little sketch-book, published a few years since, called *Normandy Picturesque*, by Henry Blackburn, and to *Through Normandy*, by Katharine S. Macquoid.

39. The term *kirtle* was sometimes applied to the jacket only, sometimes to the train or upper petticoat attached to it. A full kirtle was always both ; a half kirtle was a term applied to either. A man's jacket was sometimes called a kirtle ; here the reference is apparently to the full kirtle worn by women.

Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon from
 the belfry
 Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of the
 village
 Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense
 ascending, 50
 Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and
 contentment.
 Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian
 farmers, —
 Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were
 they free from
 Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice
 of republics.
 Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their
 windows ; 55
 But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts
 of the owners ;
 There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in
 abundance.

Somewhat apart from the village, and nearer the
 Basin of Minas,
 Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of
 Grand-Pré,
 Dwelt on his goodly acres ; and with him, directing
 his household, 60
 Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the pride of
 the village.

49. *Angelus Domini* is the full name given to the bell which, at
 morning, noon, and night, called the people to prayer, in com-
 memoration of the visit of the angel of the Lord to the Virgin
 Mary. It was introduced into France in its modern form in the
 sixteenth century.

Stalworth and stately in form was the man of seventy
winters ;
Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered with
snow-flakes ;
White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as
brown as the oak-leaves.
Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen sum-
mers ; 65
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the
thorn by the wayside,
Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown
shade of her tresses !
Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that feed
in the meadows.
When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers at
noontide
Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah ! fair in sooth was the
maiden. 70
Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while the bell
from its turret
Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest with
his hyssop
Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings upon
them,
Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet of
beads and her missal,
Wearing her Norman cap and her kirtle of blue, and
the ear-rings 75
Brought in the olden time from France, and since, as
an heirloom,
Handed down from mother to child, through long gen-
erations.
But a celestial brightness — a more ethereal beauty —
Shone on her face and encircled her form, when, after
confession,

Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon her. 80

When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.

Firmly builded with rafters of oak, the house of the farmer

Stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea; and a shady

Sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine wreathing around it.

Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath; and a footpath 85

Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in the meadow.

Under the sycamore-tree were hives overhung by a penthouse,

Such as the traveller sees in regions remote by the roadside,

Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed image of Mary.

Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the well with its moss-grown 90

Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough for the horses.

Shielding the house from storms, on the north, were the barns and the farm-yard;

There stood the broad-wheeled wains and the antique ploughs and the harrows;

There were the folds for the sheep; and there, in his feathered seraglio,

93. The accent is on the first syllable of *antique*, where it remains in the form *antic*, which once had the same general meaning.

Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the cock, with
the selfsame 95

Voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent
Peter.

Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a vil-
lage. In each one

Far o'er the gable projected a roof of thatch ; and a
staircase,

Under the sheltering eaves, led up to the odorous corn-
loft.

There too the dove-cot stood, with its meek and inno-
cent inmates 100

Murmuring ever of love ; while above in the variant
breezes

Numberless noisy weathercocks rattled and sang of
mutation.

Thus, at peace with God and the world, the farmer
of Grand-Pré

Lived on his sunny farm, and Evangeline governed
his household.

Many a youth, as he knelt in the church and opened
his missal, 105

Fixed his eyes upon her as the saint of his deepest
devotion ;

99. *Odorous.* The accent here, as well as in line 403, is upon the first syllable, where it is commonly placed ; but Milton, who of all poets had the most refined ear, writes

“ So from the root

Springs lighter the green stalk, from thence the leaves

More airy, last the bright consummate flower

Spirits odorous breathes.”

Par Lost, Book V., lines 479-482.

But he also uses the more familiar accent in other passages, as, “ An amber scent of ódorous perfume,” in *Samson Agonistes*, line 720.

Happy was he who might touch her hand or the hem
of her garment!

Many a suitor came to her door, by the darkness be-
friended,

And, as he knocked and waited to hear the sound of
her footsteps,

Knew not which beat the louder, his heart or the
knocker of iron; 110

Or, at the joyous feast of the Patron Saint of the vil-
lage,

Bolder grew, and pressed her hand in the dance as he
whispered

Hurried words of love, that seemed a part of the
music.

But among all who came young Gabriel only was
welcome;

Gabriel Lajeunesse, the son of Basil the black-
smith, 115

Who was a mighty man in the village, and honored
of all men;

For since the birth of time, throughout all ages and
nations,

Has the craft of the smith been held in repute by the
people.

Basil was Benedict's friend. Their children from
earliest childhood

Grew up together as brother and sister; and Father
Felician, 120

Priest and pedagogue both in the village, had taught
them their letters

Out of the selfsame book, with the hymns of the
church and the plain-song.

122. The *plain-song* is a monotonic recitative of the collects.

But when the hymn was sung, and the daily lesson
completed,
Swiftly they hurried away to the forge of Basil the
blacksmith.
There at the door they stood, with wondering eyes to
behold him 125
Take in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse as a
plaything,
Nailing the shoe in its place ; while near him the tire
of the cart-wheel
Lay like a fiery snake, coiled round in a circle of
cinders.
Oft on autumnal eves, when without in the gathering
darkness
Bursting with light seemed the smithy, through every
cranny and crevice, 130
Warm by the forge within they watched the laboring
bellows,
And as its panting ceased, and the sparks expired in
the ashes,
Merrily laughed, and said they were nuns going into
the chapel.
Oft on sledges in winter, as swift as the swoop of the
eagle,
Down the hillside bounding, they glided away o'er the
meadow. 135
Oft in the barns they climbed to the populous nests
on the rafters,
Seeking with eager eyes that wondrous stone, which
the swallow
Brings from the shore of the sea to restore the sight
of its fledglings ;

133. The French have another saying similar to this, that they
were guests going into the wedding.

Lucky was he who found that stone in the nest of the swallow!

Thus passed a few swift years, and they no longer were children. 140

He was a valiant youth, and his face, like the face of the morning,

Gladdened the earth with its light, and ripened thought into action.

She was a woman now, with the heart and hopes of a woman.

“Sunshine of Saint Eulalie” was she called; for that was the sunshine

Which, as the farmers believed, would load their orchards with apples; 145

She too would bring to her husband’s house delight and abundance,

Filling it full of love and the ruddy faces of children.

II.

Now had the season returned, when the nights grow colder and longer,

And the retreating sun the sign of the Scorpion enters.

139. In Pluquet’s *Contes Populaires* we are told that if one of a swallow’s young is blind the mother bird seeks on the shore of the ocean a little stone, with which she restores its sight; and he adds, “He who is fortunate enough to find that stone in a swallow’s nest holds a wonderful remedy.” Pluquet’s book treats of Norman superstitions and popular traits.

144. Pluquet also gives this proverbial saying:—

“Si le soleil rit le jour Sainte-Eulalie,
Il y aura pommes et cidre à folie.”

(If the sun smiles on Saint Eulalie’s day, there will be plenty of apples, and cider enough.)

Saint Eulalie’s day is the 12th of February.

Birds of passage sailed through the leaden air, from
the ice-bound, 150

Desolate northern bays to the shores of tropical is-
lands.

Harvests were gathered in ; and wild with the winds
of September

Wrestled the trees of the forest, as Jacob of old with
the angel.

All the signs foretold a winter long and inclement.

Bees, with prophetic instinct of want, had hoarded
their honey 155

Till the hives overflowed ; and the Indian hunters as-
serted

Cold would the winter be, for thick was the fur of the
foxes.

Such was the advent of autumn. Then followed that
beautiful season,

Called by the pious Acadian peasants the Summer of
All-Saints !

Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light ;
and the landscape 160

Lay as if new-created in all the freshness of child-
hood.

Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the restless
heart of the ocean

Was for a moment consoled. All sounds were in
harmony blended.

Voices of children at play, the crowing of cocks in the
farm-yards,

159. The Summer of All-Saints is our Indian Summer, All-Saints Day being November 1st. The French also give this season the name of Saint Martin's Summer, Saint Martin's Day being November 11th.

Whir of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing of
 pigeons, 165
 All were subdued and low as the murmurs of love,
 and the great sun
 Looked with the eye of love through the golden va-
 pors around him ;
 While arrayed in its robes of russet and scarlet and
 yellow,
 Bright with the sheen of the dew, each glittering tree
 of the forest
 Flashed like the plane-tree the Persian adorned with
 mantles and jewels. 170

Now recommenced the region of rest and affection
 and stillness.
 Day with its burden and heat had departed, and twi-
 light descending
 Brought back the evening star to the sky, and the
 herds to the homestead.
 Pawing the ground they came, and resting their necks
 on each other,
 And with their nostrils distended inhaling the fresh-
 ness of evening. 175
 Foremost, bearing the bell, Evangeline's beautiful
 heifer,
 Proud of her snow-white hide, and the ribbon that
 waved from her collar,
 Quietly paced and slow, as if conscious of human
 affection.

170. Herodotus, in his account of Xerxes' expedition against Greece, tells of a beautiful plane-tree which Xerxes found, and was so enamored with that he dressed it as one might a woman, and placed it under the care of a guardsman (vii. 31). Another writer, Ælian, improving on this, says he adorned it with a necklace and bracelets.

Then came the shepherd back with his bleating flocks
from the seaside,
Where was their favorite pasture. Behind them fol-
lowed the watch-dog, 180
Patient, full of importance, and grand in the pride of
his instinct,
Walking from side to side with a lordly air, and
superbly
Waving his bushy tail, and urging forward the strag-
glers ;
Regent of flocks was he when the shepherd slept ;
their protector,
When from the forest at night, through the starry
silence, the wolves howled. 185
Late, with the rising moon, returned the wains from
the marshes,
Laden with briny hay, that filled the air with its odor.
Cheerily neighed the steeds, with dew on their manes
and their fetlocks,
While aloft on their shoulders the wooden and pon-
derous saddles,
Painted with brilliant dyes, and adorned with tassels
of crimson, 190
Nodded in bright array, like hollyhocks heavy with
blossoms.
Patiently stood the cows meanwhile, and yielded their
udders
Unto the milkmaid's hand ; whilst loud and in regular
cadence

193. There is a charming milkmaid's song in Tennyson's drama of *Queen Mary*, Act III., Scene 5, where the streaming of the milk into the sounding pails is caught in the tinkling *k's* of such lines as

“ And you came and kissed me, milking the cow,”

Into the sounding pails the foaming streamlets descended.

Lowing of cattle and peals of laughter were heard in
the farm-yard, 195

Echoed back by the barns. Anon they sank into
stillness ;

Heavily closed, with a jarring sound, the valves of the
barn-doors,

Rattled the wooden bars, and all for a season was silent.

In-doors, warm by the wide-mouthed fireplace, idly
the farmer

Sat in his elbow-chair, and watched how the flames
and the smoke-wreaths 200

Struggled together like foes in a burning city. Behind him,

Nodding and mocking along the wall with gestures
fantastic,

Darted his own huge shadow, and vanished away into
darkness.

Faces, clumsily carved in oak, on the back of his arm-
chair

Laughed in the flickering light, and the pewter plates
on the dresser 205

Caught and reflected the flame, as shields of armies
the sunshine.

Fragments of song the old man sang, and carols of
Christmas,

Such as at home, in the olden time, his fathers before
him

Sang in their Norman orchards and bright Burgundian
vineyards.

Close at her father's side was the gentle Evangeline.
seated, 210

Spinning flax for the loom that stood in the corner
behind her.

Silent awhile were its treadles, at rest was its diligent
shuttle,

While the monotonous drone of the wheel, like the
drone of a bagpipe,

Followed the old man's song, and united the fragments
together.

As in a church, when the chant of the choir at inter-
vals ceases, 215

Footfalls are heard in the aisles, or words of the priest
at the altar,

So, in each pause of the song, with measured motion
the clock clicked.

Thus as they sat, there were footsteps heard, and,
suddenly lifted,

Sounded the wooden latch, and the door swung back
on its hinges.

Benedict knew by the hob-nailed shoes it was Basil
the blacksmith, 220

And by her beating heart Evangeline knew who was
with him.

"Welcome!" the farmer exclaimed, as their footsteps
paused on the threshold,

"Welcome, Basil, my friend! Come, take thy place
on the settle

Close by the chimney-side, which is always empty
without thee;

Take from the shelf overhead thy pipe and the box of
tobacco; 225

Never so much thyself art thou as when, through the
curling

Smoke of the pipe or the forge, thy friendly and jovial
face gleams

Round and red as the harvest moon through the mist
of the marshes."

Then, with a smile of content, thus answered Basil the
blacksmith,

Taking with easy air the accustomed seat by the fire-
side:—

230

"Benedict Bellefontaine, thou hast ever thy jest and
thy ballad!

Ever in cheerfullest mood art thou, when others are
filled with

Gloomy forebodings of ill, and see only ruin before
them.

Happy art thou, as if every day thou hadst picked up
a horseshoe."

Pausing a moment, to take the pipe that Evangeline
brought him,

235

And with a coal from the embers had lighted, he
slowly continued:—

"Four days now are passed since the English ships
at their anchors

Ride in the Gaspereau's mouth, with their cannon
pointed against us.

What their design may be is unknown; but all are
commanded

On the morrow to meet in the church, where his
Majesty's mandate

240

Will be proclaimed as law in the land. Alas! in the
mean time

Many surmises of evil alarm the hearts of the peo-
ple."

Then made answer the farmer:—"Perhaps some
friendlier purpose

239. The text of Colonel Winslow's proclamation will be found
in *Haliburton*, i. 175.

Brings these ships to our shores. Perhaps the harvests in England

By untimely rains or untimelier heat have been blighted, 245

And from our bursting barns they would feed their cattle and children."

"Not so thinketh the folk in the village," said warmly the blacksmith,

Shaking his head as in doubt; then, heaving a sigh, he continued: —

"Louisburg is not forgotten, nor Beau Séjour, nor Port Royal.

Many already have fled to the forest, and lurk on its outskirts, 250

Waiting with anxious hearts the dubious fate of to-morrow.

Arms have been taken from us, and warlike weapons of all kinds;

Nothing is left but the blacksmith's sledge and the scythe of the mower."

Then with a pleasant smile made answer the jovial farmer: —

249. Louisburg, on Cape Breton, was built by the French as a military and naval station early in the eighteenth century, but was taken by an expedition from Massachusetts under General Pepperell in 1745. It was restored by England to France in the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, and recaptured by the English in 1757. Beau Séjour was a French fort upon the neck of land connecting Acadia with the mainland which had just been captured by Winslow's forces. Port Royal, afterwards called Annapolis Royal, at the outlet of Annapolis River into the Bay of Fundy, had been disputed ground, being occupied alternately by French and English, but in 1710 was attacked by an expedition from New England, and after that held by the English government and made a fortified place.

“Safer are we unarmed, in the midst of our flocks
and our cornfields, 255

Safer within these peaceful dikes besieged by the ocean,
Than our fathers in forts, besieged by the enemy’s
cannon.

Fear no evil, my friend, and to-night may no shadow
of sorrow

Fall on this house and hearth ; for this is the night
of the contract.

Built are the house and the barn. The merry lads of
the village 260

Strongly have built them and well ; and, breaking the
glebe round about them,

Filled the barn with hay, and the house with food for
a twelvemonth.

René Leblanc will be here anon, with his papers and
inkhorn.

Shall we not then be glad, and rejoice in the joy of
our children ?”

As apart by the window she stood, with her hand in
her lover’s, 265

Blushing Evangeline heard the words that her father
had spoken,

And, as they died on his lips, the worthy notary en-
tered.

III.

Bent like a laboring oar, that toils in the surf of
the ocean,

267. A *notary* is an officer authorized to attest contracts or writings of any kind. His authority varies in different countries ; in France he is the necessary maker of all contracts where the subject-matter exceeds 150 francs, and his instruments, which are preserved and registered by himself, are the originals, the parties preserving only copies.

Bent, but not broken, by age was the form of the notary public ;
Shocks of yellow hair, like the silken floss of the maize, hung 270
Over his shoulders ; his forehead was high ; and
glasses with horn bows
Sat astride on his nose, with a look of wisdom supernal.
Father of twenty children was he, and more than a
hundred
Children's children rode on his knee, and heard his
great watch tick.
Four long years in the times of the war had he languished a captive, 275
Suffering much in an old French fort as the friend of
the English.
Now, though warier grown, without all guile or suspicion,
Ripe in wisdom was he, but patient, and simple, and
childlike.
He was beloved by all, and most of all by the children ;
For he told them tales of the *Loup-garou* in the forest, 280

275. King George's War, which broke out in 1744 in Cape Breton, in an attack by the French upon an English garrison, and closed with the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748 ; or, the reference may possibly be to Queen Anne's war, 1702-1713, when the French aided the Indians in their warfare with the colonists.

280. The *Loup-garou*, or were-wolf, is, according to an old superstition especially prevalent in France, a man with power to turn himself into a wolf, which he does that he may devour children. In later times the superstition passed into the more innocent one of men having a power to charm wolves.

And of the goblin that came in the night to water the
 horses,
 And of the white Létiche, the ghost of a child who
 unchristened
 Died, and was doomed to haunt unseen the chambers
 of children;
 And how on Christmas eve the oxen talked in the
 stable,
 And how the fever was cured by a spider shut up in
 a nutshell, 285
 And of the marvellous powers of four-leaved clover
 and horseshoes,
 With whatsoever else was writ in the lore of the village.
 Then up rose from his seat by the fireside Basil the
 blacksmith,
 Knocked from his pipe the ashes, and slowly extend-
 ing his right hand,
 "Father Leblanc," he exclaimed, "thou hast heard
 the talk in the village, 290
 And, perchance, canst tell us some news of these ships
 and their errand."
 Then with modest demeanor made answer the notary
 public, —
 "Gossip enough have I heard, in sooth, yet am never
 the wiser;

282. Pluquet relates this superstition, and conjectures that the white, fleet ermine gave rise to it.

284. A belief still lingers among the peasantry of England, as well as on the Continent, that at midnight, on Christmas eve, the cattle in the stalls fall down on their knees in adoration of the infant Saviour, as the old legend says was done in the stable at Bethlehem.

285. In like manner a popular superstition prevailed in England that ague could be cured by sealing a spider in a goose-quill and hanging it about the neck.

And what their errand may be I know no better than
others.

Yet am I not of those who imagine some evil inten-
tion 295

Brings them here, for we are at peace ; and why then
molest us ? ”

“ God’s name ! ” shouted the hasty and somewhat iras-
cible blacksmith ;

“ Must we in all things look for the how, and the why,
and the wherefore ?

Daily injustice is done, and might is the right of the
strongest ! ”

But, without heeding his warmth, continued the notary
public, — 300

“ Man is unjust, but God is just ; and finally justice
Triumphs ; and well I remember a story, that often
consoled me,

When as a captive I lay in the old French fort at
Port Royal.”

This was the old man’s favorite tale, and he loved to
repeat it

When his neighbors complained that any injustice was
done them. 305

“ Once in an ancient city, whose name I no longer re-
member,

Raised aloft on a column, a brazen statue of Justice
Stood in the public square, upholding the scales in its
left hand,

And in its right a sword, as an emblem that justice
presided

Over the laws of the land, and the hearts and homes
of the people. 310

302. This is an old Florentine story ; in an altered form it is
the theme of Rossini’s opera of *La Gazza Ladra*.

Even the birds had built their nests in the scales of
the balance,

Having no fear of the sword that flashed in the sun-
shine above them.

But in the course of time the laws of the land were
corrupted ;

Might took the place of right, and the weak were
oppressed, and the mighty

Ruled with an iron rod. Then it chanced in a noble-
man's palace 315

That a necklace of pearls was lost, and ere long a sus-
picion

Fell on an orphan girl who lived as maid in the house-
hold.

She, after form of trial condemned to die on the scaf-
fold,

Patiently met her doom at the foot of the statue of
Justice.

As to her Father in heaven her innocent spirit as-
cended, 320

Lo ! o'er the city a tempest rose ; and the bolts of the
thunder

Smote the statue of bronze, and hurled in wrath from
its left hand

Down on the pavement below the clattering scales of
the balance,

And in the hollow thereof was found the nest of a
magpie,

Into whose clay-built walls the necklace of pearls was
inwoven." 325

Silenced, but not convinced, when the story was ended,
the blacksmith

Stood like a man who fain would speak, but findeth
no language ;

All his thoughts were congealed into lines on his face,
as the vapors
Freeze in fantastic shapes on the window-panes in the
winter.

Then Evangeline lighted the brazen lamp on the
table, 330
Filled, till it overflowed, the pewter tankard with
home-brewed
Nut-brown ale, that was famed for its strength in the
village of Grand-Pré ;
While from his pocket the notary drew his papers and
inkhorn,
Wrote with a steady hand the date and the age of the
parties,
Naming the dower of the bride in flocks of sheep and
in cattle. 335
Orderly all things proceeded, and duly and well were
completed,
And the great seal of the law was set like a sun on
the margin.
Then from his leathern pouch the farmer threw on the
table
Three times the old man's fee in solid pieces of sil-
ver ;
And the notary rising, and blessing the bride and
bridegroom, 340
Lifted aloft the tankard of ale and drank to their
welfare.
Wiping the foam from his lip, he solemnly bowed and
departed,
While in silence the others sat and mused by the fire-
side,

Till Evangeline brought the draught-board out of its
corner.

Soon was the game begun. In friendly contention
the old men 345

Laughed at each lucky hit, or unsuccessful manœuvre,
Laughed when a man was crowned, or a breach was
made in the king-row.

Meanwhile apart, in the twilight gloom of a window's
embrasure,

Sat the lovers and whispered together, beholding the
moon rise

Over the pallid sea and the silvery mist of the mead-
ows. 350

Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the
angels.

Thus was the evening passed. Anew the bell from
the belfry

Rang out the hour of nine, the village curfew, and
straightway

Rose the guests and departed ; and silence reigned in
the household. 355

344. The word *draughts* is derived from the circumstance of drawing the men from one square to another.

354. *Curfew* is a corruption of *couvre-feu*, or cover fire. In the Middle Ages, when police patrol at night was almost unknown, it was attempted to lessen the chances of crime by making it an offence against the laws to be found in the streets in the night, and the curfew bell was tolled, at various hours, according to the custom of the place, from seven to nine o'clock in the evening. It warned honest people to lock their doors, cover their fires, and go to bed. The custom still lingers in many places, even in America, of ringing a bell at nine o'clock in the evening.

Many a farewell word and sweet good-night on the
door-step

Lingered long in Evangeline's heart, and filled it with
gladness.

Carefully then were covered the embers that glowed
on the hearth-stone,

And on the oaken stairs resounded the tread of the
farmer.

Soon with a soundless step the foot of Evangeline fol-
lowed. 360

Up the staircase moved a luminous space in the dark-
ness,

Lighted less by the lamp than the shining face of the
maiden.

Silent she passed through the hall, and entered the
door of her chamber.

Simple that chamber was, with its curtains of white,
and its clothes-press

Ample and high, on whose spacious shelves were care-
fully folded 365

Linen and woollen stuffs, by the hand of Evangeline
woven.

This was the precious dower she would bring to her
husband in marriage,

Better than flocks and herds, being proofs of her skill
as a housewife.

Soon she extinguished her lamp, for the mellow and
radiant moonlight

Streamed through the windows, and lighted the room,
till the heart of the maiden 370

Swelled and obeyed its power, like the tremulous tides
of the ocean.

Ah! she was fair, exceeding fair to behold, as she
stood with

Naked snow-white feet on the gleaming floor of her
chamber!

Little she dreamed that below, among the trees of the
orchard,

Waited her lover and watched for the gleam of her
lamp and her shadow. 375

Yet were her thoughts of him, and at times a feeling
of sadness

Passed o'er her soul, as the sailing shade of clouds in
the moonlight

Flitted across the floor and darkened the room for a
moment.

And, as she gazed from the window, she saw serenely
the moon pass

Forth from the folds of a cloud, and one star follow
her footsteps, 380

As out of Abraham's tent young Ishmael wandered
with Hagar.

IV.

Pleasantly rose next morn the sun on the village
of Grand-Pré.

Pleasantly gleamed in the soft, sweet air the Basin of
Minas,

Where the ships, with their wavering shadows, were
riding at anchor.

Life had long been astir in the village, and clamorous
labor 385

Knocked with its hundred hands at the golden gates
of the morning.

Now from the country around, from the farms and
neighboring hamlets,

Came in their holiday dresses the blithe Acadian
peasants.

Many a glad good-morrow and jocund laugh from the
young folk
Made the bright air brighter, as up from the numer-
ous meadows, 390
Where no path could be seen but the track of wheels
in the greensward,
Group after group appeared, and joined, or passed on
the highway.
Long ere noon, in the village all sounds of labor were
silenced.
Thronged were the streets with people; and noisy
groups at the house-doors
Sat in the cheerful sun, and rejoiced and gossiped to-
gether. 395
Every house was an inn, where all were welcomed and
feasted ;
For with this simple people, who lived like brothers
together,
All things were held in common, and what one had
was another's.
Yet under Benedict's roof hospitality seemed more
abundant :

396. "Real misery was wholly unknown, and benevolence anticipated the demands of poverty. Every misfortune was relieved as it were before it could be felt, without ostentation on the one hand, and without meanness on the other. It was, in short, a society of brethren, every individual of which was equally ready to give and to receive what he thought the common right of mankind." — From the Abbé Raynal's account of the Acadians. The Abbé Guillaume Thomas Francis Raynal was a French writer (1711–1796), who published *A Philosophical History of the Settlements and Trade of the Europeans in the East and West Indies*, in which he included also some account of Canada and Nova Scotia. His picture of life among the Acadians, somewhat highly colored, is the source from which after writers have drawn their knowledge of Acadian manners.

For Evangeline stood among the guests of her
 father ; 400
 Bright was her face with smiles, and words of wel-
 come and gladness
 Fell from her beautiful lips, and blessed the cup as
 she gave it.

Under the open sky, in the odorous air of the
 orchard,
 Stript of its golden fruit, was spread the feast of be-
 trothal.
 There in the shade of the porch were the priest and
 the notary seated ; 405
 There good Benedict sat, and sturdy Basil the black-
 smith.
 Not far withdrawn from these, by the cider-press and
 the beehives,
 Michael the fiddler was placed, with the gayest of
 hearts and of waistcoats.
 Shadow and light from the leaves alternately played
 on his snow-white
 Hair, as it waved in the wind ; and the jolly face of
 the fiddler 410
 Glowed like a living coal when the ashes are blown
 from the embers.
 Gayly the old man sang to the vibrant sound of his
 fiddle,
Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres, and Le Carillon de
Dunkerque,

413. *Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres* was a song written by Ducauroi, *maître de chapelle* of Henri IV., the words of which are :—

Vous connaissez Cybèle,
 Qui sut fixer le Temps ;
 On la disait fort belle,
 Même dans ses vieux ans.

And anon with his wooden shoes beat time to the
music.

Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzying
dances 415

Under the orchard-trees and down the path to the
meadows;

Old folk and young together, and children mingled
among them.

Fairest of all the maids was Evangeline, Benedict's
daughter!

Noblest of all the youths was Gabriel, son of the
blacksmith!

So passed the morning away. And lo! with a sum-
mons sonorous 420

Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the mead-
ows a drum beat.

Thronged ere long was the church with men. With-
out, in the churchyard,

CHORUS.

Cette divinité, quoique déjà grand' mere
Avait les yeux doux, le teint frais,
Avait même certains attraits
Fermes comme la Terre.

Le Carillon de Dunkerque was a popular song to a tune played
on the Dunkirk chimes. The words are : —

Imprudent, téméraire
A l'instant, je l'espère
Dans mon juste courroux,
Tu vas tomber sous mes coups!
— Je brave ta menace.
— Etre moi ! quelle audace !
Avance donc, poltron !
Tu trembles ? non, non, non.
— J'étouffe de colère !
— Je ris de ta colère.

The music to which the old man sang these songs will be found
in *La Clé du Caveau*, by Pierre Capelle, Nos. 564 and 739.
Paris : A. Cotelte.

Waited the women. They stood by the graves, and
hung on the headstones

Garlands of autumn-leaves and evergreens fresh from
the forest.

Then came the guard from the ships, and marching
proudly among them 425

Entered the sacred portal. With loud and dissonant
clangor

Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from ceiling
and casement, —

Echoed a moment only, and slowly the ponderous por-
tal

Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the will of
the soldiers.

Then uprose their commander, and spake from the
steps of the altar, 430

Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the royal
commission.

“You are convened this day,” he said, “by his Maj-
esty’s orders.

Clement and kind has he been; but how you have
answered his kindness

Let your own hearts reply! To my natural make and
my temper

Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must
be grievous. 435

Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of our
monarch:

Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and cattle
of all kinds

Forfeited be to the crown; and that you yourselves
from this province

432. Colonel Winslow has preserved in his *Diary* the speech which he delivered to the assembled Acadians, and it is copied by Haliburton in his *History of Nova Scotia*, i. 166, 167.

Be transported to other lands. God grant you may
dwell there

Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable people ! 440

Prisoners now I declare you, for such is his Majesty's
pleasure ! ”

As, when the air is serene in the sultry solstice of
summer,

Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling of the
hailstones

Beats down the farmer's corn in the field, and shatters
his windows,

Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with thatch
from the house-roofs, 445

Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their en-
closures ;

So on the hearts of the people descended the words of
the speaker.

Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder, and
then rose

Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and anger,
And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to the
door-way. 450

Vain was the hope of escape ; and cries and fierce
imprecations

Rang through the house of prayer ; and high o'er the
heads of the others

Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil the
blacksmith,

As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the billows.

Flushed was his face and distorted with passion ; and
wildly he shouted, — 455

“ Down with the tyrants of England ! we never have
sworn them allegiance !

Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our
homes and our harvests ! ”

More he fain would have said, but the merciless hand
of a soldier

Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him down to
the pavement.

In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry con-
tention, 460

Lo ! the door of the chancel opened, and Father Feli-
cian

Entered, with serious mien, and ascended the steps of
the altar.

Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he awed
into silence

All that clamorous throng ; and thus he spake to his
people ;

Deep were his tones and solemn ; in accents measured
and mournful 465

Spake he, as, after the tocsin's alarum, distinctly the
clock strikes.

“ What is this that ye do, my children ? what madness
has seized you ?

Forty years of my life have I labored among you, and
taught you,

Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one another !

Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils and prayers
and privations ? 470

Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and
forgiveness ?

This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and would
you profane it

Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing with
hatred ?

Lo! where the crucified Christ from His cross is gaz-
ing upon you!

See! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and holy
compassion! 475

Hark! how those lips still repeat the prayer, ‘O
Father, forgive them!’

Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the wicked
assail us,

Let us repeat it now, and say, ‘O Father, forgive
them!’”

Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the hearts
of his people

Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded the pas-
sionate outbreak, 480

While they repeated his prayer, and said, “O Father,
forgive them!”

Then came the evening service. The tapers gleamed
from the altar;

Fervent and deep was the voice of the priest, and the
people responded,

Not with their lips alone, but their hearts; and the
Ave Maria

Sang they, and fell on their knees, and their souls,
with devotion translated, 485

Rose on the ardor of prayer, like Elijah ascending to
heaven.

Meanwhile had spread in the village the tidings of
ill, and on all sides

Wandered, wailing, from house to house the women
and children.

Long at her father’s door Evangeline stood, with her
right hand

Shielding her eyes from the level rays of the sun,
that, descending, 490

Lighted the village street with mysterious splendor,
and roofed each

Peasant's cottage with golden thatch, and emblazoned
its windows.

Long within had been spread the snow-white cloth on
the table ;

There stood the wheaten loaf, and the honey fragrant
with wild flowers ;

There stood the tankard of ale, and the cheese fresh
brought from the dairy ; 495

And at the head of the board the great arm-chair of
the farmer.

Thus did Evangeline wait at her father's door, as the
sunset

Threw the long shadows of trees o'er the broad am-
brosial meadows.

Ah ! on her spirit within a deeper shadow had fallen,
And from the fields of her soul a fragrance celestial
ascended, — 500

Charity, meekness, love, and hope, and forgiveness,
and patience !

Then, all forgetful of self, she wandered into the vil-
lage,

Cheering with looks and words the mournful hearts of
the women,

As o'er the darkening fields with lingering steps they
departed,

Urged by their household cares, and the weary feet of
their children. 505

492. To emblazon is literally to adorn anything with ensigns armorial. It was often the custom to work these ensigns into the design of painted windows.

Down sank the great red sun, and in golden, glimmer-
ing vapors
Veiled the light of his face, like the Prophet descend-
ing from Sinai.
Sweetly over the village the bell of the Angelus
sounded.

Meanwhile, amid the gloom, by the church Evange-
line lingered.
All was silent within; and in vain at the door and the
windows 510
Stood she, and listened and looked, until, overcome by
emotion,
“Gabriel!” cried she aloud with tremulous voice;
but no answer
Came from the graves of the dead, nor the gloomier
grave of the living.
Slowly at length she returned to the tenantless house
of her father.
Smouldered the fire on the hearth, on the board was
the supper untasted. 515
Empty and drear was each room, and haunted with
phantoms of terror.
Sadly echoed her step on the stair and the floor of her
chamber.
In the dead of the night she heard the disconsolate
rain fall
Loud on the withered leaves of the sycamore-tree by
the window.
Keenly the lightning flashed; and the voice of the
echoing thunder 520
Told her that God was in heaven, and governed the
world He created!

Then she remembered the tale she had heard of the
 justice of Heaven ;
 Soothed was her troubled soul, and she peacefully
 slumbered till morning.

V.

Four times the sun had risen and set ; and now on
 the fifth day
 Cheerily called the cock to the sleeping maids of the
 farm-house. 525
 Soon o'er the yellow fields, in silent and mournful pro-
 cession,
 Came from the neighboring hamlets and farms the
 Acadian women,
 Driving in ponderous wains their household goods to
 the sea-shore,
 Pausing and looking back to gaze once more on their
 dwellings,
 Ere they were shut from sight by the winding road and
 the woodland. 530
 Close at their sides their children ran, and urged on
 the oxen,
 While in their little hands they clasped some frag-
 ments of playthings.

Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth they hurried ; and
 there on the sea-beach
 Piled in confusion lay the household goods of the
 peasants.
 All day long between the shore and the ships did the
 boats ply ; 535
 All day long the wains came laboring down from the
 village.
 Late in the afternoon, when the sun was near to his
 setting,

Echoed far o'er the fields came the roll of drums from
the churchyard.

Thither the women and children thronged. On a sudden
the church-doors

Opened, and forth came the guard, and marching in
gloomy procession . 540

Followed the long-imprisoned, but patient, Acadian
farmers.

Even as pilgrims, who journey afar from their homes
and their country,

Sing as they go, and in singing forget they are weary
and wayworn,

So with songs on their lips the Acadian peasants descended

Down from the church to the shore, amid their wives
and their daughters. 545

Foremost the young men came; and, raising together
their voices,

Sang with tremulous lips a chant of the Catholic
Missions:—

“Sacred heart of the Saviour! O inexhaustible fountain!

Fill our hearts this day with strength and submission
and patience!”

Then the old men, as they marched, and the women
that stood by the wayside 550

Joined in the sacred psalm, and the birds in the sunshine
above them

Mingled their notes therewith, like voices of spirits
departed.

Half-way down to the shore Evangeline waited in
silence,

Not overcome with grief, but strong in the hour of
affliction,—

Calmly and sadly she waited, until the procession ap-
 proached her, 555

And she beheld the face of Gabriel pale with emotion.
 Tears then filled her eyes, and, eagerly running to
 meet him,

Clasped she his hands, and laid her head on his
 shoulder, and whispered, —

“Gabriel! be of good cheer! for if we love one
 another

Nothing, in truth, can harm us, whatever mischances
 may happen!” 560

Smiling she spake these words; then suddenly paused,
 for her father

Saw she, slowly advancing. Alas! how changed was
 his aspect!

Gone was the glow from his cheek, and the fire from
 his eye, and his footstep

Heavier seemed with the weight of the heavy heart
 in his bosom.

But with a smile and a sigh, she clasped his neck and
 embraced him, 565

Speaking words of endearment where words of com-
 fort availed not.

Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth moved on that mourn-
 ful procession.

There disorder prevailed, and the tumult and stir of
 embarking.

Busily plied the freighted boats; and in the confusion
 Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers,
 too late, saw their children 570

Left on the land, extending their arms, with wildest
 entreaties.

So unto separate ships were Basil and Gabriel carried,

While in despair on the shore Evangeline stood with
her father.

Half the task was not done when the sun went down,
and the twilight

Deepened and darkened around; and in haste the
refluent ocean 575

Fled away from the shore, and left the line of the
sand-beach

Covered with waifs of the tide, with kelp and the slip-
pery sea-weed.

Farther back in the midst of the household goods and
the wagons,

Like to a gypsy camp, or a leaguer after a battle,
All escape cut off by the sea, and the sentinels near
them, 580

Lay encamped for the night the houseless Acadian
farmers.

Back to its nethermost caves retreated the bellowing
ocean,

Dragging adown the beach the rattling pebbles, and
leaving

Inland and far up the shore the stranded boats of the
sailors.

Then, as the night descended, the herds returned from
their pastures; 585

Sweet was the moist still air with the odor of milk
from their udders;

Lowly they waited, and long, at the well-known bars
of the farm-yard, —

Waited and looked in vain for the voice and the hand
of the milkmaid.

Silence reigned in the streets; from the church no
Angelus sounded,

Rose no smoke from the roofs, and gleamed no lights
from the windows. 590

But on the shores meanwhile the evening fires had
 been kindled,
 Built of the drift-wood thrown on the sands from
 wrecks in the tempest.
 Round them shapes of gloom and sorrowful faces were
 gathered,
 Voices of women were heard, and of men, and the
 crying of children.
 Onward from fire to fire, as from hearth to hearth in
 his parish, 595
 Wandered the faithful priest, consoling and blessing
 and cheering,
 Like unto shipwrecked Paul on Melita's desolate sea-
 shore.
 Thus he approached the place where Evangeline sat
 with her father,
 And in the flickering light beheld the face of the old
 man,
 Haggard and hollow and wan, and without either
 thought or emotion, 600
 E'en as the face of a clock from which the hands have
 been taken.
 Vainly Evangeline strove with words and caresses to
 cheer him,
 Vainly offered him food ; yet he moved not, he looked
 not, he spake not,
 But, with a vacant stare, ever gazed at the flickering
 fire-light.
 "*Benedicite !*" murmured the priest, in tones of com-
 passion. 605
 More he fain would have said, but his heart was full,
 and his accents
 Faltered and paused on his lips, as the feet of a child
 on a threshold,

Hushed by the scene he beholds, and the awful presence of sorrow.

Silently, therefore, he laid his hand on the head of the maiden,

Raising his tearful eyes to the silent stars that above them

610

Moved on their way, unperturbed by the wrongs and sorrows of mortals.

Then sat he down at her side, and they wept together in silence.

Suddenly rose from the south a light, as in autumn the blood-red

Moon climbs the crystal walls of heaven, and o'er the horizon

Titan-like stretches its hundred hands upon mountain and meadow,

615

Seizing the rocks and the rivers, and piling huge shadows together.

Broader and ever broader it gleamed on the roofs of the village,

Gleamed on the sky and the sea, and the ships that lay in the roadstead.

Columns of shining smoke uprose, and flashes of flame were

Thrust through their folds and withdrawn, like the quivering hands of a martyr.

620

615. The Titans were giant deities in Greek mythology who attempted to deprive Saturn of the sovereignty of heaven, and were driven down into Tartarus by Jupiter, the son of Saturn, who hurled thunderbolts at them. Briareus, the hundred-handed giant, was in mythology of the same parentage as the Titans, but was not classed with them.

Then as the wind seized the gleeds and the burning
 thatch, and, uplifting,
 Whirled them aloft through the air, at once from a
 hundred house-tops
 Started the sheeted smoke with flashes of flame inter-
 mingled.

These things beheld in dismay the crowd on the
 shore and on shipboard.
 Speechless at first they stood, then cried aloud in their
 anguish, 625
 "We shall behold no more our homes in the village of
 Grand-Pré!"
 Loud on a sudden the cocks began to crow in the farm-
 yards,
 Thinking the day had dawned; and anon the lowing
 of cattle
 Came on the evening breeze, by the barking of dogs
 interrupted.
 Then rose a sound of dread, such as startles the sleep-
 ing encampments 630
 Far in the western prairies of forests that skirt the
 Nebraska,
 When the wild horses affrighted sweep by with the
 speed of the whirlwind,

621. *Gleeds*. Hot, burning coals; a Chaucerian word:—

"And wafres piping hoot out of the gleede."

Canterbury Tales, l. 3379.

The burning of the houses was in accordance with the instructions of the Governor to Colonel Winslow, in case he should fail in collecting all the inhabitants: "You must proceed by the most vigorous measures possible, not only in compelling them to embark, but in depriving those who shall escape of all means of shelter or support, by burning their houses and by destroying everything that may afford them the means of subsistence in the country."

Or the loud bellowing herds of buffaloes rush to the
river.

Such was the sound that arose on the night, as the
herds and the horses

Broke through their folds and fences, and madly
rushed o'er the meadows. 635

Overwhelmed with the sight, yet speechless, the
priest and the maiden

Gazed on the scene of terror that reddened and
widened before them ;

And as they turned at length to speak to their silent
companion,

Lo ! from his seat he had fallen, and stretched abroad
on the seashore

Motionless lay his form, from which the soul had de-
parted. 640

Slowly the priest uplifted the lifeless head, and the
maiden

Knelt at her father's side, and wailed aloud in her
terror.

Then in a swoon she sank, and lay with her head on
his bosom.

Through the long night she lay in deep, oblivious
slumber ;

And when she woke from the trance, she beheld a
multitude near her. 645

Faces of friends she beheld, that were mournfully gaz-
ing upon her,

Pallid, with tearful eyes, and looks of saddest com-
passion.

Still the blaze of the burning village illumined the
landscape,

Reddened the sky overhead, and gleamed on the faces
around her,

And like the day of doom it seemed to her wavering
senses. 650

Then a familiar voice she heard, as it said to the people, —

“Let us bury him here by the sea. When a happier
season

Brings us again to our homes from the unknown land
of our exile,

Then shall his sacred dust be piously laid in the
churchyard.”

Such were the words of the priest. And there in
haste by the sea-side, 655

Having the glare of the burning village for funeral
torches,

But without bell or book, they buried the farmer of
Grand-Pré.

And as the voice of the priest repeated the service of
sorrow,

Lo ! with a mournful sound like the voice of a vast
congregation,

Solemnly answered the sea, and mingled its roar with
the dirges. 660

’T was the returning tide, that afar from the waste of
the ocean,

With the first dawn of the day, came heaving and hur-
rying landward.

Then recommenced once more the stir and noise of
embarking ;

657. The bell was tolled to mark the passage of the soul into the other world ; the book was the service book. The phrase “bell, book, or candle” was used in referring to excommunication.

And with the ebb of the tide the ships sailed out of
the harbor,
Leaving behind them the dead on the shore, and the
village in ruins. 665

PART THE SECOND.

I.

MANY a weary year had passed since the burning of
Grand-Pré,
When on the falling tide the freighted vessels de-
parted,
Bearing a nation, with all its household gods, into
exile,
Exile without an end, and without an example in
story.
Far asunder, on separate coasts, the Acadians
landed; 670
Scattered were they, like flakes of snow, when the
wind from the northeast
Strikes aslant through the fogs that darken the Banks
of Newfoundland.
Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wandered from
city to city,
From the cold lakes of the North to sultry Southern
savannas, —
From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands where
the Father of Waters 675
Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them down to
the ocean,
Deep in their sands to bury the scattered bones of the
mammoth.

677. Bones of the mastodon, or mammoth, have been found

Friends they sought and homes; and many, despairing,
heart-broken,

Asked of the earth but a grave, and no longer a friend
nor a fireside.

Written their history stands on tablets of stone in the
churchyards. 680

Long among them was seen a maiden who waited and
wandered,

Lowly and meek in spirit, and patiently suffering all
things.

Fair was she and young; but, alas! before her ex-
tended,

Dreary and vast and silent, the desert of life, with its
pathway

Marked by the graves of those who had sorrowed and
suffered before her, 685

Passions long extinguished, and hopes long dead and
abandoned,

As the emigrant's way o'er the Western desert is
marked by

Camp-fires long consumed, and bones that bleach in
the sunshine.

Something there was in her life incomplete, imperfect,
unfinished;

As if a morning of June, with all its music and sun-
shine, 690

Suddenly paused in the sky, and, fading, slowly de-
scended

Into the east again, from whence it late had arisen.

Sometimes she lingered in towns, till, urged by the
fever within her,

scattered all over the territory of the United States and Canada,
but the greatest number have been collected in the Salt Licks of
Kentucky, and in the States of Ohio, Mississippi, Missouri, and
Alabama.

Urged by a restless longing, the hunger and thirst of
the spirit,

She would commence again her endless search and endeavor ;

695

Sometimes in churchyards strayed, and gazed on the
crosses and tombstones,

Sat by some nameless grave, and thought that perhaps
in its bosom

He was already at rest, and she longed to slumber be-
side him.

Sometimes a rumor, a hearsay, an inarticulate whis-
per,

Came with its airy hand to point and beckon her for-
ward.

700

Sometimes she spake with those who had seen her be-
loved and known him,

But it was long ago, in some far-off place or forgot-
ten.

“Gabriel Lajeunesse !” they said ; “ Oh, yes ! we have
seen him.

He was with Basil the blacksmith, and both have gone
to the prairies ;

Coueurs-des-bois are they, and famous hunters and
trappers.”

705

699. Observe the diminution in this line, by which one is led
to the *airy hand* in the next.

705. The *coueurs-des-bois* formed a class of men, very early in
Canadian history, produced by the exigencies of the fur-trade.
They were French by birth, but by long affiliation with the In-
dians and adoption of their customs had become half-civilized
vagrants, whose chief vocation was conducting the canoes of the
traders along the lakes and rivers of the interior. *Bushrangers*
is the English equivalent. They played an important part in the
Indian wars, but were nearly as lawless as the Indians them-
selves. The reader will find them frequently referred to in

“Gabriel Lajeunesse!” said others; “Oh, yes! we have seen him.

He is a voyageur in the lowlands of Louisiana.”

Then would they say, “Dear child! why dream and wait for him longer?

Are there not other youths as fair as Gabriel? others Who have hearts as tender and true, and spirits as loyal? 710

Here is Baptiste Leblanc, the notary’s son, who has loved thee

Many a tedious year; come, give him thy hand and be happy!

Thou art too fair to be left to braid St. Catherine’s tresses.”

Then would Evangeline answer, serenely but sadly, “I cannot!

Whither my heart has gone, there follows my hand, and not elsewhere. 715

For when the heart goes before, like a lamp, and illumines the pathway,

Many things are made clear, that else lie hidden in darkness.”

Thereupon the priest, her friend and father confessor, Said, with a smile, “O daughter! thy God thus speaketh within thee!

Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was wasted; 720

Parkman’s histories, especially in *The Conspiracy of Pontiac*, *The Discovery of the Great West*, and *Frontenac and New France under Louis XIV.*

707. A *voyageur* is a river boatman, and is a term applied usually to Canadians.

713. St. Catherine of Alexandria and St. Catherine of Siena were both celebrated for their vows of virginity. Hence the saying to braid St. Catherine’s tresses, of one devoted to a single life.

If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, re-
turning

Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full
of refreshment ;

That which the fountain sends forth returns again to
the fountain.

Patience ; accomplish thy labor ; accomplish thy work
of affection !

Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance
is godlike. 725

Therefore accomplish thy labor of love, till the heart
is made godlike,

Purified, strengthened, perfected, and rendered more
worthy of heaven ! ”

Cheered by the good man’s words, Evangeline labored
and waited.

Still in her heart she heard the funeral dirge of the
ocean,

But with its sound there was mingled a voice that
whispered, “ Despair not ! ” 730

Thus did that poor soul wander in want and cheer-
less discomfort,

Bleeding, barefooted, over the shards and thorns of
existence.

Let me essay, O Muse ! to follow the wanderer’s foot-
steps ; —

Not through each devious path, each changeful year
of existence ;

But as a traveller follows a streamlet’s course through
the valley : 735

Far from its margin at times, and seeing the gleam of
its water

Here and there, in some open space, and at intervals
only ;

Then drawing nearer its banks, through sylvan glooms
 that conceal it,
 Though he behold it not, he can hear its continuous
 murmur ;
 Happy, at length, if he find a spot where it reaches
 an outlet.

740

II.

It was the month of May. Far down the Beautiful
 River,
 Past the Ohio shore and past the mouth of the Wa-
 bash,
 Into the golden stream of the broad and swift Mis-
 sissippi,
 Floated a cumbrous boat, that was rowed by Acadian
 boatmen.
 It was a band of exiles : a raft, as it were, from the
 shipwrecked
 Nation, scattered along the coast, now floating to-
 gether,
 Bound by the bonds of a common belief and a com-
 mon misfortune ;
 Men and women and children, who, guided by hope
 or by hearsay,
 Sought for their kith and their kin among the few-
 acred farmers
 On the Acadian coast, and the prairies of fair Ope-
 lousas.

745

750

741. The Iroquois gave to this river the name of Ohio, or the Beautiful River, and La Salle, who was the first European to discover it, preserved the name, so that it was transferred to maps very early.

750. Between the 1st of January and the 13th of May, 1765, about six hundred and fifty Acadians had arrived at New Or-

With them Evangeline went, and her guide, the
Father Felician.
Onward o'er sunken sands, through a wilderness
sombre with forests,
Day after day they glided adown the turbulent river;
Night after night, by their blazing fires, encamped on
its borders.
Now through rushing chutes, among green islands,
where plumelike 755
Cotton-trees nodded their shadowy crests, they swept
with the current,
Then emerged into broad lagoons, where silvery sand-
bars
Lay in the stream, and along the wimpling waves of
their margin,
Shining with snow-white plumes, large flocks of pel-
icans waded.
Level the landscape grew, and along the shores of the
river, 760
Shaded by china-trees, in the midst of luxuriant gar-
dens,
Stood the houses of planters, with negro cabins and
dove-cots.
They were approaching the region where reigns per-
petual summer,

leans. Louisiana had been ceded by France to Spain in 1762, but did not really pass under the control of the Spanish until 1769. The existence of a French population attracted the wandering Acadians, and they were sent by the authorities to form settlements in Attakapas and Opelousas. They afterward formed settlements on both sides of the Mississippi from the German Coast up to Baton Rouge, and even as high as Pointe Coupée. Hence the name of Acadian Coast, which a portion of the banks of the river still bears. See Gayarré's *History of Louisiana: The French Dominion*, vol. ii.

Where through the Golden Coast, and groves of
orange and citron,

Sweeps with majestic curve the river away to the east-
ward. 765

They, too, swerved from their course ; and, entering
the Bayou of Plaquemine,

Soon were lost in a maze of sluggish and devious
waters,

Which, like a network of steel, extended in every
direction.

Over their heads the towering and tenebrous boughs
of the cypress

Met in a dusky arch, and trailing mosses in mid-
air 770

Waved like banners that hang on the walls of ancient
cathedrals.

Deathlike the silence seemed, and unbroken, save by
the herons

Home to their roosts in the cedar-trees returning at
sunset,

Or by the owl, as he greeted the moon with demoniac
laughter.

Lovely the moonlight was as it glanced and gleamed
on the water, 775

Gleamed on the columns of cypress and cedar sustain-
ing the arches,

Down through whose broken vaults it fell as through
chinks in a ruin.

Dreamlike, and indistinct, and strange were all things
around them ;

And o'er their spirits there came a feeling of wonder
and sadness, —

Strange forebodings of ill, unseen and that cannot be
compassed. 780

As, at the tramp of a horse's hoof on the turf of the
prairies,
Far in advance are closed the leaves of the shrinking
mimosa,
So, at the hoof-beats of fate, with sad forebodings of
evil,
Shrinks and closes the heart, ere the stroke of doom
has attained it.
But Evangeline's heart was sustained by a vision, that
faintly 785
Floated before her eyes, and beckoned her on through
the moonlight.
It was the thought of her brain that assumed the
shape of a phantom.
Through those shadowy aisles had Gabriel wandered
before her,
And every stroke of the oar now brought him nearer
and nearer.

Then in his place, at the prow of the boat, rose one
of the oarsmen, 790
And, as a signal sound, if others like them peradven-
ture
Sailed on those gloomy and midnight streams, blew a
blast on his bugle.
Wild through the dark colonnades and corridors leafy
the blast rang,
Breaking the seal of silence and giving tongues to the
forest.
Soundless above them the banners of moss just stirred
to the music. 795
Multitudinous echoes awoke and died in the distance,
Over the watery floor, and beneath the reverberant
branches;

But not a voice replied ; no answer came from the
darkness ;

And when the echoes had ceased, like a sense of pain
was the silence.

Then Evangeline slept ; but the boatmen rowed
through the midnight, 800

Silent at times, then singing familiar Canadian boat-
songs,

Such as they sang of old on their own Acadian rivers,
While through the night were heard the mysterious
sounds of the desert,

Far off, — indistinct, — as of wave or wind in the
forest,

Mixed with the whoop of the crane and the roar of
the grim alligator. 805

Thus ere another noon they emerged from the
shades ; and before them

Lay, in the golden sun, the lakes of the Atchafalaya.
Water-lilies in myriads rocked on the slight undula-
tions

Made by the passing oars, and, resplendent in beauty,
the lotus

Lifted her golden crown above the heads of the boat-
men. 810

Faint was the air with the odorous breath of magno-
lia blossoms,

And with the heat of noon ; and numberless sylvan
islands,

Fragrant and thickly embowered with blossoming
hedges of roses,

Near to whose shores they glided along, invited to
slumber.

Soon by the fairest of these their weary oars were sus-
pended. 815

Under the boughs of Wachita willows, that grew by
the margin,
Safely their boat was moored ; and scattered about on
the greensward,
Tired with their midnight toil, the weary travellers
slumbered.
Over them vast and high extended the cope of a
cedar.
Swinging from its great arms, the trumpet-flower and
the grapevine 820
Hung their ladder of ropes aloft like the ladder of
Jacob,
On whose pendulous stairs the angels ascending, de-
scending,
Were the swift humming-birds, that flitted from blos-
som to blossom.
Such was the vision Evangeline saw as she slumbered
beneath it.
Filled was her heart with love, and the dawn of an
opening heaven 825
Lighted her soul in sleep with the glory of regions
celestial.

Nearer, ever nearer, among the numberless islands,
Darted a light, swift boat, that sped away o'er the
water,
Urged on its course by the sinewy arms of hunters
and trappers.
Northward its prow was turned, to the land of the
bison and beaver. 830
At the helm sat a youth, with countenance thoughtful
and careworn.
Dark and neglected locks overshadowed his brow, and
a sadness

Somewhat beyond his years on his face was legibly
written.

Gabriel was it, who, weary with waiting, unhappy and
restless,

Sought in the Western wilds oblivion of self and of
sorrow. 835

Swiftly they glided along, close under the lee of the
island,

But by the opposite bank, and behind a screen of pal-
mettos ;

So that they saw not the boat, where it lay concealed
in the willows ;

All undisturbed by the dash of their oars, and unseen,
were the sleepers ;

Angel of God was there none to awaken the slumber-
ing maiden. 840

Swiftly they glided away, like the shade of a cloud on
the prairie.

After the sound of their oars on the tholes had died
in the distance,

As from a magic trance the sleepers awoke, and the
maiden

Said with a sigh to the friendly priest, " O Father
Felician !

Something says in my heart that near me Gabriel
wanders. 845

Is it a foolish dream, an idle and vague superstition ?

Or has an angel passed, and revealed the truth to my
spirit ? "

Then, with a blush, she added, " Alas for my credu-
lous fancy !

Unto ears like thine such words as these have no
meaning. "

But made answer the reverend man, and he smiled as
he answered, — 850

“ Daughter, thy words are not idle ; nor are they to
me without meaning,
Feeling is deep and still ; and the word that floats on
the surface
Is as the tossing buoy, that betrays where the anchor
is hidden.
Therefore trust to thy heart, and to what the world
calls illusions.
Gabriel truly is near thee ; for not far away to the
southward, 855
On the banks of the Têche, are the towns of St. Maur
and St. Martin.
There the long-wandering bride shall be given again
to her bridegroom,
There the long-absent pastor regain his flock and his
sheepfold.
Beautiful is the land, with its prairies and forests of
fruit-trees ;
Under the feet a garden of flowers, and the bluest of
heavens 860
Bending above, and resting its dome on the walls of
the forest.
They who dwell there have named it the Eden of
Louisiana.”

With these words of cheer they arose and continued
their journey.
Softly the evening came. The sun from the western
horizon
Like a magician extended his golden wand o’er the
landscape ; 865
Twinkling vapors arose ; and sky and water and forest
Seemed all on fire at the touch, and melted and min-
gled together.

Hanging between two skies, a cloud with edges of
 silver,
 Floated the boat, with its dripping oars, on the mo-
 tionless water.
 Filled was Evangeline's heart with inexpressible sweet-
 ness. 870
 Touched by the magic spell, the sacred fountains of
 feeling
 Glowed with the light of love, as the skies and waters
 around her.
 Then from a neighboring thicket the mocking-bird,
 wildest of singers,
 Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung o'er the
 water,
 Shook from his little throat such floods of delirious
 music, 875
 That the whole air and the woods and the waves
 seemed silent to listen.
 Plaintive at first were the tones and sad ; then soaring
 to madness
 Seemed they to follow or guide the revel of frenzied
 Bacchantes.
 Single notes were then heard, in sorrowful, low lam-
 entation ;
 Till, having gathered them all, he flung them abroad
 in derision, 880
 As when, after a storm, a gust of wind through the
 tree-tops
 Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal shower on
 the branches.

878. The Bacchantes were worshippers of the god Bacchus,
 who in Greek mythology presided over the vine and its fruits.
 They gave themselves up to all manner of excess, and their
 songs and dances were to wild, intoxicating measures.

With such a prelude as this, and hearts that throbbed
with emotion,
Slowly they entered the Têche, where it flows through
the green Opelousas,
And, through the amber air, above the crest of the
woodland, 885
Saw the column of smoke that arose from a neighbor-
ing dwelling ; —
Sounds of a horn they heard, and the distant lowing
of cattle.

III.

Near to the bank of the river, o'ershadowed by oaks
from whose branches
Garlands of Spanish moss and of mystic mistletoe
flaunted,
Such as the Druids cut down with golden hatchets at
Yule-tide, 890
Stood, secluded and still, the house of the herdsman.
A garden
Girded it round about with a belt of luxuriant blos-
soms,
Filling the air with fragrance. The house itself was
of timbers
Hewn from the cypress-tree, and carefully fitted to-
gether.
Large and low was the roof ; and on slender columns
supported, 895
Rose-wreathed, vine-encircled, a broad and spacious
veranda,
Haunt of the humming-bird and the bee, extended
around it.
At each end of the house, amid the flowers of the
garden,

Stationed the dove-cots were, as love's perpetual symbol,

Scenes of endless wooing, and endless contentions of rivals. 900

Silence reigned o'er the place. The line of shadow and sunshine

Ran near the tops of the trees; but the house itself was in shadow,

And from its chimney-top, ascending and slowly expanding

Into the evening air, a thin blue column of smoke rose.

In the rear of the house, from the garden gate, ran a pathway 905

Through the great groves of oak to the skirts of the limitless prairie,

Into whose sea of flowers the sun was slowly descending.

Full in his track of light, like ships with shadowy canvas

Hanging loose from their spars in a motionless calm in the tropics,

Stood a cluster of trees, with tangled cordage of grapevines. 910

Just where the woodlands met the flowery surf of the prairie,

Mounted upon his horse, with Spanish saddle and stirrups,

Sat a herdsman, arrayed in gaiters and doublet of deerskin.

Broad and brown was the face that from under the Spanish sombrero

Gazed on the peaceful scene, with the lordly look of its master. 915

Round about him were numberless herds of kine that
were grazing

Quietly in the meadows, and breathing the vapory
freshness

That uprose from the river, and spread itself over the
landscape.

Slowly lifting the horn that hung at his side, and ex-
panding

Fully his broad, deep chest, he blew a blast, that re-
sounded 920

Wildly and sweet and far, through the still damp air
of the evening.

Suddenly out of the grass the long white horns of the
cattle

Rose like flakes of foam on the adverse currents of
ocean.

Silent a moment they gazed, then bellowing rushed
o'er the prairie,

And the whole mass became a cloud, a shade in the
distance. 925

Then, as the herdsman turned to the house, through
the gate of the garden

Saw he the forms of the priest and the maiden ad-
vancing to meet him.

Suddenly down from his horse he sprang in amaze-
ment, and forward

Pushed with extended arms and exclamations of won-
der ;

When they beheld his face, they recognized Basil the
blacksmith. 930

Hearty his welcome was, as he led his guests to the
garden.

There in an arbor of roses with endless question and
answer

Gave they vent to their hearts, and renewed their
friendly embraces,

Laughing and weeping by turns, or sitting silent and
thoughtful.

Thoughtful, for Gabriel came not; and now dark
doubts and misgivings 935

Stole o'er the maiden's heart; and Basil, somewhat
embarrassed,

Broke the silence and said, "If you came by the
Atchafalaya,

How have you nowhere encountered my Gabriel's
boat on the bayous?"

Over Evangeline's face at the words of Basil a shade
passed.

Tears came into her eyes, and she said, with a trem-
ulous accent, 940

"Gone? is Gabriel gone?" and, concealing her face
on his shoulder,

All her o'erburdened heart gave way, and she wept
and lamented.

Then the good Basil said, — and his voice grew blithe
as he said it, —

"Be of good cheer, my child; it is only to-day he
departed.

Foolish boy! he has left me alone with my herds and
my horses. 945

Moody and restless grown, and tried and troubled, his
spirit

Could no longer endure the calm of this quiet exis-
tence.

Thinking ever of thee, uncertain and sorrowful ever,
Ever silent, or speaking only of thee and his troubles,
He at length had become so tedious to men and to
maidens, 950

Tedious even to me, that at length I bethought me, and
sent him

Unto the town of Adayes to trade for mules with the
Spaniards.

Thence he will follow the Indian trails to the Ozark
Mountains,

Hunting for furs in the forests, on rivers trapping the
beaver.

Therefore be of good cheer; we will follow the fugi-
tive lover; 955

He is not far on his way, and the Fates and the
streams are against him.

Up and away to-morrow, and through the red dew of
the morning,

We will follow him fast, and bring him back to his
prison."

Then glad voices were heard, and up from the
banks of the river,

Borne aloft on his comrades' arms, came Michael the
fiddler. 960

Long under Basil's roof had he lived, like a god on
Olympus,

Having no other care than dispensing music to mor-
tals.

Far renowned was he for his silver locks and his
fiddle.

"Long live Michael," they cried, "our brave Acadian
minstrel!"

As they bore him aloft in triumphal procession; and
straightway 965

Father Felician advanced with Evangeline, greeting
the old man

Kindly and oft, and recalling the past, while Basil,
enraptured,

Hailed with hilarious joy his old companions and gos-
sips,

Laughing loud and long, and embracing mothers and
daughters.

Much they marvelled to see the wealth of the ci-devant
blacksmith, 970

All his domains and his herds, and his patriarchal
demeanor ;

Much they marvelled to hear his tales of the soil and
the climate,

And of the prairies, whose numberless herds werè his
who would take them ;

Each one thought in his heart, that he, too, would go
and do likewise.

Thus they ascended the steps, and, crossing the breezy
veranda, 975

Entered the hall of the house, where already the sup-
per of Basil

Waited his late return ; and they rested and feasted
together.

Over the joyous feast the sudden darkness de-
scended.

All was silent without, and, illuming the landscape
with silver,

Fair rose the dewy moon and the myriad stars ; but
within doors, 980

Brighter than these, shone the faces of friends in the
glimmering lamplight.

Then from his station aloft, at the head of the table,
the herdsman

Poured forth his heart and his wine together in endless
profusion.

Lighting his pipe, that was filled with sweet Natchi-
toches tobacco,

Thus he spake to his guests, who listened, and smiled
as they listened : — 985

“ Welcome once more, my friends, who long have been
friendless and homeless,

Welcome once more to a home, that is better per-
chance than the old one !

Here no hungry winter congeals our blood like the
rivers ;

Here no stony ground provokes the wrath of the
farmer ;

Smoothly the ploughshare runs through the soil, as a
keel through the water. 990

All the year round the orange-groves are in blossom ;
and grass grows

More in a single night than a whole Canadian summer.

Here, too, numberless herds run wild and unclaimed
in the prairies ;

Here, too, lands may be had for the asking, and
forests of timber

With a few blows of the axe are hewn and framed
into houses. 995

After your houses are built, and your fields are yellow
with harvests,

No King George of England shall drive you away from
your homesteads,

Burning your dwellings and barns, and stealing your
farms and your cattle.”

Speaking these words, he blew a wrathful cloud from
his nostrils,

While his huge, brown hand came thundering down
on the table, 1000

So that the guests all started ; and Father Felician,
astounded,

Suddenly paused, with a pinch of snuff half-way to
his nostrils.

But the brave Basil resumed, and his words were
milder and gayer:—

“Only beware of the fever, my friends, beware of the
fever!

For it is not like that of our cold Acadian climate, ¹⁰⁰⁵
Cured by wearing a spider hung round one’s neck in a
nutshell!”

Then there were voices heard at the door, and foot-
steps approaching

Sounded upon the stairs and the floor of the breezy
veranda.

It was the neighboring Creoles and small Acadian
planters,

Who had been summoned all to the house of Basil the
herdsman. 1010

Merry the meeting was of ancient comrades and
neighbors:

Friend clasped friend in his arms; and they who
before were as strangers,

Meeting in exile, became straightway as friends to each
other,

Drawn by the gentle bond of a common country
together.

But in the neighboring hall a strain of music, pro-
ceeding 1015

From the accordant strings of Michael’s melodious
fiddle,

Broke up all further speech. Away, like children
delighted,

All things forgotten beside, they gave themselves to
the maddening

Whirl of the dizzy dance, as it swept and swayed to
the music,

Dreamlike, with beaming eyes and the rush of flutter-
ing garments. 1020

Meanwhile, apart, at the head of the hall, the priest
and the herdsman
Sat, conversing together of past and present and
future ;
While Evangeline stood like one entranced, for within
her
Olden memories rose, and loud in the midst of the
music
Heard she the sound of the sea, and an irrepressible sadness
1025
Came o'er her heart, and unseen she stole forth into
the garden.
Beautiful was the night. Behind the black wall of
the forest,
Tipping its summit with silver, arose the moon. On
the river
Fell here and there through the branches a tremulous
gleam of the moonlight,
Like the sweet thoughts of love on a darkened and
devious spirit.
1030
Nearer and round about her, the manifold flowers
of the garden
Poured out their souls in odors, that were their prayers
and confessions
Unto the night, as it went its way, like a silent
Carthusian.

1033. The Carthusians are a monastic order founded in the twelfth century, perhaps the most severe in its rules of all religious societies. Almost perpetual silence is one of the vows; the monks can talk together but once a week; the labor required of them is unremitting and the discipline exceedingly rigid. The first monastery was established at Chartreux near Grenoble in France, and the Latinized form of the name has given us the word Carthusian.

Fuller of fragrance than they, and as heavy with
 shadows and night-dews,

Hung the heart of the maiden. The calm and the
 magical moonlight 1035

Seemed to inundate her soul with indefinable long-
 ings,

As, through the garden gate, and beneath the shade
 of the oak-trees,

Passed she along the path to the edge of the measure-
 less prairie.

Silent it lay, with a silvery haze upon it, and fire-flies
 Gleaming and floating away in mingled and infinite
 numbers. 1040

Over her head the stars, the thoughts of God in the
 heavens,

Shone on the eyes of man, who had ceased to marvel
 and worship,

Save when a blazing comet was seen on the walls of
 that temple,

As if a hand had appeared and written upon them,
 "Upharsin."

And the soul of the maiden, between the stars and
 the fire-flies, 1045

Wandered alone, and she cried, "O Gabriel! O my
 beloved!

Art thou so near unto me, and yet I cannot behold
 thee?

Art thou so near unto me, and yet thy voice does not
 reach me?

Ah! how often thy feet have trod this path to the
 prairie!

Ah! how often thine eyes have looked on the wood-
 lands around me! 1050

Ah! how often beneath this oak, returning from labor,

Thou hast lain down to rest, and to dream of me in
thy slumbers!

When shall these eyes behold, these arms be folded
about thee?"

Loud and sudden and near the note of a whippoor-
will sounded

Like a flute in the woods; and anon, through the
neighboring thickets, 1055

Farther and farther away it floated and dropped into
silence.

"Patience!" whispered the oaks from oracular cav-
erns of darkness;

And, from the moonlit meadow, a sigh responded,
"To-morrow!"

Bright rose the sun next day; and all the flowers
of the garden

Bathed his shining feet with their tears, and anointed
his tresses 1060

With the delicious balm that they bore in their vases
of crystal.

"Farewell!" said the priest, as he stood at the
shadowy threshold;

"See that you bring us the Prodigal Son from his
fasting and famine;

And, too, the Foolish Virgin, who slept when the
bridegroom was coming."

"Farewell!" answered the maiden, and, smiling, with
Basil descended 1065

Down to the river's brink, where the boatmen already
were waiting.

Thus beginning their journey with morning, and sun-
shine, and gladness,

Swiftly they followed the flight of him who was speed-
ing before them,

Blown by the blast of fate like a dead leaf over the
desert.

Not that day, nor the next, nor yet the day that suc-
ceeded, 1070

Found they trace of his course, in lake or forest or
river,

Nor, after many days, had they found him ; but vague
and uncertain

Rumors alone were their guides through a wild and
desolate country ;

Till, at the little inn of the Spanish town of Adayes,
Weary and worn, they alighted, and learned from the
garrulous landlord 1075

That on the day before, with horses and guides and
companions,

Gabriel left the village, and took the road of the
prairies.

IV.

Far in the West there lies a desert land, where the
mountains

Lift, through perpetual snows, their lofty and lumi-
nous summits.

Down from their jagged, deep ravines, where the
gorge, like a gateway, 1080

Opens a passage rude to the wheels of the emigrant's
wagon,

Westward the Oregon flows and the Walleway and
Owyhee.

Eastward, with devious course, among the Wind-river
Mountains,

Through the Sweet-water Valley precipitate leaps the
Nebraska ;

And to the south, from Fontaine-qui-bout and the
Spanish sierras, 1085

Fretted with sands and rocks, and swept by the wind
of the desert,
Numberless torrents, with ceaseless sound, descend to
the ocean,
Like the great chords of a harp, in loud and solemn
vibrations.
Spreading between these streams are the wondrous,
beautiful prairies,
Billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow and sun-
shine, 1090
Bright with luxuriant clusters of roses and purple
amorphas.
Over them wandered the buffalo herds, and the elk
and the roebuck ;
Over them wandered the wolves, and herds of rider-
less horses ;
Fires that blast and blight, and winds that are weary
with travel ;
Over them wander the scattered tribes of Ishmael's
children, 1095
Staining the desert with blood ; and above their terri-
ble war-trails
Circles and sails aloft, on pinions majestic, the vul-
ture,
Like the implacable soul of a chieftain slaughtered
in battle,
By invisible stairs ascending and scaling the heav-
ens.
Here and there rise smokes from the camps of these
savage marauders ; 1100
Here and there rise groves from the margins of swift-
running rivers ;
And the grim, taciturn bear, the anchorite monk of
the desert,

Climbs down their dark ravines to dig for roots by
 the brook-side,
 And over all is the sky, the clear and crystalline
 heaven,
 Like the protecting hand of God inverted above
 them.

1105

Into this wonderful land, at the base of the Ozark
 Mountains,
 Gabriel far had entered, with hunters and trappers
 behind him.
 Day after day, with their Indian guides, the maiden
 and Basil
 Followed his flying steps, and thought each day to
 o'ertake him.
 Sometimes they saw, or thought they saw, the smoke
 of his camp-fire
 Rise in the morning air from the distant plain ; but
 at nightfall,
 When they had reached the place, they found only
 embers and ashes.
 And, though their hearts were sad at times and their
 bodies were weary,
 Hope still guided them on, as the magic Fata Morgana
 Showed them her lakes of light, that retreated and
 vanished before them.

1115

1114. The Italian name for a meteoric phenomenon nearly allied to a mirage, witnessed in the Straits of Messina, and less frequently elsewhere, and consisting in the appearance in the air over the sea of the objects which are upon the neighboring coasts. In the southwest of our own country, the mirage is very common, of lakes which stretch before the tired traveller, and the deception is so great that parties have sometimes beckoned to other travellers, who seemed to be wading knee-deep, to come over to them where dry land was.

Once, as they sat by their evening fire, there silently
entered
Into the little camp an Indian woman, whose features
Wore deep traces of sorrow, and patience as great as
her sorrow.
She was a Shawnee woman returning home to her
people,
From the far-off hunting-grounds of the cruel Ca-
manches, 1120
Where her Canadian husband, a *coureur-des-bois*,
had been murdered.
Touched were their hearts at her story, and warmest
and friendliest welcome
Gave they, with words of cheer, and she sat and
feasted among them
On the buffalo-meat and the venison cooked on the
embers.
But when their meal was done, and Basil and all his
companions, 1125
Worn with the long day's march and the chase of the
deer and the bison,
Stretched themselves on the ground, and slept where
the quivering fire-light
Flashed on their swarthy cheeks, and their forms
wrapped up in their blankets,
Then at the door of Evangeline's tent she sat and re-
peated
Slowly, with soft, low voice, and the charm of her In-
dian accent, 1130
All the tale of her love, with its pleasures, and pains,
and reverses.
Much Evangeline wept at the tale, and to know that
another
Hapless heart like her own had loved and had been
disappointed.

Moved to the depths of her soul by pity and woman's
 compassion,
 Yet in her sorrow pleased that one who had suffered
 was near her, 1135
 She in turn related her love and all its disasters.
 Mute with wonder the Shawnee sat, and when she had
 ended
 Still was mute ; but at length, as if a mysterious hor-
 ror
 Passed through her brain, she spake, and repeated the
 tale of the Mowis ;
 Mowis, the bridegroom of snow, who won and wedded
 a maiden, 1140
 But, when the morning came, arose and passed from
 the wigwam,
 Fading and melting away and dissolving into the sun-
 shine,
 Till she beheld him no more, though she followed far
 into the forest.
 Then, in those sweet, low tones, that seemed like a
 weird incantation,
 Told she the tale of the fair Lilinau, who was wooed
 by a phantom, 1145
 That, through the pines o'er her father's lodge, in the
 hush of the twilight,
 Breathed like the evening wind, and whispered love to
 the maiden,
 Till she followed his green and waving plume through
 the forest,
 And nevermore returned, nor was seen again by her
 people.

1145. The story of Lilinau and other Indian legends will be found in H. R. Schoolcraft's *Algic Researches*.

Silent with wonder and strange surprise, Evangeline
listened 1150
To the soft flow of her magical words, till the region
around her
Seemed like enchanted ground, and her swarthy guest
the enchantress.
Slowly over the tops of the Ozark Mountains the
moon rose,
Lighting the little tent, and with a mysterious splen-
dor
Touching the sombre leaves, and embracing and filling
the woodland. 1155
With a delicious sound the brook rushed by, and the
branches
Swayed and sighed overhead in scarcely audible whis-
pers.
Filled with the thoughts of love was Evangeline's
heart, but a secret,
Subtile sense crept in of pain and indefinite terror,
As the cold, poisonous snake creeps into the nest of
the swallow. 1160
It was no earthly fear. A breath from the region of
spirits
Seemed to float in the air of night; and she felt for a
moment
That, like the Indian maid, she, too, was pursuing a
phantom.
With this thought she slept, and the fear and the
phantom had vanished.

Early upon the morrow the march was resumed, and
the Shawnee 1165
Said, as they journeyed along, — “On the western
slope of these mountains

Dwells in his little village the Black Robe chief of
the Mission.

Much he teaches the people, and tells them of Mary
and Jesus ;

Loud laugh their hearts with joy, and weep with pain,
as they hear him."

Then, with a sudden and secret emotion, Evangeline
answered,

1170

"Let us go to the Mission, for there good tidings
await us !"

Thither they turned their steeds ; and behind a spur
of the mountains,

Just as the sun went down, they heard a murmur of
voices,

And in a meadow green and broad, by the bank of a
river,

Saw the tents of the Christians, the tents of the Jesuit
Mission.

1175

Under a towering oak, that stood in the midst of the
village,

Knelt the Black Robe chief with his children. A
crucifix fastened

High on the trunk of the tree, and overshadowed by
grapevines,

Looked with its agonized face on the multitude kneel-
ing beneath it.

This was their rural chapel. Aloft, through the intri-
cate arches

1180

Of its aerial roof, arose the chant of their vespers,
Mingling its notes with the soft susurrus and sighs of
the branches.

Silent, with heads uncovered, the travellers, nearer
approaching,

Knelt on the swarded floor, and joined in the evening
devotions.

But when the service was done, and the benediction
had fallen 1185
Forth from the hands of the priest, like seed from the
hands of the sower,
Slowly the reverend man advanced to the strangers,
and bade them
Welcome; and when they replied, he smiled with be-
nignant expression,
Hearing the homelike sounds of his mother-tongue in
the forest,
And, with words of kindness, conducted them into his
wigwam. 1190
There upon mats and skins they reposed, and on cakes
of the maize-ear
Feasted, and slaked their thirst from the water-gourd
of the teacher.
Soon was their story told; and the priest with solemn-
ity answered: —
“Not six suns have risen and set since Gabriel, seated
On this mat by my side, where now the maiden re-
poses, 1195
Told me this same sad tale; then arose and continued
his journey!”
Soft was the voice of the priest, and he spake with an
accent of kindness;
But on Evangeline’s heart fell his words as in winter
the snow-flakes
Fall into some lone nest from which the birds have
departed.
“Far to the north he has gone,” continued the priest;
“but in autumn, 1200
When the chase is done, will return again to the Mis-
sion.”
Then Evangeline said, and her voice was meek and
submissive,

“Let me remain with thee, for my soul is sad and afflicted.”

So seemed it wise and well unto all ; and betimes on
the morrow,

Mounting his Mexican steed, with his Indian guides
and companions, 1205

Homeward Basil returned, and Evangeline stayed at
the Mission.

Slowly, slowly, slowly the days succeeded each
other, —

Days and weeks and months ; and the fields of maize
that were springing

Green from the ground when a stranger she came,
now waving about her,

Lifted their slender shafts, with leaves interlacing,
and forming 1210

Cloisters for mendicant crows and granaries pillaged
by squirrels.

Then in the golden weather the maize was husked,
and the maidens

Blushed at each blood-red ear, for that betokened a
lover,

But at the crooked laughed, and called it a thief in
the corn-field.

Even the blood-red ear to Evangeline brought not her
lover. 1215

“Patience !” the priest would say ; “have faith, and
thy prayer will be answered !

Look at this vigorous plant that lifts its head from
the meadow,

See how its leaves are turned to the north, as true as
the magnet ;

This is the compass-flower, that the finger of God has
 planted
 Here in the houseless wild, to direct the traveller's
 journey 1220
 Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste of the
 desert.
 Such in the soul of man is faith. The blossoms of
 passion,
 Gay and luxuriant flowers, are brighter and fuller of
 fragrance,
 But they beguile us, and lead us astray, and their
 odor is deadly.
 Only this humble plant can guide us here, and here-
 after 1225
 Crown us with asphodel flowers, that are wet with the
 dews of nepenthe."

So came the autumn, and passed, and the winter —
 yet Gabriel came not ;
 Blossomed the opening spring, and the notes of the
 robin and bluebird
 Sounded sweet upon wold and in wood, yet Gabriel
 came not.
 But on the breath of the summer winds a rumor was
 wafted 1230

1219. *Silphium laciniatum* or compass-plant is found on the prairies of Michigan and Wisconsin and to the south and west, and is said to present the edges of the lower leaves due north and south.

1226. In early Greek poetry the asphodel meadows were haunted by the shades of heroes. See Homer's *Odyssey*, xxiv. 13, where Pope translates : —

" In ever flowering meads of Asphodel."

The asphodel is of the lily family, and is known also by the name king's spear.

Sweeter than song of bird, or hue or odor of blossom.

Far to the north and east, it said, in the Michigan forests,

Gabriel had his lodge by the banks of the Saginaw River.

And, with returning guides, that sought the lakes of St. Lawrence,

Saying a sad farewell, Evangeline went from the Mission. 1235

When over weary ways, by long and perilous marches,

She had attained at length the depths of the Michigan forests,

Found she the hunter's lodge deserted and fallen to ruin !

Thus did the long sad years glide on, and in seasons and places

Divers and distant far was seen the wandering maiden ; — 1240

Now in the Tents of Grace of the meek Moravian Missions,

Now in the noisy camps and the battle-fields of the army,

Now in secluded hamlets, in towns and populous cities.

Like a phantom she came, and passed away unremembered.

Fair was she and young, when in hope began the long journey ; 1245

Faded was she and old, when in disappointment it ended.

Each succeeding year stole something away from her
beauty,
Leaving behind it, broader and deeper, the gloom and
the shadow.
Then there appeared and spread faint streaks of gray
o'er her forehead,
Dawn of another life, that broke o'er her earthly hor-
izon, 1250
As in the eastern sky the first faint streaks of the
morning.

V.

In that delightful land which is washed by the Dela-
ware's waters,
Guarding in sylvan shades the name of Penn the
apostle,
Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the city
he founded.
There all the air is balm, and the peach is the emblem
of beauty, 1255
And the streets still reëcho the names of the trees of
the forest,
As if they fain would appease the Dryads whose
haunts they molested.
There from the troubled sea had Evangeline landed,
an exile,
Finding among the children of Penn a home and a
country.
There old René Leblanc had died; and when he
departed, 1260
Saw at his side only one of all his hundred descend-
ants.

1256. The streets of Philadelphia, as is well known, are many of them, especially those running east and west, named for trees, as Chestnut, Walnut, Locust, Spruce, Pine, etc.

Something at least there was in the friendly streets of
the city,

Something that spake to her heart, and made her no
longer a stranger ;

And her ear was pleased with the Thee and Thou of
the Quakers,

For it recalled the past, the old Acadian country, 1265

Where all men were equal, and all were brothers and
sisters.

So, when the fruitless search, the disappointed en-
deavor,

Ended, to recommence no more upon earth, uncom-
plaining,

Thither, as leaves to the light, were turned her
thoughts and her footsteps.

As from a mountain's top the rainy mists of the morn-
ing 1270

Roll away, and afar we behold the landscape below us,
Sun-illuminated, with shining rivers and cities and ham-
lets,

So fell the mists from her mind, and she saw the
world far below her,

Dark no longer, but all illumined with love ; and the
pathway

Which she had climbed so far, lying smooth and fair
in the distance. 1275

Gabriel was not forgotten. Within her heart was his
image,

Clothed in the beauty of love and youth, as last she
beheld him,

Only more beautiful made by his deathlike silence and
absence.

Into her thoughts of him time entered not, for it was
not.

Over him years had no power ; he was not changed,
but transfigured ;

1280

He had become to her heart as one who is dead, and
not absent ;

Patience and abnegation of self, and devotion to others,
This was the lesson a life of trial and sorrow had
taught her.

So was her love diffused, but, like to some odorous
spices,

Suffered no waste nor loss, though filling the air with
aroma.

1285

Other hope had she none, nor wish in life, but to follow,
Meekly with reverent steps, the sacred feet of her
Saviour.

Thus many years she lived as a Sister of Mercy ; fre-
quenting

Lonely and wretched roofs in the crowded lanes of
the city,

Where distress and want concealed themselves from
the sunlight,

1290

Where disease and sorrow in garrets languished neg-
lected.

Night after night when the world was asleep, as the
watchman repeated

Loud, through the gusty streets, that all was well in
the city,

High at some lonely window he saw the light of her
taper.

Day after day, in the gray of the dawn, as slow
through the suburbs

1295

Plodded the German farmer, with flowers and fruits
for the market,

Met he that meek, pale face, returning home from its
watchings.

Then it came to pass that a pestilence fell on the
 city,
 Presaged by wondrous signs, and mostly by flocks of
 wild pigeons,
 Darkening the sun in their flight, with naught in their
 craws but an acorn. 1300
 And, as the tides of the sea arise in the month of Sep-
 tember,
 Flooding some silver stream, till it spreads to a lake
 in the meadow,
 So death flooded life, and, o'erflowing its natural mar-
 gin,
 Spread to a brackish lake the silver stream of ex-
 istence.
 Wealth had no power to bribe, nor beauty to charm,
 the oppressor ; 1305
 But all perished alike beneath the scourge of his
 anger ; —
 Only, alas ! the poor, who had neither friends nor at-
 tendants,
 Crept away to die in the almshouse, home of the
 homeless.
 Then in the suburbs it stood, in the midst of meadows
 and woodlands ; —

1298. The year 1793 was long remembered as the year when yellow fever was a terrible pestilence in Philadelphia. Charles Brockden Brown made his novel of *Arthur Mervyn* turn largely upon the incidents of the plague, which drove Brown away from home for a time.

1308. Philadelphians have identified the old Friends' almshouse on Walnut Street, now no longer standing, as that in which Evangeline ministered to Gabriel, and so real was the story that some even ventured to point out the graves of the two lovers. See Westcott's *The Historic Mansions of Philadelphia*, pp. 101, 102.

Now the city surrounds it; but still, with its gateway
and wicket 1310

Meek, in the midst of splendor, its humble walls seem
to echo

Softly the words of the Lord:—“The poor ye al-
ways have with you.”

Thither, by night and by day, came the Sister of
Mercy. The dying

Looked up into her face, and thought, indeed, to be-
hold there

Gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead with
splendor, 1315

Such as the artist paints o'er the brows of saints and
apostles,

Or such as hangs by night o'er a city seen at a distance.
Unto their eyes it seemed the lamps of the city cele-
stial,

Into whose shining gates erelong their spirits would
enter.

Thus, on a Sabbath morn, through the streets, de-
serted and silent, 1320

Wending her quiet way, she entered the door of the
almshouse.

Sweet on the summer air was the odor of flowers in
the garden,

And she paused on her way to gather the fairest
among them,

That the dying once more might rejoice in their fra-
grance and beauty.

Then, as she mounted the stairs to the corridors,
cooled by the east-wind, 1325

Distant and soft on her ear fell the chimes from the
belfry of Christ Church,

While, intermingled with these, across the meadows
were wafted

Sounds of psalms, that were sung by the Swedes in
their church at Wicaco.

Soft as descending wings fell the calm of the hour on
her spirit ;

Something within her said, " At length thy trials are
ended ; " 1330

And, with light in her looks, she entered the cham-
bers of sickness.

Noiselessly moved about the assiduous, careful attend-
ants,

Moistening the feverish lip, and the aching brow, and
in silence

Closing the sightless eyes of the dead, and concealing
their faces,

Where on their pallets they lay, like drifts of snow
by the roadside. 1335

Many a languid head, upraised as Evangeline entered,
Turned on its pillow of pain to gaze while she passed,
for her presence

Fell on their hearts like a ray of the sun on the walls
of a prison.

And, as she looked around, she saw how Death, the
consoler,

Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it
forever. 1340

1328. The Swedes' church at Wicaco is still standing, the oldest in the city of Philadelphia, having been begun in 1698. Wicaco is within the city, on the banks of the Delaware River. An interesting account of the old church and its historic associations will be found in Westcott's book just mentioned, pp. 56-67. Wilson the ornithologist lies buried in the churchyard adjoining the church.

Many familiar forms had disappeared in the night
time ;

Vacant their places were, or filled already by strangers.

Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling of
wonder,

Still she stood, with her colorless lips apart; while a
shudder

Ran through her frame, and, forgotten, the flowerets
dropped from her fingers, 1345

And from her eyes and cheeks the light and bloom of
the morning.

Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such terri-
ble anguish,

That the dying heard it, and started up from their
pillows.

On the pallet before her was stretched the form of an
old man.

Long, and thin, and gray were the locks that shaded
his temples ; 1350

But, as he lay in the morning light, his face for a
moment

Seemed to assume once more the forms of its earlier
manhood ;

So are wont to be changed the faces of those who are
dying.

Hot and red on his lips still burned the flush of the
fever,

As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had besprinkled
its portals, 1355

That the Angel of Death might see the sign, and pass
over.

Motionless, senseless, dying, he lay, and his spirit
exhausted

Seemed to be sinking down through infinite depths in
the darkness,

Darkness of slumber and death, forever sinking and
sinking.

Then through those realms of shade, in multiplied
reverberations, 1360

Heard he that cry of pain, and through the hush that
succeeded

Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and saint-
like,

“Gabriel! O my beloved!” and died away into si-
lence.

Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the home of
his childhood;

Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers among
them, 1365

Village, and mountain, and woodlands; and, walking
under their shadow,

As in the days of her youth, Evangeline rose in his
vision.

Tears came into his eyes; and as slowly he lifted his
eyelids,

Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline knelt by his
bedside.

Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the accents
unuttered 1370

Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what his
tongue would have spoken.

Vainly he strove to rise; and Evangeline, kneeling
beside him,

Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her bosom.

Sweet was the light of his eyes; but it suddenly sank
into darkness,

As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at a
casement. 1375

All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and the
sorrow,

All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied
longing,

All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of
patience!

And, as she pressed once more the lifeless head to her
bosom,

Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured, "Father,
I thank thee!"

1380

Still stands the forest primeval; but far away from
its shadow,

Side by side, in their nameless graves, the lovers are
sleeping.

Under the humble walls of the little Catholic church-
yard,

In the heart of the city, they lie, unknown and un-
noticed.

Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside
them,

1385

Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at
rest and forever,

Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer
are busy,

Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have ceased
from their labors,

Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have completed
their journey!

Still stands the forest primeval; but under the
shade of its branches

1390

Dwells another race, with other customs and language.

Only along the shore of the mournful and misty
Atlantic

Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers from
exile

Wandered back to their native land to die in its
bosom.

In the fisherman's cot the wheel and the loom are still
busy;

1395

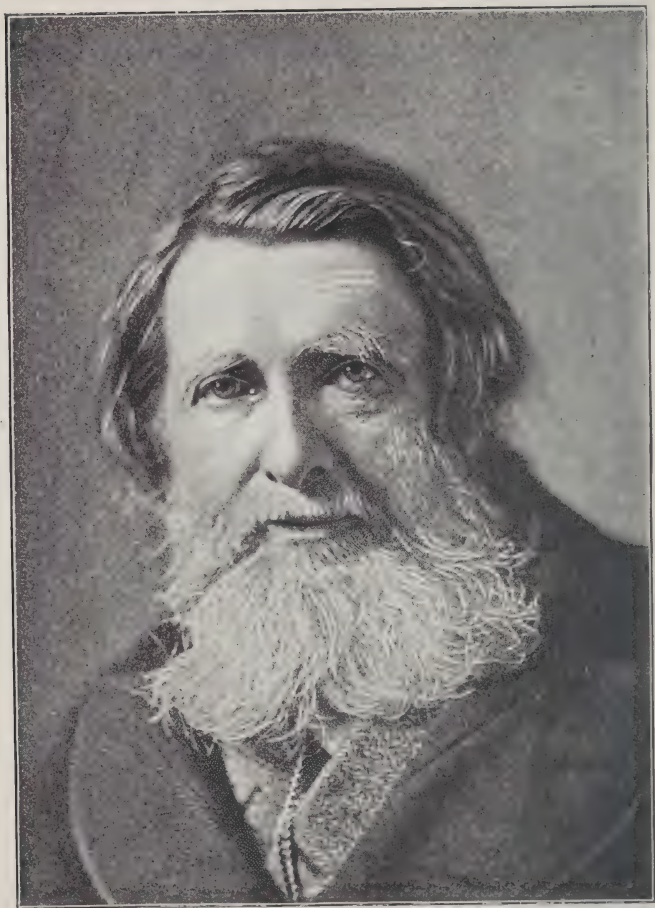
Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their kirtles
of homespun,

And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's story,

While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced, neigh-
boring ocean

Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail
of the forest.

ENGLISH CLASSICS



W. Mackin

JOHN RUSKIN.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

JOHN RUSKIN was an English writer who has puzzled some people because, becoming famous as a critic of art, he concerned himself more earnestly as he grew older with the question how men and women should live so as to make the world in which they lived beautiful. He was born February 8, 1819, the year in which James Russell Lowell was born. His father was a rich wine-merchant who lived in London, but both he and his wife were of Scotch descent. John Ruskin was their only child, and they not only gave him the best education they could find, his mother especially making him thoroughly acquainted with the Bible, but from early years they treated him as their companion, took him on long journeys in the family chaise, and when he had been graduated at Oxford, carried him to the continent and showed him Switzerland and Italy.

When he was twelve years old a friend gave him a copy of Samuel Rogers's poem, *Italy*, illustrated by Turner, an English artist, who was a friend of his father. His love of art was stimulated by the pictures and with all that he saw of Turner's work, and though when a boy and youth he seemed to care more about writing poetry than anything else, he was really feeding all the time his love of beauty. He studied painting, and began himself to paint. One day he read, in *Blackwood's Magazine*, a harsh criticism of Turner. He sprang indignantly to the defence of the great painter, but as he plunged into his task, he found himself

grappling with fundamental questions of art; his work grew, and in 1843, when he was twenty-four years old, he published the first volume of *Modern Painters*, a famous examination of art, especially landscape art, and only incidentally, though emphatically, a defence of Turner.

For twenty years Ruskin devoted himself mainly to writing on art. His books had a very great influence both on painters and architects in calling their attention to great principles in art, and on public taste. But by and by, his readers noticed that as he insisted on purity and truthfulness of ideas as essential to right drawing and color, he began also to inquire into the failure of great art, and to ask if great art and good art did not depend upon the right living of people. In a word, just as before he started to defend Turner and found he must go to the bottom and study the whole meaning of modern art, so now he could not satisfy himself short of an examination of the whole structure of human society.

He was a painter when he undertook to write about painting, and his own work in water-color was a guide to his criticism in art. When he was possessed with the belief that the world was going wrong in its industry and its common life, he set about making a new world in a small way. He formed a society, called St. George's Company, started a farm, set up a shop, and in various ways tried to show how men and women might begin a new order of things by obedience to certain great laws. He tried a great many experiments, and they formed the basis of the books he now wrote in which he sought to get at the sound principles of right living. He made himself very unhappy, but he must needs keep on, like an old prophet who uttered his cries and lamentations and warnings, though few seemed to heed him. Now and then he would return to his thoughts about art, but they were mingled with these new, more pressing thoughts. He addressed a long series of letters to working-men, and finally he began a beautiful narrative of his own

life, but laid the pen down out of physical and mental weariness before he finished it. He died January 20, 1900.

It was when he was a young man, before he wrote *Modern Painters*, that he wrote the pretty fairy-tale which follows.

THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER.

I.

IN a secluded and mountainous part of Styria there was, in old time, a valley of the most surprising and luxuriant fertility. It was surrounded on all sides by steep and rocky mountains, rising into peaks, which were always covered with snow, and from which a number of torrents descended in constant cataracts. One of these fell westward, over the face of a crag so high that, when the sun had set to everything else, and all below was darkness, his beams still shone full upon this waterfall, so that it looked like a shower of gold. It was therefore called by the people of the neighborhood the Golden River. It was strange that none of these streams fell into the valley itself. They all descended on the other side of the mountains, and wound away through broad plains and by populous cities. But the clouds were drawn so constantly to the snowy hills, and rested so softly in the circular hollow, that, in time of drought and heat, when all the country round was burnt up, there was still rain in the little valley ; and its crops were so heavy, and its hay so high, and its apples so red, and its grapes so blue, and its wine so rich, and its honey so sweet, that it was a marvel to every one who beheld it, and was commonly called the Treasure Valley.

The whole of this little valley belonged to three brothers, called Schwartz, Hans, and Gluck. Schwartz

and Hans, the two elder brothers, were very ugly men, with overhanging eyebrows and small, dull eyes, which were always half shut, so that you could n't see into them, and always fancied they saw very far into you. They lived by farming the Treasure Valley, and very good farmers they were. They killed everything that did not pay for its eating. They shot the blackbirds, because they pecked the fruit; and killed the hedgehogs, lest they should suck the cows; they poisoned the crickets for eating the crumbs in the kitchen; and smothered the cicadas, which used to sing all summer in the lime-trees. They worked their servants without any wages, till they would not work any more, and then quarrelled with them, and turned them out of doors without paying them. It would have been very odd if, with such a farm, and such a system of farming, they had n't got very rich; and very rich they did get. They generally contrived to keep their corn by them till it was very dear, and then sell it for twice its value; they had heaps of gold lying about on their floors, yet it was never known that they had given so much as a penny or a crust in charity; they never went to mass; grumbled perpetually at paying tithes; and were, in a word, of so cruel and grinding a temper, as to receive from all those with whom they had any dealings, the nickname of the "Black Brothers."

The youngest brother, Gluck, was as completely opposed, in both appearance and character, to his seniors as could possibly be imagined or desired. He was not above twelve years old, fair, blue-eyed, and kind in temper to every living thing. He did not, of course, agree particularly well with his brothers, or, rather, they did not agree with him. He was usually appointed to the honorable office of turnspit, when

there was anything to roast, which was not often ; for, to do the brothers justice, they were hardly less sparing upon themselves than upon other people. At other times he used to clean the shoes, the floors, and sometimes the plates, occasionally getting what was left on them, by way of encouragement, and a wholesome quantity of dry blows, by way of education.

Things went on in this manner for a long time. At last came a very wet summer, and everything went wrong in the country round. The hay had hardly been got in, when the haystacks were floated bodily down to the sea by an inundation ; the vines were cut to pieces with the hail ; the corn was all killed by a black blight ; only in the Treasure Valley, as usual, all was safe. As it had rain when there was rain nowhere else, so it had sun when there was sun nowhere else. Everybody came to buy corn at the farm, and went away pouring maledictions on the Black Brothers. They asked what they liked, and got it, except from the poor people, who could only beg, and several of whom were starved at their very door, without the slightest regard or notice.

It was drawing toward winter, and very cold weather, when one day the two elder brothers had gone out, with their usual warning to little Gluck, who was left to mind the roast, that he was to let nobody in, and give nothing out. Gluck sat down quite close to the fire, for it was raining very hard, and the kitchen walls were by no means dry or comfortable looking. He turned and turned, and the roast got nice and brown. "What a pity," thought Gluck, "my brothers never ask anybody to dinner. I'm sure, when they've got such a nice piece of mutton as this, and nobody else has got so much as a piece of dry bread,

it would do their hearts good to have somebody to eat it with them."

Just as he spoke, there came a double knock at the house-door, yet heavy and dull, as though the knocker had been tied up, — more like a puff than a knock.

"It must be the wind," said Gluck; "nobody else would venture to knock double knocks at our door."

No; it was n't the wind; there it came again very hard, and, what was particularly astounding, the knocker seemed to be in a hurry, and not to be in the least afraid of the consequences. Gluck went to the window, opened it, and put his head out to see who it was.

It was the most extraordinary-looking little gentleman he had ever seen in his life. He had a very large nose, slightly brass-colored; his cheeks were very round and very red, and might have warranted a supposition that he had been blowing a refractory fire for the last eight-and-forty hours; his eyes twinkled merrily through long silky eyelashes, his mustaches curled twice round like a corkscrew on each side of his mouth, and his hair, of a curious mixed pepper-and-salt color, descended far over his shoulders. He was about four feet six in height, and wore a conical pointed cap of nearly the same altitude, decorated with a black feather some three feet long. His doublet was prolonged behind into something resembling a violent exaggeration of what is now termed a "swallow-tail," but was much obscured by the swelling folds of an enormous black, glossy-looking cloak, which must have been very much too long in calm weather, as the wind, whistling round the old house, carried it clear out from the wearer's shoulders to about four times his own length.

Gluck was so perfectly paralyzed by the singular

appearance of his visitor, that he remained fixed without uttering a word, until the old gentleman, having performed another and a more energetic concerto on the knocker, turned round to look after his fly-away cloak. In so doing he caught sight of Gluck's little yellow head jammed in the window, with its mouth and eyes very wide open indeed.

"Hollo!" said the little gentleman, "that's not the way to answer the door; I'm wet, let me in."

To do the little gentleman justice, he was wet. His feather hung down between his legs like a beaten puppy's tail, dripping like an umbrella; and from the ends of his mustaches the water was running into his waistcoat-pockets, and out again like a mill-stream.

"I beg pardon, sir," said Gluck, "I'm very sorry, but I really can't."

"Can't what?" said the old gentleman.

"I can't let you in, sir, — I can't, indeed; my brothers would beat me to death, sir, if I thought of such a thing. What do you want, sir?"

"Want?" said the old gentleman, petulantly, "I want fire and shelter; and there's your great fire there blazing, crackling, and dancing on the walls, with nobody to feel it. Let me in, I say; I only want to warm myself."

Gluck had had his head, by this time, so long out of the window that he began to feel it was really unpleasantly cold, and when he turned, and saw the beautiful fire rustling and roaring, and throwing long bright tongues up the chimney, as if it were licking its chops at the savory smell of the leg of mutton, his heart melted within him that it should be burning away for nothing. "He does look very wet," said little Gluck; "I'll just let him in for a quarter of an

hour." Round he went to the door, and opened it; and as the little gentleman walked in, through the house came a gust of wind that made the old chimneys totter.

"That's a good boy," said the little gentleman. "Never mind your brothers. I'll talk to them."

"Pray, sir, don't do any such thing," said Gluck. "I can't let you stay till they come; they'd be the death of me."

"Dear me," said the old gentleman, "I'm very sorry to hear that. How long may I stay?"

"Only till the mutton's done, sir," replied Gluck, "and it's very brown."

Then the old gentleman walked into the kitchen, and sat himself down on the hob, with the top of his cap accommodated up the chimney, for it was a great deal too high for the roof.

"You'll soon dry there, sir," said Gluck, and sat down again to turn the mutton. But the old gentleman did *not* dry there, but went on drip, drip, dripping among the cinders, and the fire fizzed and sputtered, and began to look very black and uncomfortable; never was such a cloak; every fold in it ran like a gutter.

"I beg pardon, sir," said Gluck at length, after watching the water spreading in long quicksilver-like streams over the floor for a quarter of an hour; "may n't I take your cloak?"

"No, thank you," said the old gentleman.

"Your cap, sir?"

"I'm all right, thank you," said the old gentleman, rather gruffly.

"But — sir — I'm very sorry," said Gluck, hesitatingly; "but — really, sir — you're putting the fire out."

"It'll take longer to do the mutton then," replied his visitor, dryly.

Gluck was very much puzzled by the behavior of his guest; it was such a strange mixture of coolness and humility. He turned away at the string meditatively for another five minutes.

"That mutton looks very nice," said the old gentleman, at length. "Can't you give me a little bit?"

"Impossible, sir," said Gluck.

"I'm very hungry," continued the old gentleman; "I've had nothing to eat yesterday, nor to-day. They surely could n't miss a bit from the knuckle!"

He spoke in so very melancholy a tone that it quite melted Gluck's heart. "They promised me one slice to-day, sir," said he; "I can give you that, but not a bit more."

"That's a good boy," said the old gentleman again.

Then Gluck warmed a plate and sharpened a knife. "I don't care if I do get beaten for it," thought he. Just as he had cut a large slice out of the mutton, there came a tremendous rap at the door. The old gentleman jumped off the hob, as if it had suddenly become inconveniently warm. Gluck fitted the slice into the mutton again, with desperate efforts at exactitude, and ran to open the door.

"What did you keep us waiting in the rain for?" said Schwartz, as he walked in, throwing his umbrella in Gluck's face.

"Ay! what for, indeed, you little vagabond?" said Hans, administering an educational box on the ear, as he followed his brother into the kitchen.

"Bless my soul!" said Schwartz, when he opened the door.

"Amen," said the little gentleman, who had taken his cap off, and was standing in the middle of the kitchen, bowing with the utmost possible velocity.

"Who's that?" said Schwartz, catching up a rolling-pin, and turning to Gluck with a fierce frown.

"I don't know, indeed, brother," said Gluck, in great terror.

"How did he get in?" roared Schwartz.

"My dear brother," said Gluck deprecatingly, "he was so very wet!"

The rolling-pin was descending on Gluck's head; but, at the instant, the old gentleman interposed his conical cap, on which it crashed with a shock that shook the water out of it all over the room. What was very odd, the rolling-pin no sooner touched the cap, than it flew out of Schwartz's hand, spinning like a straw in a high wind, and fell into the corner at the further end of the room.

"Who are you, sir?" demanded Schwartz, turning upon him.

"What's your business?" snarled Hans.

"I'm a poor old man, sir," the little gentleman began very modestly, "and I saw your fire through the window, and begged shelter for a quarter of an hour."

"Have the goodness to walk out again, then," said Schwartz. "We've quite enough water in our kitchen, without making it a drying-house."

"It is a cold day to turn an old man out in, sir; look at my gray hairs." They hung down to his shoulders, as I told you before.

"Ay!" said Hans, "there are enough of them to keep you warm. Walk!"

"I'm very, very hungry, sir; could n't you spare me a bit of bread before I go?"

"Bread, indeed!" said Schwartz; "do you suppose we've nothing to do with our bread but to give it to such red-nosed fellows as you?"

"Why don't you sell your feather?" said Hans sneeringly. "Out with you."

"A little bit," said the old gentleman.

"Be off!" said Schwartz.

"Pray, gentlemen."

"Off, and be hanged!" cried Hans, seizing him by the collar. But he had no sooner touched the old gentleman's collar, than away he went after the rolling-pin, spinning round and round, till he fell into the corner on the top of it. Then Schwartz was very angry, and ran at the old gentleman to turn him out; but he also had hardly touched him, when away he went after Hans and the rolling-pin, and hit his head against the wall as he tumbled into the corner. And so there they lay, all three.

Then the old gentleman spun himself round with velocity in the opposite direction; continued to spin until his long cloak was all wound neatly about him; clapped his cap on his head, very much on one side (for it could not stand upright without going through the ceiling), gave an additional twist to his corkscrew mustaches, and replied with perfect coolness: "Gentlemen, I wish you a very good morning. At twelve o'clock to-night I'll call again; after such a refusal of hospitality as I have just experienced, you will not be surprised if that visit is the last I ever pay you."

"If ever I catch you here again," muttered Schwartz, coming, half frightened, out of the corner, — but before he could finish his sentence, the old gentleman had shut the house-door behind him with a great bang; and past the window, at the same instant,

drove a wreath of ragged cloud, that whirled and rolled away down the valley in all manner of shapes; turning over and over in the air; and melting away at last in a gush of rain.

“A very pretty business, indeed, Mr. Gluck!” said Schwartz. “Dish the mutton, sir. If ever I catch you at such a trick again — Bless me, why the mutton’s been cut!”

“You promised me one slice, brother, you know,” said Gluck.

“Oh! and you were cutting it hot, I suppose, and going to catch all the gravy. It’ll be long before I promise you such a thing again. Leave the room, sir; and have the kindness to wait in the coal-cellar till I call you.”

Gluck left the room melancholy enough. The brothers ate as much mutton as they could, locked the rest in the cupboard, and proceeded to get very drunk after dinner.

Such a night as it was! Howling wind and rushing rain without intermission. The brothers had just sense enough left to put up all the shutters, and double bar the door, before they went to bed. They usually slept in the same room. As the clock struck twelve, they were both awakened by a tremendous crash. Their door burst open with a violence that shook the house from top to bottom.

“What’s that?” cried Schwartz, starting up in his bed.

“Only I,” said the little gentleman.

The two brothers sat up on their bolster, and stared into the darkness. The room was full of water, and by a misty moonbeam, which found its way through a hole in the shutter, they could see, in the midst of it,

an enormous foam globe, spinning round, and bobbing up and down like a cork, on which, as on a most luxurious cushion, reclined the little old gentleman, cap and all. There was plenty of room for it now, for the roof was off.

"Sorry to incommode you," said their visitor ironically. "I'm afraid your beds are dampish; perhaps you had better go to your brother's room; I've left the ceiling on there."

They required no second admonition, but rushed into Gluck's room, wet through, and in an agony of terror.

"You'll find my card on the kitchen table," the old gentleman called after them. "Remember, the *last* visit."

"Pray Heaven it may be!" said Schwartz, shuddering. And the foam globe disappeared.

Dawn came at last, and the two brothers looked out of Gluck's little window in the morning. The Treasure Valley was one mass of ruin and desolation. The inundation had swept away trees, crops, and cattle, and left, in their stead, a waste of red sand and gray mud. The two brothers crept, shivering and horror-struck, into the kitchen. The water had gutted the whole first floor: corn, money, almost every movable thing had been swept away, and there was left only a small white card on the kitchen table. On it, in large, breezy, long-legged letters, were engraved the words:—

SOUTHWEST WIND, ESQUIRE.

II.

Southwest Wind, Esquire, was as good as his word. After the momentous visit above related, he entered the Treasure Valley no more; and, what was worse, he had so much influence with his relations, the West Winds in general, and used it so effectually, that they all adopted a similar line of conduct. So no rain fell in the valley from one year's end to another. Though everything remained green and flourishing in the plains below, the inheritance of the Three Brothers was a desert. What had once been the richest soil in the kingdom became a shifting heap of red sand; and the brothers, unable longer to contend with the adverse skies, abandoned their valueless patrimony in despair, to seek some means of gaining a livelihood among the cities and people of the plains. All their money was gone, and they had nothing left but some curious, old-fashioned pieces of gold plate, the last remnants of their ill-gotten wealth.

"Suppose we turn goldsmiths?" said Schwartz to Hans, as they entered the large city. "It is a good knave's trade: we can put a great deal of copper into the gold, without any one's finding it out."

The thought was agreed to be a very good one; they hired a furnace, and turned goldsmiths. But two slight circumstances affected their trade: the first, that people did not approve of the coppered gold; the second, that the two elder brothers, whenever they had sold anything, used to leave little Gluck to mind the furnace, and go and drink out the money in the ale-house next door. So they melted all their gold, without making money enough to buy more, and were at last reduced to one large drinking-mug, which an

uncle of his had given to little Gluck, and which he was very fond of, and would not have parted with for the world ; though he never drank anything out of it but milk and water. The mug was a very odd mug to look at. The handle was formed of two wreaths of flowing golden hair, so finely spun that it looked more like silk than like metal, and these wreaths descended into, and mixed with, a beard and whiskers, of the same exquisite workmanship, which surrounded and decorated a very fierce little face, of the reddest gold imaginable, right in the front of the mug, with a pair of eyes in it which seemed to command its whole circumference. It was impossible to drink out of the mug without being subjected to an intense gaze out of the side of these eyes ; and Schwartz positively averred that once, after emptying it full of Rhenish seventeen times, he had seen them wink ! When it came to the mug's turn to be made into spoons, it half broke poor little Gluck's heart ; but the brothers only laughed at him, tossed the mug into the melting-pot, and staggered out to the ale-house ; leaving him, as usual, to pour the gold into bars, when it was all ready.

When they were gone, Gluck took a farewell look at his old friend in the melting-pot. The flowing hair was all gone ; nothing remained but the red nose, and the sparkling eyes, which looked more malicious than ever. "And no wonder," thought Gluck, "after being treated in that way." He sauntered disconsolately to the window, and sat himself down to catch the fresh evening air, and escape the hot breath of the furnace. Now this window commanded a direct view of the range of mountains which, as I told you before, overhung the Treasure Valley, and more especially of the

peak from which fell the Golden River. It was just at the close of the day, and, when Gluck sat down at the window, he saw the rocks of the mountain-tops, all crimson and purple with the sunset; and there were bright tongues of fiery cloud burning and quivering about them; and the river, brighter than all, fell, in a waving column of pure gold, from precipice to precipice, with the double arch of a broad purple rainbow stretched across it, flushing and fading alternately in the wreaths of spray.

“Ah!” said Gluck aloud, after he had looked at it for a little while, “if that river were really all gold, what a nice thing it would be!”

“No, it would n’t, Gluck,” said a clear, metallic voice, close at his ear.

“Bless me, what’s that?” exclaimed Gluck, jumping up. There was nobody there. He looked round the room, and under the table, and a great many times behind him, but there was certainly nobody there, and he sat down again at the window. This time he did n’t speak, but he could n’t help thinking again that it would be very convenient if the river were really all gold.

“Not at all, my boy,” said the same voice, louder than before.

“Bless me!” said Gluck again, “what is that?” He looked again into all the corners and cupboards, and then began turning round and round, as fast as he could, in the middle of the room, thinking there was somebody behind him, when the same voice struck again on his ear. It was singing now very merrily “Lala-lira-la;” no words, only a soft running effervescent melody, something like that of a kettle on the boil. Gluck looked out of the window. No, it was

certainly in the house. Upstairs, and downstairs. No, it was certainly in that very room, coming in quicker time and clearer notes every moment. "Lala-lira-la." All at once it struck Gluck that it sounded louder near the furnace. He ran to the opening and looked in; yes, he saw right, it seemed to be coming, not only out of the furnace, but out of the pot. He uncovered it, and ran back in a great fright, for the pot was certainly singing! He stood in the farthest corner of the room, with his hands up, and his mouth open, for a minute or two, when the singing stopped, and the voice became clear and pronounciative.

"Hollo!" said the voice.

Gluck made no answer.

"Hollo! Gluck, my boy," said the pot again.

Gluck summoned all his energies, walked straight up to the crucible, drew it out of the furnace, and looked in. The gold was all melted, and its surface as smooth and polished as a river; but instead of its reflecting little Gluck's head, as he looked in, he saw meeting his glance, from beneath the gold, the red nose and the sharp eyes of his old friend of the mug, a thousand times redder and sharper than ever he had seen them in his life.

"Come, Gluck, my boy," said the voice out of the pot again, "I'm all right; pour me out."

But Gluck was too much astonished to do anything of the kind.

"Pour me out, I say," said the voice rather gruffly. Still Gluck could n't move.

"*Will* you pour me out?" said the voice passionately. "I'm too hot."

By a violent effort, Gluck recovered the use of his limbs, took hold of the crucible, and sloped it so as to

pour out the gold. But instead of a liquid stream, there came out, first, a pair of pretty little yellow legs, then some coat-tails, then a pair of arms stuck akimbo, and, finally, the well-known head of his friend the mug; all which articles, uniting as they rolled out, stood up energetically on the floor, in the shape of a little golden dwarf, about a foot and a half high.

"That's right!" said the dwarf, stretching out first his legs, and then his arms, and then shaking his head up and down, and as far round as it would go, for five minutes, without stopping; apparently with the view of ascertaining if he were quite correctly put together, while Gluck stood contemplating him in speechless amazement. He was dressed in a slashed doublet of spun gold, so fine in its texture that the prismatic colors gleamed over it, as if on a surface of mother-of-pearl; and over this brilliant doublet his hair and beard fell full half-way to the ground, in waving curls, so exquisitely delicate that Gluck could hardly tell where they ended; they seemed to melt into air. The features of the face, however, were by no means finished with the same delicacy; they were rather coarse, slightly inclining to coppery in complexion, and indicative, in expression, of a very pertinacious and intractable disposition in their small proprietor. When the dwarf had finished his self-examination, he turned his small, sharp eyes full on Gluck, and stared at him deliberately for a minute or two. "No, it would n't, Gluck, my boy," said the little man.

This was certainly rather an abrupt and unconnected mode of commencing conversation. It might indeed be supposed to refer to the course of Gluck's thoughts, which had first produced the dwarf's observations out of the pot; but whatever it referred to, Gluck had no inclination to dispute the dictum.

"Would n't it, sir?" said Gluck, very mildly and submissively indeed.

"No," said the dwarf conclusively. "No, it would n't." And with that, the dwarf pulled his cap hard over his brows, and took two turns of three feet long, up and down the room, lifting his legs very high, and setting them down very hard. This pause gave time for Gluck to collect his thoughts a little, and, seeing no great reason to view his diminutive visitor with dread, and feeling his curiosity overcome his amazement, he ventured on a question of peculiar delicacy.

"Pray, sir," said Gluck, rather hesitatingly, "were you my mug?"

On which the little man turned sharp round, walked straight up to Gluck, and drew himself up to his full height. "I," said the little man, "am the King of the Golden River." Whereupon he turned about again, and took two more turns, some six feet long, in order to allow time for the consternation which this announcement produced in his auditor to evaporate. After which he again walked up to Gluck and stood still, as if expecting some comment on his communication.

Gluck determined to say something, at all events. "I hope your Majesty is very well," said Gluck.

"Listen!" said the little man, deigning no reply to this polite inquiry. "I am the King of what you mortals call the Golden River. The shape you saw me in was owing to the malice of a stronger king, from whose enchantments you have this instant freed me. What I have seen of you, and your conduct to your wicked brothers, renders me willing to serve you; therefore attend to what I tell you. Whoever

shall climb to the top of that mountain from which you see the Golden River issue, and shall cast into the stream at its source three drops of holy water, for him, and for him only, the river shall turn to gold. But no one failing in his first can succeed in a second attempt; and if any one shall cast unholy water into the river, it will overwhelm him, and he will become a black stone." So saying, the King of the Golden River turned away, and deliberately walked into the centre of the hottest flame of the furnace. His figure became red, white, transparent, dazzling, — a blaze of intense light, — rose, trembled, and disappeared. The King of the Golden River had evaporated.

"Oh!" cried poor Gluck, running to look up the chimney after him; "oh dear, dear, dear me! My mug! my mug! my mug!"

III.

The King of the Golden River had hardly made his extraordinary exit before Hans and Schwartz came roaring into the house, very savagely drunk. The discovery of the total loss of their last piece of plate had the effect of sobering them just enough to enable them to stand over Gluck, beating him very steadily for a quarter of an hour; at the expiration of which period they dropped into a couple of chairs, and requested to know what he had got to say for himself. Gluck told them his story, of which of course they did not believe a word. They beat him again, till their arms were tired, and staggered to bed. In the morning, however, the steadiness with which he adhered to his story obtained him some degree of credence; the immediate consequence of which was, that the two

brothers, after wrangling a long time on the knotty question which of them should try his fortune first, drew their swords, and began fighting. The noise of the fray alarmed the neighbors, who, finding they could not pacify the combatants, sent for the constable.

Hans, on hearing this, contrived to escape, and hid himself; but Schwartz was taken before the magistrate, fined for breaking the peace, and having drunk out his last penny the evening before, was thrown into prison till he should pay.

When Hans heard this, he was much delighted, and determined to set out immediately for the Golden River. How to get the holy water was the question. He went to the priest, but the priest could not give any holy water to so abandoned a character. So Hans went to vespers in the evening for the first time in his life, and, under pretence of crossing himself, stole a cupful, and returned home in triumph.

Next morning he got up before the sun rose, put the holy water into a strong flask, and two bottles of wine and some meat in a basket, slung them over his back, took his alpine staff in his hand, and set off for the mountains.

On his way out of the town he had to pass the prison, and as he looked in at the windows, whom should he see but Schwartz himself peeping out of the bars, and looking very disconsolate.

“Good morning, brother,” said Hans; “have you any message for the King of the Golden River?”

Schwartz gnashed his teeth with rage, and shook the bars with all his strength; but Hans only laughed at him, and advising him to make himself comfortable till he came back again, shouldered his basket,

shook the bottle of holy water in Schwartz's face till it frothed again, and marched off in the highest spirits in the world.

It was, indeed, a morning that might have made any one happy, even with no Golden River to seek for. Level lines of dewy mist lay stretched along the valley, out of which rose the massy mountains, — their lower cliffs in pale gray shadow, hardly distinguishable from the floating vapor, but gradually ascending till they caught the sunlight, which ran in sharp touches of ruddy color along the angular crags, and pierced, in long level rays, through their fringes of spear-like pine. Far above shot up red splintered masses of castellated rock, jagged and shivered into myriads of fantastic forms, with here and there a streak of sunlit snow, traced down their chasms like a line of forked lightning; and, far beyond, and far above all these, fainter than the morning cloud, but purer and changeless, slept, in the blue sky, the utmost peaks of the eternal snow.

The Golden River, which sprang from one of the lower and snowless elevations, was now nearly in shadow; all but the uppermost jets of spray, which rose like slow smoke above the undulating line of the cataract, and floated away in feeble wreaths upon the morning wind.

On this object, and on this alone, Hans's eyes and thoughts were fixed; forgetting the distance he had to traverse, he set off at an imprudent rate of walking, which greatly exhausted him before he had scaled the first range of the green and low hills. He was, moreover, surprised, on surmounting them, to find that a large glacier, of whose existence, notwithstanding his previous knowledge of the mountains,

he had been absolutely ignorant, lay between him and the source of the Golden River. He entered on it with the boldness of a practised mountaineer; yet he thought he had never traversed so strange or so dangerous a glacier in his life. The ice was excessively slippery, and out of all its chasms came wild sounds of gushing water; not monotonous or low, but changeful and loud, rising occasionally into drifting passages of wild melody, then breaking off into short, melancholy tones, or sudden shrieks, resembling those of human voices in distress or pain. The ice was broken into thousands of confused shapes, but none, Hans thought, like the ordinary forms of splintered ice. There seemed a curious *expression* about all their outlines,—a perpetual resemblance to living features, distorted and scornful. Myriads of deceitful shadows and lurid lights played and floated about and through the pale blue pinnacles, dazzling and confusing the sight of the traveller; while his ears grew dull and his head giddy with the constant gush and roar of the concealed waters. These painful circumstances increased upon him as he advanced; the ice crashed and yawned into fresh chasms at his feet, tottering spires nodded around him, and fell thundering across his path; and though he had repeatedly faced these dangers on the most terrific glaciers, and in the wildest weather, it was with a new and oppressive feeling of panic terror that he leaped the last chasm, and flung himself, exhausted and shuddering, on the firm turf of the mountain.

He had been compelled to abandon his basket of food, which became a perilous incumbrance on the glacier, and had now no means of refreshing himself

but by breaking off and eating some of the pieces of ice. This, however, relieved his thirst; an hour's repose recruited his hardy frame, and, with the indomitable spirit of avarice, he resumed his laborious journey.

His way now lay straight up a ridge of bare, red rocks, without a blade of grass to ease the foot or a projecting angle to afford an inch of shade from the south sun. It was past noon, and the rays beat intensely upon the steep path, while the whole atmosphere was motionless, and penetrated with heat. Intense thirst was soon added to the bodily fatigue with which Hans was now afflicted; glance after glance he cast on the flask of water which hung at his belt. "Three drops are enough," at last thought he; "I may, at least, cool my lips with it."

He opened the flask, and was raising it to his lips, when his eye fell on an object lying on the rock beside him; he thought it moved. It was a small dog, apparently in the last agony of death from thirst. Its tongue was out, its jaws dry, its limbs extended lifelessly, and a swarm of black ants were crawling about its lips and throat. Its eye moved to the bottle which Hans held in his hand. He raised it, drank, spurned the animal with his foot, and passed on. And he did not know how it was, but he thought that a strange shadow had suddenly come across the blue sky.

The path became steeper and more rugged every moment; and the high hill air, instead of refreshing him, seemed to throw his blood into a fever. The noise of the hill cataracts sounded like mockery in his ears; they were all distant, and his thirst increased every moment. Another hour passed, and he again looked down to the flask at his side; it was half

empty, but there was much more than three drops in it. He stopped to open it, and again, as he did so, something moved in the path above him. It was a fair child, stretched nearly lifeless on the rock, its breast heaving with thirst, its eyes closed, and its lips parched and burning. Hans eyed it deliberately, drank, and passed on. And a dark gray cloud came over the sun, and long snake-like shadows crept up along the mountain-sides. Hans struggled on. The sun was sinking, but its descent seemed to bring no coolness; the leaden weight of the dead air pressed upon his brow and heart, but the goal was near. He saw the cataract of the Golden River springing from the hillside, scarcely five hundred feet above him. He paused for a moment to breathe, and sprang on to complete his task.

At this instant a faint cry fell on his ear. He turned, and saw a gray-haired old man extended on the rocks. His eyes were sunk, his features deadly pale, and gathered into an expression of despair. "Water!" he stretched his arms to Hans, and cried feebly, — "Water! I am dying."

"I have none," replied Hans; "thou hast had thy share of life." He strode over the prostrate body, and darted on. And a flash of blue lightning rose out of the east, shaped like a sword; it shook thrice over the whole heaven, and left it dark with one heavy, impenetrable shade. The sun was setting; it plunged toward the horizon like a red-hot ball.

The roar of the Golden River rose on Hans's ear. He stood at the brink of the chasm through which it ran. Its waves were filled with the red glory of the sunset: they shook their crests like tongues of fire, and flashes of bloody light gleamed along their foam.

Their sound came mightier and mightier on his senses ; his brain grew giddy with the prolonged thunder. Shuddering, he drew the flask from his girdle, and hurled it into the centre of the torrent. As he did so, an icy chill shot through his limbs ; he staggered, shrieked, and fell. The waters closed over his cry. And the moaning of the river rose wildly into the night, as it gushed over

The Black Stone.

IV.

Poor little Gluck waited very anxiously alone in the house for Hans's return. Finding he did not come back, he was terribly frightened, and went and told Schwartz in the prison all that had happened. Then Schwartz was very much pleased, and said that Hans must certainly have been turned into a black stone, and he should have all the gold to himself. But Gluck was very sorry, and cried all night. When he got up in the morning, there was no bread in the house, nor any money ; so Gluck went and hired himself to another goldsmith, and he worked so hard, and so neatly, and so long every day, that he soon got money enough together to pay his brother's fine, and he went and gave it all to Schwartz, and Schwartz got out of prison. Then Schwartz was quite pleased, and said he should have some of the gold of the river. But Gluck only begged he would go and see what had become of Hans.

Now when Schwartz had heard that Hans had stolen the holy water, he thought to himself that such a proceeding might not be considered altogether correct by the King of the Golden River, and determined to man-

age matters better. So he took some more of Gluck's money, and went to a bad priest, who gave him some holy water very readily for it. Then Schwartz was sure it was all quite right. So Schwartz got up early in the morning before the sun rose, and took some bread and wine in a basket, and put his holy water in a flask, and set off for the mountains. Like his brother, he was much surprised at the sight of the glacier, and had great difficulty in crossing it, even after leaving his basket behind him. The day was cloudless, but not bright: a heavy purple haze was hanging over the sky, and the hills looked lowering and gloomy. And as Schwartz climbed the steep rock path, the thirst came upon him, as it had upon his brother, until he lifted his flask to his lips to drink. Then he saw the fair child lying near him on the rocks, and it cried to him, and moaned for water.

"Water, indeed," said Schwartz; "I have n't half enough for myself," and passed on. And as he went he thought the sunbeams grew more dim, and he saw a low bank of black cloud rising out of the west; and when he had climbed for another hour the thirst overcame him again, and he would have drunk. Then he saw the old man lying before him on the path, and heard him cry out for water. "Water, indeed," said Schwartz; "I have n't half enough for myself," and on he went.

Then again the light seemed to fade from before his eyes, and he looked up, and, behold, a mist, of the color of blood, had come over the sun; and the bank of black cloud had risen very high, and its edges were tossing and tumbling like the waves of the angry sea. And they cast long shadows, which flickered over Schwartz's path.

Then Schwartz climbed for another hour, and again his thirst returned; and as he lifted his flask to his lips, he thought he saw his brother Hans lying exhausted on the path before him, and, as he gazed, the figure stretched its arms to him, and cried for water. "Ha, ha," laughed Schwartz, "are you there? Remember the prison bars, my boy. Water, indeed! do you suppose I carried it all the way up here for *you*?" And he strode over the figure; yet, as he passed, he thought he saw a strange expression of mockery about its lips. And, when he had gone a few yards farther, he looked back; but the figure was not there.

And a sudden horror came over Schwartz, he knew not why; but the thirst for gold prevailed over his fear, and he rushed on. And the bank of black cloud rose to the zenith, and out of it came bursts of spiry lightning, and waves of darkness seemed to heave and float between their flashes, over the whole heavens. And the sky where the sun was setting was all level, and like a lake of blood; and a strong wind came out of that sky, tearing its crimson clouds into fragments, and scattering them far into the darkness. And when Schwartz stood by the brink of the Golden River, its waves were black like thunder-clouds, but their foam was like fire; and the roar of the waters below and the thunder above met, as he cast the flask into the stream. And, as he did so, the lightning glared in his eyes, and the earth gave way beneath him, and the waters closed over his cry. And the moaning of the river rose wildly into the night, as it gushed over

The Two Black Stones.

V.

When Gluck found that Schwartz did not come back, he was very sorry, and did not know what to do. He had no money, and was obliged to go and hire himself again to the goldsmith, who worked him very hard, and gave him very little money. So, after a month or two, Gluck grew tired, and made up his mind to go and try his fortune with the Golden River. "The little king looked very kind," thought he. "I don't think he will turn me into a black stone." So he went to the priest, and the priest gave him some holy water as soon as he asked for it. Then Gluck took some bread in his basket, and the bottle of water, and set off very early for the mountains.

If the glacier had occasioned a great deal of fatigue to his brothers, it was twenty times worse for him, who was neither so strong nor so practised on the mountains. He had several very bad falls, lost his basket and bread, and was very much frightened at the strange noises under the ice. He lay a long time to rest on the grass, after he had got over, and began to climb the hill just in the hottest part of the day. When he had climbed for an hour, he got dreadfully thirsty, and was going to drink like his brothers, when he saw an old man coming down the path above him, looking very feeble, and leaning on a staff. "My son," said the old man, "I am faint with thirst; give me some of that water." Then Gluck looked at him, and when he saw that he was pale and weary, he gave him the water; "Only pray don't drink it all," said Gluck. But the old man drank a great deal, and gave him back the bottle two thirds empty. Then he bade him good speed, and Gluck went on again mer-

rily. And the path became easier to his feet, and two or three blades of grass appeared upon it, and some grasshoppers began singing on the bank beside it; and Gluck thought he had never heard such merry singing.

Then he went on for another hour, and the thirst increased on him so that he thought he should be forced to drink. But, as he raised the flask, he saw a little child lying panting by the roadside, and it cried out piteously for water. Then Gluck struggled with himself and determined to bear the thirst a little longer; and he put the bottle to the child's lips, and it drank it all but a few drops. Then it smiled on him and got up, and ran down the hill; and Gluck looked after it, till it became as small as a little star, and then turned, and began climbing again. And then there were all kinds of sweet flowers growing on the rocks, bright green moss, with pale pink starry flowers, and soft-belled gentians, more blue than the sky at its deepest, and pure white transparent lilies. And crimson and purple butterflies darted hither and thither, and the sky sent down such pure light that Gluck had never felt so happy in his life.

Yet, when he had climbed for another hour, his thirst became intolerable again; and, when he looked at his bottle, he saw that there were only five or six drops left in it, and he could not venture to drink. And as he was hanging the flask to his belt again, he saw a little dog lying on the rocks, gasping for breath,—just as Hans had seen it on the day of his ascent. And Gluck stopped and looked at it, and then at the Golden River, not five hundred yards above him; and he thought of the dwarf's words, "that no one could succeed, except in his first attempt;" and he tried to

pass the dog, but it whined piteously, and Gluck stopped again. "Poor beastie," said Gluck, "it 'll be dead when I come down again, if I don't help it." Then he looked closer and closer at it, and its eye turned on him so mournfully that he could not stand it. "Confound the King and his gold too," said Gluck; and he opened the flask, and poured all the water into the dog's mouth.

The dog sprang up and stood on its hind legs. Its tail disappeared, its ears became long, longer, silky, golden; its nose became very red, its eyes became very twinkling; in three seconds the dog was gone, and before Gluck stood his old acquaintance, the King of the Golden River.

"Thank you," said the monarch; "but don't be frightened, it's all right;" for Gluck showed manifest symptoms of consternation at this unlooked-for reply to his last observation. "Why did n't you come before," continued the dwarf, "instead of sending me those rascally brothers of yours, for me to have the trouble of turning into stones? Very hard stones they make, too."

"Oh dear me!" said Gluck, "have you really been so cruel?"

"Cruel?" said the dwarf; "they poured unholy water into my stream; do you suppose I'm going to allow that?"

"Why," said Gluck, "I am sure, sir, — your Majesty, I mean, — they got the water out of the church font."

"Very probably," replied the dwarf; "but," and his countenance grew stern as he spoke, "the water which has been refused to the cry of the weary and dying is unholy, though it had been blessed by every

saint in heaven ; and the water which is found in the vessel of mercy is holy, though it had been defiled with corpses.”

So saying, the dwarf stooped and plucked a lily that grew at his feet. On its white leaves hung three drops of clear dew, and the dwarf shook them into the flask which Gluck held in his hand. “Cast these into the river,” he said, “and descend on the other side of the mountains into the Treasure Valley. And so good speed.”

As he spoke, the figure of the dwarf became indistinct. The playing colors of his robe formed themselves into a prismatic mist of dewy light ; he stood for an instant veiled with them as with the belt of a broad rainbow. The colors grew faint, the mist rose into the air ; the monarch had evaporated.

And Gluck climbed to the brink of the Golden River, and its waves were as clear as crystal and as brilliant as the sun. And when he cast the three drops of dew into the stream, there opened where they fell a small circular whirlpool, into which the waters descended with a musical noise.

Gluck stood watching it for some time, very much disappointed, because not only the river was not turned into gold, but its waters seemed much diminished in quantity. Yet he obeyed his friend the dwarf, and descended the other side of the mountains, toward the Treasure Valley ; and, as he went, he thought he heard the noise of water working its way under the ground. And when he came in sight of the Treasure Valley, behold, a river, like the Golden River, was springing from a new cleft of the rocks above it, and was flowing in innumerable streams among the dry heaps of red sand.

And as Gluck gazed, fresh grass sprang beside the new streams, and creeping plants grew, and climbed among the moistening soil. Young flowers opened suddenly along the river sides, as stars leap out when twilight is deepening, and thickets of myrtle, and tendrils of vine, cast lengthening shadows over the valley as they grew. And thus the Treasure Valley became a garden again, and the inheritance, which had been lost by cruelty, was regained by love.

And Gluck went and dwelt in the valley, and the poor were never driven from his door; so that his barns became full of corn, and his house of treasure. And, for him, the river had, according to the dwarf's promise, become a River of Gold.

And to this day the inhabitants of the valley point out the place where the three drops of holy dew were cast into the stream, and trace the course of the Golden River under the ground, until it emerges in the Treasure Valley. And at the top of the cataract of the Golden River are still to be seen two black stones, round which the waters howl mournfully every day at sunset; and these stones are still called, by the people of the valley,

The Black Brothers.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY was born October 25, 1800. His father, Zachary Macaulay, was an earnest advocate in England of the emancipation of slaves in the English colonies in the West Indies, and ardently desired to see his son in public life. Macaulay had a brilliant career in the University of Cambridge, and after graduation he appeared first as a champion of the anti-slavery cause, but quickly turned to literature, and wrote an essay on Milton which brought him renown. He did not forsake the notion of public life, however, and was sent to Parliament when he was thirty-two years old. He continued to serve either in Parliament or in office under government from 1832 to 1856.

During that time he made many speeches, and was connected with many great movements, but he left his mark in English history, not as a statesman, but as a splendid writer of prose, and of some striking poems. His essays covered a large array of subjects in English literature, history, and biography, and were as popular as novels. He wrote a History of England, which will be read by many for its attractive style, and its rapid sketches of persons and scenes, even when the readers may think that Macaulay wrote with his mind full of partisan beliefs as to the people about whom he was writing.

He was a remarkable talker. His memory was very capacious, and when any topic was started he could pour

out a steady stream of most interesting disquisition on the subject. An English wit, Sydney Smith, who also had a reputation as a brilliant talker, used to be greatly annoyed when he was one of the same company ; he could scarcely get in a word. Later, when Macaulay had lost some of his superabundant health, there was more opportunity for others, and Smith said one day : “ Macaulay is improved ! Yes, Macaulay is improved ! I have observed in him of late flashes — of silence.” He was raised to the peerage in 1857, and died December 28, 1859.

The poetry by which Macaulay is known is wholly of one kind. With his historical tastes, and his love of eloquence, he conceived the notion of turning into ballad form some of the stories of Roman history. He chose an easy, swinging measure, and rushed along in it with the rich diction which, as in his history, made his readers listen enchanted, and unmindful of any lapses in accuracy or coloring of simple matters. The main group of poems which he wrote was called *Lays of Ancient Rome*, and it is the first one in the group which is here given.

HORATIUS.

A LAY MADE ABOUT THE YEAR OF THE CITY CCCLX.

The foundation of Rome is estimated to have been about 753 years before Christ. According to legendary history, there was a dynasty of Etruscan kings, Tarquinius Priscus, Servius Tullius, and Tarquinius Superbus, that ruled Rome successively; but the tyranny of the house became so hateful that the people finally banished the Tarquinian family and set up a republic, governed by two magistrates called consuls, chosen annually. This was in the year 244. The Tarquinian family attempted to return to power, first by intrigue and then by open war, making an alliance with Porsena, who ruled over Etruria. The ballad that follows narrates the exploit of Horatius when the city was defending itself; but it is supposed to have been made a hundred and twenty years after the war which it celebrates, and just before the taking of Rome by the Gauls. "The author," says Macaulay, "seems to have been an honest citizen, proud of the military glory of his country, sick of the disputes of factions, and much given to pining after good old times which had never really existed."

1

LARS PORSENA of Clusium

By the Nine Gods he swore

That the great house of Tarquin

Should suffer wrong no more.

By the Nine Gods he swore it,

And named a trysting day,

1. *Lars* in the Etruscan tongue signified *chieftain*. *Clusium* is the modern *Chiusi*.

2. The Romans had a tradition that there were nine great Etruscan gods.

And bade his messengers ride forth,
 East and west and south and north,
 To summon his array.

2

10 East and west and south and north
 The messengers ride fast,
 And tower and town and cottage
 Have heard the trumpet's blast.
 Shame on the false Etruscan
 15 Who lingers in his home,
 When Porsena of Clusium
 Is on the march for Rome.

3

The horsemen and the footmen
 Are pouring in amain
 20 From many a stately market-place,
 From many a fruitful plain ;
 From many a lonely hamlet,
 Which, hid by beech and pine,
 Like an eagle's nest, hangs on the crest
 25 Of purple Apennine ;

4

From lordly Volaterræ,
 Where scowls the far-famed hold

26. *Volaterræ*, modern *Volterra*.

27. "The situation of the Etruscan towns is one of the most striking characteristics of Tuscan scenery. Many of them occupy surfaces of table-land surrounded by a series of gullies not visible from a distance. The traveller thus may be a whole day reaching a place which in the morning may have seemed to him but a little way off." — Dennis, *Cities and Cemeteries of Etruria*.

Piled by the hands of giants
 For godlike kings of old ;
 30 From seagirt Populonia,
 Whose sentinels descry
 Sardinia's snowy mountain-tops
 Fringing the southern sky ;

5

From the proud mart of Pisæ,
 35 Queen of the western waves,
 Where ride Massilia's triremes
 Heavy with fair-haired slaves ;
 From where sweet Clanis wanders
 Through corn and vines and flowers ;
 40 From where Cortona lifts to heaven
 Her diadem of towers.

6

Tall are the oaks whose acorns
 Drop in dark Auser's rill ;
 Fat are the stags that champ the boughs
 45 Of the Ciminian hill ;
 Beyond all streams Clitumnus
 Is to the herdsman dear ;
 Best of all pools the fowler loves
 The great Volsinian mere.

34. *Pisæ*, now *Pisa*.

36. *Massilia*, the ancient *Marseilles*, which originally was a Greek colony and a great commercial centre.

37. The *fair-haired* slaves were doubtless slaves from Gaul, bought and sold by the Greek merchants.

38. *Clanis*, the modern *la Chicana*.

43. The *Auser* was a tributary stream of the river *Arno*.

46. *Clitumnus*, *Clituno* in modern times.

49. *Volsinian mere*, now known as *Lago di Bolsena*.

7

50 But now no stroke of woodman
 Is heard by Auser's rill;
 No hunter tracks the stag's green path
 Up the Ciminian hill;
 Unwatched along Clitumnus
 55 Grazes the milk-white steer;
 Unharm'd the waterfowl may dip
 In the Volsinian mere.

8

The harvests of Arretium,
 This year, old men shall reap,
 60 This year, young boys in Umbro
 Shall plunge the struggling sheep;
 And in the vats of Luna,
 This year, the must shall foam
 Round the white feet of laughing girls
 65 Whose sires have marched to Rome.

9

There be thirty chosen prophets,
 The wisest of the land,
 Who alway by Lars Porsena
 Both morn and evening stand:

58. *Arretium*, now *Arezzo*.

60. *Umbro*, the river *Ombrone*. All this region was occupied by the Etruscans, and, since the men had gone to fight Rome, only the old and very young would be left to carry on the work of the country.

66. The Etruscan religion was one of sorcery, and their prophets were augurs who sought to know the will of the gods by various outward signs; such as the flight of birds, the direction of lightning, and the mystic writings of the prophets before them.

70 Evening and morn the Thirty
 Have turned the verses o'er,
 Traced from the right on linen white
 By mighty seers of yore.

10

And with one voice the Thirty
 75 Have their glad answer given :
 " Go forth, go forth, Lars Porsena ;
 Go forth, beloved of Heaven :
 Go, and return in glory
 To Clusium's royal dome ;
 80 And hang round Nurscia's altars
 The golden shields of Rome."

11

And now hath every city
 Sent up her tale of men :
 The foot are fourscore thousand,
 85 The horse are thousands ten.
 Before the gates of Sutrium
 Is met the great array.
 A proud man was Lars Porsena
 Upon the trysting day.

12

90 For all the Etruscan armies
 Were ranged beneath his eye,

72. The Etruscan writing was from right to left.

83. *Tale of men.* Compare Milton's lines in *L' Allegro*, —

" And every shepherd tells his tale
 Under the hawthorn, in the dale."

The *tally* which we keep is a kindred word.

86. *Sutrium* is *Sutri* to-day.

And many a banished Roman,
And many a stout ally ;
And with a mighty following
95 To join the muster came
The Tusculan Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name.

13

But by the yellow Tiber
Was tumult and affright :
100 From all the spacious champaign
To Rome men took their flight.
A mile around the city,
The throng stopped up the ways ;
A fearful sight it was to see
105 Through two long nights and days.

14

For aged folks on crutches,
And women great with child,
And mothers sobbing over babes
That clung to them and smiled,
110 And sick men borne in litters
High on the necks of slaves,
And troops of sunburnt husbandmen
With reaping-hooks and staves,

15

And droves of mules and asses
115 Laden with skins of wine,
And endless flocks of goats and sheep,
And endless herds of kine,
And endless trains of wagons
That creaked beneath the weight

120 Of corn-sacks and of household goods,
Choked every roaring gate.

16

Now, from the rock Tarpeian,
Could the wan burghers spy
The line of blazing villages
125 Red in the midnight sky.
The Fathers of the City,
They sat all night and day,
For every hour some horseman came
With tidings of dismay.

17

130 To eastward and to westward
Have spread the Tuscan bands ;
Nor house nor fence nor dovecote
In Crustumerium stands.
Verbenna down to Ostia
135 Hath wasted all the plain ;
Astur hath stormed Janiculum,
And the stout guards are slain.

18

Iwis, in all the Senate,
There was no heart so bold,

122. The Tarpeian rock was a cliff on the steepest side of the Capitoline Hill in Rome, and overhung the Tiber.

123. *Burghers*. Macaulay uses a very modern word to describe the men of Rome.

126. *The Fathers of the City*, otherwise the Senators of Rome.

134. *Ostia*, at the mouth of the Tiber, was the port of Rome.

136. The Janiculan Hill was on the right bank of the Tiber.

138. *Iwis*. Compare Lowell's lines in *Credidimus Jovem regnare*:

"God vanished long ago, iwis,
A mere subjective synthesis."

Its meaning is "certainly."

140 But sore it ached, and fast it beat,
 When that ill news was told.
 Forthwith up rose the Consul,
 Up rose the Fathers all;
 In haste they girded up their gowns,
 145 And hied them to the wall.

19

 They held a council standing
 Before the River-Gate;
 Short time was there, ye well may guess,
 For musing or debate.
 150 Out spake the Consul roundly:
 “The bridge must straight go down;
 For, since Janiculum is lost,
 Naught else can save the town.”

20

 Just then a scout came flying,
 155 All wild with haste and fear;
 “To arms! to arms! Sir Consul:
 Lars Porsena is here.”
 On the low hills to westward
 The Consul fixed his eye,
 160 And saw the swarthy storm of dust
 Rise fast along the sky.

21

 And nearer fast and nearer
 Doth the red whirlwind come;
 And louder still and still more loud,
 165 From underneath that rolling cloud,

151. The *bridge* was the Sublician bridge, said to have been thrown across the Tiber by Ancus Martius in the year 114 of the city.

Is heard the trumpet's war-note proud,
 The trampling, and the hum.
 And plainly and more plainly
 Now through the gloom appears,
 170 Far to left and far to right,
 In broken gleams of dark-blue light,
 The long array of helmets bright,
 The long array of spears.

22

And plainly, and more plainly
 175 Above that glimmering line,
 Now might ye see the banners
 Of twelve fair cities shine ;
 But the banner of proud Clusium
 Was highest of them all,
 180 The terror of the Umbrian,
 The terror of the Gaul.

23

And plainly and more plainly
 Now might the burghers know,
 By port and vest, by horse and crest,
 185 Each warlike Lucumo.
 There Cilnius of Arretium
 On his fleet roan was seen ;
 And Astur of the fourfold shield,
 Girt with the brand none else may wield,
 190 Tolumnius with the belt of gold,

177. The Etruscan confederacy was composed of twelve cities.

184. By *port and vest*, i. e., by the way he carried himself and by his dress. *Vest*, an abbreviation of *vesture*.

185. *Lucumo* was the name given by the Latin writers to the Etruscan chiefs.

And dark Verbenna from the hold
By reedy Thrasymene.

24

Fast by the royal standard,
O'erlooking all the war,
195 Lars Porsena of Clusium
Sat in his ivory car.
By the right wheel rode Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name ;
And by the left false Sextus,
200 That wrought the deed of shame.

25

But when the face of Sextus
Was seen among the foes,
A yell that rent the firmament
From all the town arose.
205 On the house-tops was no woman
But spat towards him and hissed,
No child but screamed out curses,
And shook its little fist.

26

But the Consul's brow was sad,
210 And the Consul's speech was low,
And darkly looked he at the wall,
And darkly at the foe.

192. *Thrasymene* or *Trasimenus* is *Lago di Perugia*, and was famous in Roman history as the scene of a victory by Hannibal, the Carthaginian general, over the Roman forces.

197. Octavius Mamilius of Tusculum married the daughter of Tarquinius.

199. Sextus, a son of Tarquinius, and the one whose wickedness was the immediate cause of the expulsion of the Tarquins.

“ Their van will be upon us
 Before the bridge goes down ;
 215 And if they once may win the bridge,
 What hope to save the town ? ”

27

Then out spake brave Horatius,
 The Captain of the Gate :
 “ To every man upon this earth
 220 Death cometh soon or late.
 And how can man die better
 Than facing fearful odds,
 For the ashes of his fathers,
 And the temples of his Gods,

28

225 “ And for the tender mother
 Who dandled him to rest,
 And for the wife who nurses
 His baby at her breast,
 And for the holy maidens
 230 Who feed the eternal flame,
 To save them from false Sextus
 That wrought the deed of shame ?

29

“ Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
 With all the speed ye may ;
 235 I, with two more to help me,
 Will hold the foe in play.

229. The Vestal Virgins were bound by vows of celibacy, and kept burning the sacred fire of Vesta. The order survived till near the close of the fourth century of our era. For a very interesting account of the House of the Vestal Virgins, see *Ancient Rome in the Light of Recent Discoveries*, R. Lanciani.

In yon strait path a thousand
 May well be stopped by three.
 Now who will stand on either hand,
 240 And keep the bridge with me ? ”

30

Then out spake Spurius Lartius ;
 A Ramnian proud was he :
 “ Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
 And keep the bridge with thee.”
 245 And out spake strong Herminius ;
 Of Titian blood was he :
 “ I will abide on thy left side,
 And keep the bridge with thee.”

31

“ Horatius,” quoth the Consul,
 250 “ As thou sayest, so let it be.”
 And straight against that great array
 Forth went the dauntless Three.
 For Romans in Rome’s quarrel
 Spared neither land nor gold,
 255 Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
 In the brave days of old.

32

Then none was for a party ;
 Then all were for the state ;
 Then the great man helped the poor,
 260 And the poor man loved the great :
 Then lands were fairly portioned ;
 Then spoils were fairly sold :

242. The *Ramnes* were one of the three tribes who comprised the Roman Patricians, or noble class.

246. The *Tities* were another of these three tribes.

The Romans were like brothers
In the brave days of old.

33

265 Now Roman is to Roman
More hateful than a foe,
And the Tribunes beard the high,
And the Fathers grind the low.
As we wax hot in faction,
270 In battle we wax cold :
Wherefore men fight not as they fought
In the brave days of old.

34

Now while the Three were tightening
Their harness on their backs,
275 The Consul was the foremost man
To take in hand an axe :
And Fathers mixed with Commons
Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,
And smote upon the planks above,
280 And loosed the props below.

35

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,
Right glorious to behold,

267. The *Tribunes* were officers who represented the tribes of the common people or *Plebs* of Rome. In the time when the ballad is supposed to be written, there were two strong parties, the Fathers or Patricians (*Patres*), the Common People or *Plebs*.

277. *Commons*. Macaulay, an English Whig, used a political word very dear to him, as representing the rise of English parliamentary government.

280. The *props* held up the bridge from below. The Latin word for props was *sublicæ* ; hence the Sublician bridge.

Came flashing back the noonday light,
 Rank behind rank, like surges bright
 285 Of a broad sea of gold.
 Four hundred trumpets sounded
 A peal of warlike glee,
 As that great host, with measured tread,
 And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,
 290 Rolled slowly towards the bridge's head,
 Where stood the dauntless Three.

36

The Three stood calm and silent,
 And looked upon the foes,
 And a great shout of laughter
 295 From all the vanguard rose ;
 And forth three chiefs came spurring
 Before that deep array ;
 To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,
 And lifted high their shields, and flew
 300 To win the narrow way ;

37

Aunus from green Tifernum,
 Lord of the Hill of Vines ;
 And Seius, whose eight hundred slaves
 Sicken in Ilva's mines ;
 305 And Picus, long to Clusium
 Vassal in peace and war,
 Who led to fight his Umbrian powers
 From that gray crag where, girt with towers,

301. *Tifernum* was on the west side of the Apennines, near the source of the Tiber. It is now *Città di Castello*.

304. *Ilva* is the modern *Elba*, renowned as the island to which Napoleon was banished.

The fortress of Nequinum lowers
 310 O'er the pales waves of Nar.

38

Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus
 Into the stream beneath :
 Herminius struck at Seius,
 And clove him to the teeth :
 315 At Picus brave Horatius
 Darted one fiery thrust ;
 And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms
 Clashed in the bloody dust.

39

Then Ocnus of Falerii
 320 Rushed on the Roman Three ;
 And Lausulus of Urgo,
 The rover of the sea ;
 And Aruns of Volsinium,
 Who slew the great wild boar,
 325 The great wild boar that had his den
 Amidst the reeds of Cosa's fen,
 And wasted fields, and slaughtered men,
 Along Albinia's shore.

40

Herminius smote down Aruns :
 330 Lartius laid Ocnus low :
 Right to the heart of Lausulus
 Horatius sent a blow.
 "Lie there," he cried, "fell pirate !
 No more, aghast and pale,

309. *Nequinum*, afterward *Narnia* and now *Narni*, on the banks of the Nar.

322. The Etruscans were pirates as well as merchants.

335 From Ostia's walls the crowd shall mark
The track of thy destroying bark.
No more Campania's hinds shall fly
To woods and caverns when they spy
Thy thrice accursed sail."

41

340 But now no sound of laughter
Was heard among the foes.
A wild and wrathful clamor
From all the vanguard rose.
Six spears' lengths from the entrance
345 Halted that deep array,
And for a space no man came forth
To win the narrow way.

42

But hark! the cry is Astur:
And lo! the ranks divide;
350 And the great Lord of Luna
Comes with his stately stride.
Upon his ample shoulders
Clangs loud the fourfold shield,
And in his hand he shakes the brand
355 Which none but he can wield.

43

He smiled on those bold Romans
A smile serene and high;
He eyed the flinching Tuscans,
And scorn was in his eye.
360 Quoth he, "The she-wolf's litter
Stand savagely at bay:

360. The *she-wolf's litter*. The reference is to the story of the suckling of Romulus and Remus by a she-wolf.

But will ye dare to follow,
If Astur clears the way?"

44

Then, whirling up his broadsword
365 With both hands to the height,
He rushed against Horatius,
And smote with all his might.
With shield and blade Horatius
Right deftly turned the blow.
370 The blow, though turned, came yet too nigh;
It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh:
The Tuscans raised a joyful cry
To see the red blood flow.

45

He reeled, and on Herminius
375 He leaned one breathing-space;
Then, like a wild-cat mad with wounds,
Sprang right at Astur's face.
Through teeth, and skull, and helmet,
So fierce a thrust he sped,
380 The good sword stood a handbreadth out
Behind the Tuscan's head.

46

And the great Lord of Luna
Fell at that deadly stroke,
As falls on Mount Alvernus
385 A thunder-smitten oak.
Far o'er the crashing forest
The giant arms lie spread;
And the pale augurs, muttering low,
Gaze on the blasted head.

47

390 On Astur's throat Horatius
Right firmly pressed his heel,
And thrice and four times tugged amain,
Ere he wrenched out the steel.
"And see," he cried, "the welcome,
395 Fair guests, that waits you here!
What noble Lucumo comes next
To taste our Roman cheer?"

48

But at his haughty challenge
A sullen murmur ran,
400 Mingled of wrath and shame and dread,
Along that glittering van.
There lacked not men of prowess.
Nor men of lordly race;
For all Etruria's noblest
405 Were round the fatal place.

49

But all Etruria's noblest
Felt their hearts sink to see
On the earth the bloody corpses,
In the path the dauntless Three:
410 And, from the ghastly entrance
Where those bold Romans stood,
All shrank, like boys who unaware,
Ranging the woods to start a hare,
Come to the mouth of the dark lair
415 Where, growling low, a fierce old bear
Lies amidst bones and blood.

50

Was none who would be foremost
To lead such dire attack :
But those behind cried "Forward !" "
120 And those before cried "Back !" "
And backward now and forward
Wavers the deep array ;
And on the tossing sea of steel,
To and fro the standards reel ;
125 And the victorious trumpet-peal
Dies fitfully away.

51

Yet one man for one moment
Stood out before the crowd ;
Well known was he to all the Three,
130 And they gave him greeting loud,
" Now welcome, welcome, Sextus !
Now welcome to thy home !
Why dost thou stay, and turn away ?
Here lies the road to Rome."

52

135 Thrice looked he at the city ;
Thrice looked he at the dead ;
And thrice came on in fury,
And thrice turned back in dread ;
And, white with fear and hatred,
140 Scowled at the narrow way
Where, wallowing in a pool of blood,
The bravest Tuscans lay.

53

But meanwhile axe and lever
Have manfully been plied ;
445 And now the bridge hangs tottering
Above the boiling tide.
“Come back, come back, Horatius !”
Loud cried the Fathers all.
“Back, Lartius ! back, Herminius !
150 Back, ere the ruin fall !”

54

Back darted Spurius Lartius ;
Herminius darted back :
And, as they passed, beneath their feet
They felt the timbers crack.
155 But when they turned their faces,
And on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
They would have crossed once more.

55

But with a crash like thunder
160 Fell every loosened beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
Lay right athwart the stream ;
And a long shout of triumph
Rose from the walls of Rome,
165 As to the highest turret-tops
Was splashed the yellow foam.

56

And, like a horse unbroken
When first he feels the rein,

The furious river struggled hard,
 470 And tossed his tawny mane,
 And burst the curb, and bounded,
 Rejoicing to be free,
 And whirling down, in fierce career,
 Battlement, and plank, and pier,
 475 Rushed headlong to the sea.

57

Alone stood brave Horatius,
 But constant still in mind ;
 Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
 And the broad flood behind.
 480 "Down with him !" cried false Sextus,
 With a smile on his pale face.
 "Now yield thee," cried Lars Porsena,
 "Now yield thee to our grace."

58

Round turned he, as not deigning
 485 Those craven ranks to see ;
 Naught spake he to Lars Porsena,
 To Sextus naught spake he ;
 But he saw on Palatinus
 The white porch of his home ;
 490 And he spake to the noble river
 That rolls by the towers of Rome.

59

"O Tiber ! father Tiber !
 To whom the Romans pray,
 A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,

488. *Mons Palatinus* survives in the Palatine Hill of modern Rome.

495 Take thou in charge this day ! ”
So he spake, and speaking sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And with his harness on his back
Plunged headlong in the tide.

60

500 No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank ;
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank ;
505 And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

61

510 But fiercely ran the current,
Swollen high by months of rain :
And fast his blood was flowing,
And he was sore in pain,
And heavy with his armor,
515 And spent with changing blows :
And oft they thought him sinking,
But still again he rose.

62

Never, I ween, did swimmer,
In such an evil case,
520 Struggle through such a raging flood
Safe to the landing-place :
But his limbs were borne up bravely

By the brave heart within,
And our good father Tiber
525 Bore bravely up his chin.

63

"Curse on him!" quoth false Sextus;
"Will not the villain drown?
But for this stay, ere close of day
We should have sacked the town!"
530 "Heaven help him!" quoth Lars Porsena,
"And bring him safe to shore;
For such a gallant feat of arms
Was never seen before."

64

And now he feels the bottom;
535 Now on dry earth he stands;
Now round him throng the Fathers
To press his gory hands;
And now, with shouts and clapping,
And noise of weeping loud,
540 He enters through the River-Gate,
Borne by the joyous crowd.

65

They gave him of the corn-land,
That was of public right,

525. Macaulay notes as passages in English literature which he had in mind when he wrote this:—

"Our lady bare upp her chinne."

Ballad of Childe Waters.

"Never heavier man and horse
Stemmed a midnight torrent's force;

Yet, through good heart and our Lady's grace,
At length he gained the landing-place."

Lay of the Last Minstrel.

As much as two strong oxen
545 Could plough from morn till night ;
And they made a molten image,
And set it up on high,
And there it stands unto this day
To witness if I lie.

66

550 It stands in the Comitium,
Plain for all folk to see ;
Horatius in his harness,
Halting upon one knee :
And underneath is written,
555 In letters all of gold,
How valiantly he kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

67

And still his name sounds stirring
Unto the men of Rome,
560 As the trumpet-blast that cries to them
To charge the Volscian home ;
And wives still pray to Juno
For boys with hearts as bold
As his who kept the bridge so well
565 In the brave days of old,

68

And in the nights of winter,
When the cold north-winds blow,
And the long howling of the wolves
Is heard amidst the snow ;

550. The *Comitium* was that part of the Forum which served as the meeting-place of the Roman patricians.

570 When round the lonely cottage
Roars loud the tempest's din,
And the good logs of Algidus
Roar louder yet within ;

69

When the oldest cask is opened,
575 And the largest lamp is lit ;
When the chestnuts glow in the embers,
And the kid turns on the spit ;
When young and old in circle
Around the firebrands close ;
580 When the girls are weaving baskets,
And the lads are shaping bows ;

70

When the goodman mends his armor,
And trims his helmet's plume ;
When the goodwife's shuttle merrily
585 Goes flashing through the loom, —
With weeping and with laughter
Still is the story told,
How well Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

573. The Romans brought some of their firewood from the hill of Algidus, about a dozen miles to the southeast of the town.

CHARLES AND MARY LAMB.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

CHARLES LAMB was born February 10, 1775, in the Temple, the great lawyers' house on the banks of the Thames in London; and in London or its immediate neighborhood Lamb lived all his days; he was restless to get back to the city when occasional slight journeys took him away. His father was clerk and servant to a lawyer living in the Temple. He had a brother and a sister — John twelve years, and Mary ten years his senior. The family was poor; but when Charles was eight years old he had the very great privilege, as it was for a boy of such a family, of being admitted to the school known as Christ's Hospital, and there he spent seven years, a recollection of which he has left in one of the most delightful of his essays. In fact, the *Essays of Elia*, as he called them, abound in happy little references to his early life.

When he left school he was fifteen years old. He loved books and seemed marked out for a scholar; but he had an impediment in his speech which would have stood in his way sadly had he entered one of the learned professions, and besides, his family was poor, and he was needed as one of the breadwinners. His father was failing in health and powers; his elder brother held a clerkship in the South Sea House, the offices of a great trading company, but seems to have been an easy-going, rather self-indulgent fellow. Mary was Charles's dearest companion, and sympathized with him in his tastes. In his boyhood he sometimes went

with her to his grandmother's home in Hertfordshire, and the sweet country life filled his mind with many beautiful images, though as a man he was most fascinated by the roar and fulness of city streets.

For a short time Charles Lamb held a minor post in the South Sea House, but in April, 1792, he obtained a clerkship in the office of the East India Company, and in the service of that corporation he continued all his working life, being finally retired from duty on a pension. With the earnings of his clerkship he helped maintain his aged father and mother, and his sister Mary. They were all living in a humble way in Little Queen Street. His mother was a confirmed invalid, his father was in his second childhood, and Mary was helping to support the household by needlework. Charles Lamb had for three years been working at the East India House, when for a brief period he was stricken with a mild form of insanity, and had for a while to be kept under restraint. It is probable that the disease was in the family blood, for not long after Mary Lamb, broken down by the strain upon her, lost her reason wholly, and, ignorant of what she was doing, killed her mother and wounded her father. Charles, who was present and tried in vain to interpose, was himself injured.

It was a terrible experience, and the sadness was deepened by the knowledge that they could not be sure of Mary's permanent recovery. She was in the asylum when her father died, and Charles begged to have her brought back to him. Thenceforth she was his companion through life, and outlived him. The mania never returned to afflict him, but from time to time Mary was obliged to go back to the asylum. She could commonly anticipate the attacks, and Mr. Charles Lloyd on one occasion met the brother and sister "slowly pacing together a little footpath in Hoxton fields, both weeping bitterly, and found, on joining them, that they were taking their solemn way to the accustomed asylum."

Charles Lamb, the gentle, as he was affectionately called, had a nature which was tender to all that was weak and erring. This beautiful devotion of Charles Lamb to his sister, which bade him renounce marriage, was repaid by the most tender companionship ; in the *Essays* the Bridget Elia who is so often referred to is hardly more than another name for Mary Lamb. Both loved books and the play. Together they wrote the *Tales from Shakespeare* that are so widely known. He was a reader who delighted in the best of old English literature, and did much to bring back a taste for it. He was an exceedingly acute critic both of literature and of some other forms of art, and in conversation he was constantly saying witty and bright things. Their cozy rooms were the gathering place for the poets, the wits, and the critics of their day.

In writing his famous *Essays*, Lamb took for a signature Elia, the name of an obscure fellow clerk, and from time to time wrote playful papers containing reminiscences, light studies of persons, and sly hits at manners, delicate criticism of books, and bits of imaginative fancy. He contributed them one by one to journals, and some were not gathered into books till after his death. He wrote besides some happy verse. After his death his letters to his friends were published, and they are among the most delightful letters in the English language.

Charles Lamb died December 27, 1834 ; but his sister lived more than twelve years longer. She was eighty-two at her death, May 20, 1847.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

(*From Tales from Shakespeare.*)

SHYLOCK, the Jew, lived at Venice : he was an usurer, who had amassed an immense fortune by lending money at great interest to Christian merchants. Shylock, being a hard-hearted man, exacted the payment of the money he lent with such severity, that he was much disliked by all good men, and particularly by Antonio, a young merchant of Venice ; and Shylock as much hated Antonio, because he used to lend money to people in distress, and would never take any interest for the money he lent ; therefore there was great enmity between this covetous Jew and the generous merchant, Antonio. Whenever Antonio met Shylock on the Rialto (or Exchange) he used to reproach him with his usuries and hard dealings, which the Jew would bear with seeming patience, while he secretly meditated revenge.

Antonio was the kindest man that lived, the best conditioned, and had the most unwearied spirit in doing courtesies ; indeed he was one in whom the ancient Roman honor more appeared than in any that drew breath in Italy. He was greatly beloved by all his fellow-citizens ; but the friend who was nearest and dearest to his heart was Bassanio, a noble Venetian, who, having but a small patrimony, had nearly

exhausted his little fortune by living in too expensive a manner for his slender means, as young men of high rank with small fortunes are too apt to do. Whenever Bassanio wanted money, Antonio assisted him; and it seemed as if they had but one heart and one purse between them.

One day Bassanio came to Antonio, and told him that he wished to repair his fortune by a wealthy marriage with a lady whom he dearly loved, whose father, that was lately dead, had left her sole heiress to a large estate; and that in her father's lifetime he used to visit at her house, when he thought he had observed this lady had sometimes from her eyes sent speechless messages, that seemed to say he would be no unwelcome suitor; but not having money to furnish himself with an appearance befitting the lover of so rich an heiress, he besought Antonio to add to the many favors he had shown him, by lending him three thousand ducats.

Antonio had no money by him at that time to lend his friend; but expecting soon to have some ships come home laden with merchandise, he said he would go to Shylock, the rich money-lender, and borrow the money upon the credit of those ships.

Antonio and Bassanio went together to Shylock, and Antonio asked the Jew to lend him three thousand ducats upon any interest he should require, to be paid out of the merchandise contained in his ships at sea. On this, Shylock thought within himself, "If I can once catch him on the hip, I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him: he hates our Jewish nation; he lends out money gratis; and among the merchants he rails at me and my well-earned bargains which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe if I forgive him!"

Antonio finding he was musing within himself and did not answer, and being impatient for the money, said, "Shylock, do you hear? will you lend the money?" To this question the Jew replied, "Signior Antonio, on the Rialto many a time and often you have railed at me about my moneys and my usuries, and I have borne it with a patient shrug, for sufferance is the badge of all our tribe; and then you have called me unbeliever, cut-throat dog, and spit upon my Jewish garments, and spurned at me with your foot as if I was a cur. Well then, it now appears you need my help; and you come to me, and say, *Shylock, lend me moneys*. Has a dog money? Is it possible a cur should lend three thousand ducats? Shall I bend low and say, Fair sir, you spit upon me on Wednesday last, another time you called me dog, and for these courtesies I am to lend you moneys." Antonio replied, "I am as like to call you so again, to spit on you again, and spurn you too. If you will lend me this money, lend it not to me as to a friend, but rather lend it to me as to an enemy, that, if I break, you may with better face exact the penalty."—"Why, look you," said Shylock, "how you storm! I would be friends with you, and have your love. I will forget the shames you have put upon me. I will supply your wants, and take no interest for my money." This seemingly kind offer greatly surprised Antonio; and then Shylock, still pretending kindness, and that all he did was to gain Antonio's love, again said he would lend him the three thousand ducats, and take no interest for his money; only Antonio should go with him to a lawyer, and there sign in merry sport a bond, that if he did not repay the money by a certain day, he would forfeit a pound of flesh, to be cut off from any part of his body that Shylock pleased.

"Content," said Antonio: "I will sign to this bond and say there is much kindness in the Jew."

Bassanio said, Antonio should not sign to such a bond for him; but still Antonio insisted that he would sign it, for that before the day of payment came, his ships would return laden with many times the value of the money.

Shylock, hearing this debate, exclaimed, "O father Abraham, what suspicious people these Christians are! Their own hard dealings teach them to suspect the thoughts of others. I pray you tell me this, Bassanio: if he should break this day, what should I gain by the exaction of this forfeiture? A pound of man's flesh taken from a man is not so estimable, nor profitable neither, as the flesh of mutton or of beef. I say, to buy his favor, I offer this friendship: if he will take it, so; if not, adieu."

At last, against the advice of Bassanio, who, notwithstanding all the Jew had said of his kind intention, did not like his friend should run the hazard of this shocking penalty for his sake, Antonio signed the bond, thinking it really was (as the Jew said) merely in sport.

The rich heiress that Bassanio wished to marry lived near Venice, at a place called Belmont: her name was Portia, and in the graces of her person and her mind she was nothing inferior to that Portia, of whom we read, who was Cato's daughter, and the wife of Brutus.

Bassanio being so kindly supplied with money by his friend Antonio, at the hazard of his life, set out for Belmont with a splendid train, and attended by a gentleman of the name of Gratiano.

Bassanio proving successful in his suit, Portia in a

short time consented to accept of him for a husband.¹

Bassanio confessed to Portia that he had no fortune, and that his high birth and noble ancestry was all that he could boast of ; she, who loved him for his worthy qualities, and had riches enough not to regard wealth in a husband, answered with a graceful modesty, that she would wish herself a thousand times more fair, and ten thousand times more rich, to be more worthy of him ; and then the accomplished Portia prettily dispraised herself, and said she was an unlesioned girl, unschooled, unpractised, yet not so old but that she could learn, and that she would commit her gentle spirit to be directed and governed by him in all things ; and she said, “ Myself and what is mine, to you and yours is now converted. But yesterday, Bassanio, I was the lady of this fair mansion, queen of myself, and mistress over these servants ; and now this house, these servants, and myself, are yours, my lord ; I give them with this ring : ” presenting a ring to Bassanio.

¹ He was the third suitor who tried to win her, according to the directions of her father’s will, by choosing from three closed caskets, of gold, silver, and lead, the one containing her picture. The Prince of Morocco and the Prince of Arragon in turn had chosen the gold and the silver. On each casket was an inscription, and when Bassanio read them all, he saw the true meaning in the line, “ Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath,” and chose the leaden casket, which gave him Portia.

While his mind was still uncertain this song was sung :

“ Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart or in the head ?
How begot, how nourished ?
Reply, reply.
It is engender’d in the eyes,
With gazing fed ; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.
Let us all ring fancy’s knell :
I’ll begin it, — Ding, dong, bell.
All. Ding, dong, bell.”

Bassanio was so overpowered with gratitude and wonder at the gracious manner in which the rich and noble Portia accepted of a man of his humble fortunes, that he could not express his joy and reverence to the dear lady who so honored him, by anything but broken words of love and thankfulness; and taking the ring, he vowed never to part with it.

Gratiano and Nerissa, Portia's waiting maid, were in attendance upon their lord and lady, when Portia so gracefully promised to become the obedient wife of Bassanio; and Gratiano, wishing Bassanio and the generous lady joy, desired permission to be married at the same time.

"With all my heart, Gratiano," said Bassanio, "if you can get a wife."

Gratiano then said that he loved the lady Portia's fair waiting gentlewoman Nerissa, and that she had promised to be his wife, if her lady married Bassanio. Portia asked Nerissa if this was true. Nerissa replied, "Madam, it is so, if you approve of it." Portia willingly consenting, Bassanio pleasantly said, "Then our wedding-feast shall be much honored by your marriage, Gratiano."

The happiness of these lovers was sadly crossed at this moment by the entrance of a messenger, who brought a letter from Antonio containing fearful tidings. When Bassanio read Antonio's letter, Portia feared it was to tell him of the death of some dear friend, he looked so pale; and inquiring what was the news which had so distressed him, he said, "O sweet Portia, here are a few of the unpleasantest words that ever blotted paper: gentle lady, when I first imparted my love to you, I freely told you all the wealth I had *ran* in my veins; but I should have told you that I

had less than nothing, being in debt." Bassanio then told Portia what has been here related, of his borrowing the money of Antonio, and of Antonio's procuring it of Shylock the Jew, and of the bond by which Antonio had engaged to forfeit a pound of flesh, if it was not repaid by a certain day : and then Bassanio read Antonio's letter ; the words of which were, "*Sweet Bassanio, my ships are all lost, my bond to the Jew is forfeited, and since in paying it is impossible I should live, I could wish to see you at my death ; notwithstanding, use your pleasure ; if your love for me do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.*" "O my dear love," said Portia, "despatch all business, and be gone ; you shall have gold to pay the money twenty times over, before this kind-hearted friend shall lose a hair by my Bassanio's fault ; and as you are so dearly bought, I will dearly love you." Portia then said she would be married to Bassanio before he set out, to give him a legal right to her money ; and that same day they were married, and Gratiano was also married to Nerissa ; and Bassanio and Gratiano, the instant they were married, set out in great haste for Venice, where Bassanio found Antonio in prison.

The day of payment being past, the cruel Jew would not accept of the money which Bassanio offered him, but insisted upon having a pound of Antonio's flesh. A day was appointed to try this shocking cause before the duke of Venice, and Bassanio awaited in dreadful suspense the event of the trial.

When Portia parted with her husband, she spoke cheeringly to him, and bade him bring his dear friend along with him when he returned ; yet she feared it would go hard with Antonio, and when she was left

alone, she began to think and consider within herself, if she could by any means be instrumental in saving the life of her dear Bassanio's friend; and notwithstanding, when she wished to honor her Bassanio, she had said to him with such a meek and wife-like grace, that she would submit in all things to be governed by his superior wisdom, yet being now called forth into action by the peril of her honored husband's friend, she did nothing doubt her own powers, and by the sole guidance of her own true and perfect judgment, at once resolved to go herself to Venice, and speak in Antonio's defence.

Portia had a relation who was a counsellor in the law; to this gentleman, whose name was Bellario, she wrote, and stating the case to him, desired his opinion, and that with his advice he would also send her the dress worn by a counsellor. When the messenger returned he brought letters from Bellario of advice how to proceed, and also everything necessary for her equipment.

Portia dressed herself and her maid Nerissa in men's apparel, and putting on the robes of a counsellor, she took Nerissa along with her as her clerk; and setting out immediately, they arrived at Venice on the very day of the trial. The cause was just going to be heard before the duke and senators of Venice in the senate-house when Portia entered this high court of justice, and presented a letter from Bellario, in which that learned counsellor wrote to the duke, saying, he would have come himself to plead for Antonio, but that he was prevented by sickness, and he requested that the learned young doctor Balthasar (so he called Portia) might be permitted to plead in his stead. This the duke granted, much wondering at the youthful appearance of the stranger, who was prettily disguised by her counsellor's robes and her large wig.

And now began this important trial. Portia looked around her, and she saw the merciless Jew ; and she saw Bassanio, but he knew her not in her disguise. He was standing beside Antonio, in an agony of distress and fear for his friend.

The importance of the arduous task Portia had engaged in gave this tender lady courage, and she boldly proceeded in the duty she had undertaken to perform : and first of all she addressed herself to Shylock ; and allowing that he had a right by the Venetian law to have the forfeit expressed in the bond, she spoke so sweetly of the noble quality of *mercy*, as would have softened any heart but the unfeeling Shylock's ; saying, that it dropped as the gentle rain from heaven upon the place beneath ; and how mercy was a double blessing, it blessed him that gave, and him that received it : and how it became monarchs better than their crowns, being an attribute of God himself ; and that earthly power came nearest to God's in proportion as mercy tempered justice ; and she bid Shylock remember that as we all pray for mercy, that same prayer should teach us to show mercy. Shylock only answered her by desiring to have the penalty forfeited in the bond. "Is he not able to pay the money?" asked Portia. Bassanio then offered the Jew the payment of the three thousand ducats as many times over as he should desire ; which Shylock refusing, and still insisting upon having a pound of Antonio's flesh, Bassanio begged the learned young counsellor would endeavor to wrest the law a little, to save Antonio's life. But Portia gravely answered, that laws once established must never be altered. Shylock hearing Portia say that the law might not be altered, it seemed to him that she was pleading in his favor, and he said,

“A Daniel is come to judgment! O, wise young judge, how I do honor you! How much elder are you than your looks?”

Portia now desired Shylock to let her look at the bond: and when she had read it, she said, “This bond is forfeited, and by this the Jew may lawfully claim a pound of flesh, to be by him cut off nearest Antonio’s heart.” Then said she to Shylock, “Be merciful: take the money, and bid me tear the bond.” But no mercy would the cruel Shylock show; and he said, “By my soul I swear, there is no power in the tongue of man to alter me.” “Why then, Antonio,” said Portia, “you must prepare your bosom for the knife:” and while Shylock was sharpening a long knife with great eagerness to cut off the pound of flesh Portia said to Antonio, “Have you anything to say?” Antonio with a calm resignation replied, that he had but little to say, for that he had prepared his mind for death. Then he said to Bassanio, “Give me your hand, Bassanio! Fare you well! Grieve not that I am fallen into this misfortune for you. Commend me to your honorable wife, and tell her how I have loved you!” Bassanio in the deepest affliction replied, “Antonio, I am married to a wife, who is as dear to me as life itself; but life itself, my wife, and all the world, are not esteemed with me above your life: I would lose all, I would sacrifice all to this devil here, to deliver you.”

Portia hearing this, though the kind-hearted lady was not at all offended with her husband for expressing the love he owed to so true a friend as Antonio in these strong terms, yet could not help answering, “Your wife would give you little thanks, if she were present, to hear you make this offer.” And then

Gratiano, who loved to copy what his lord did, thought he must make a speech like Bassanio's, and he said, in Nerissa's hearing, who was writing in her clerk's dress by the side of Portia, "I have a wife, whom I protest I love; I wish she were in heaven, if she could but entreat some power there to change the cruel temper of this currish Jew." "It is well you wish this behind her back, else you would have but an unquiet house," said Nerissa.

Shylock now cried out impatiently, "We trifle time; I pray pronounce the sentence." And now all was awful expectation in the court, and every heart was full of grief for Antonio.

Portia asked if the scales were ready to weigh the flesh; and she said to the Jew, "Shylock, you must have some surgeon by, lest he bleed to death." Shylock, whose whole intent was that Antonio should bleed to death, said, "It is not so named in the bond." Portia replied, "It is not so named in the bond, but what of that? It were good you did so much for charity." To this all the answer Shylock would make was, "I cannot find it; it is not in the bond." "Then," said Portia, "a pound of Antonio's flesh is thine. The law allows it, and the court awards it. And you may cut this flesh from off his breast. The law allows it, and the court awards it." Again Shylock exclaimed, "O wise and upright judge! A Daniel is come to judgment!" And then he sharpened his long knife again, and looking eagerly on Antonio, he said, "Come, prepare!"

"Tarry a little, Jew," said Portia; "there is something else. This bond here gives you no drop of blood; the words expressly are, 'a pound of flesh.' If in the cutting off the pound of flesh you shed one

drop of Christian blood, your land and goods are by the law to be confiscated to the state of Venice." Now as it was utterly impossible for Shylock to cut off the pound of flesh without shedding some of Antonio's blood, this wise discovery of Portia's, that it was flesh and not blood that was named in the bond, saved the life of Antonio; and all admiring the wonderful sagacity of the young counsellor, who had so happily thought of this expedient, plaudits resounded from every part of the senate-house; and Gratiano exclaimed, in words which Shylock had used, "O wise and upright judge! mark, Jew, a Daniel is come to judgment!"

Shylock, finding himself defeated in his cruel intent, said, with a disappointed look, that he would take the money; and Bassanio, rejoiced beyond measure at Antonio's unexpected deliverance, cried out, "Here is the money!" But Portia stopped him, saying, "Softly; there is no haste; the Jew shall have nothing but the penalty: therefore prepare, Shylock, to cut off the flesh; but mind you shed no blood; nor do not cut off more nor less than just a pound; be it more or less by one poor scruple, nay if the scale turn but by the weight of a single hair, you are condemned by the laws of Venice to die, and all your wealth is forfeit to the senate." "Give me my money, and let me go," said Shylock. "I have it ready," said Bassanio: "Here it is."

Shylock was going to take the money, when Portia again stopped him, saying, "Tarry, Jew; I have yet another hold upon you. By the laws of Venice, your wealth is forfeit to the state, for having conspired against the life of one of its citizens, and your life lies at the mercy of the duke; therefore down on your knees, and ask him to pardon you."

The duke then said to Shylock, "That you may see the difference of our Christian spirit, I pardon you your life before you ask it; half your wealth belongs to Antonio, the other half comes to the state."

The generous Antonio then said, that he would give up his share of Shylock's wealth, if Shylock would sign a deed to make it over at his death to his daughter and her husband; for Antonio knew that the Jew had an only daughter, who had lately married against his consent to a young Christian, named Lorenzo, a friend of Antonio's, which had so offended Shylock, that he had disinherited her.

The Jew agreed to this; and being thus disappointed in his revenge, and despoiled of his riches, he said, "I am ill. Let me go home; send the deed after me, and I will sign over half my riches to my daughter." — "Get thee gone, then," said the duke, "and sign it; and if you repent your cruelty and turn Christian, the state will forgive you the fine of the other half of your riches."

The duke now released Antonio, and dismissed the court. He then highly praised the wisdom and ingenuity of the young counsellor, and invited him home to dinner. Portia, who meant to return to Belmont before her husband, replied, "I humbly thank your grace, but I must away directly." The duke said he was sorry he had not leisure to stay and dine with him; and turning to Antonio, he added, "Reward this gentleman; for in my mind you are much indebted to him."

The duke and his senators left the court; and then Bassanio said to Portia, "Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend Antonio have by your wisdom been this day acquitted of grievous penalties, and I beg

you will accept of the three thousand ducats due unto the Jew." "And we shall stand indebted to you over and above," said Antonio, "in love and service evermore."

Portia could not be prevailed upon to accept the money; but upon Bassanio still pressing her to accept some reward, she said, "Give me your gloves; I will wear them for your sake;" and then Bassanio taking off his gloves, she espied the ring which she had given him upon his finger: now it was the ring the wily lady wanted to get from him to make a merry jest when she saw her Bassanio again, that made her ask him for his gloves; and she said, when she saw the ring, "And for your love I will take this ring from you." Bassanio was sadly distressed, that the counsellor should ask him for the only thing he could not part with, and he replied in great confusion, that he could not give him that ring, because it was his wife's gift, and he had vowed never to part with it; but that he would give him the most valuable ring in Venice, and find it out by proclamation. On this Portia affected to be affronted, and left the court, saying, "You teach me, sir, how a beggar should be answered."

"Dear Bassanio," said Antonio, "let him have the ring; let my love and the great service he has done for me be valued against your wife's displeasure." Bassanio, ashamed to appear so ungrateful, yielded, and sent Gratiano after Portia with the ring; and then the *clerk* Nerissa, who had also given Gratiano a ring, she begged his ring and Gratiano (not choosing to be outdone in generosity by his lord) gave it to her. And there was laughing among these ladies to think, when they got home how they would tax their husbands with giving away their rings, and

swear that they had given them as a present to some woman.

Portia, when she returned, was in that happy temper of mind which never fails to attend the consciousness of having performed a good action; her cheerful spirits enjoyed everything she saw: the moon never seemed to shine so bright before; and when that pleasant moon was hid behind a cloud, then a light which she saw from her house at Belmont as well pleased her charmed fancy, and she said to Nerissa, "That light we see is burning in my hall; how far that little candle throws its beams, so shines a good deed in a naughty world;" and hearing the sound of music from her house, she said, "Methinks that music sounds much sweeter than by day."

And now Portia and Nerissa entered the house, and dressing themselves in their own apparel, they awaited the arrival of their husbands, who soon followed them with Antonio; and Bassanio presenting his dear friend to the lady Portia, the congratulations and welcomings of that lady were hardly over, when they perceived Nerissa and her husband quarrelling in a corner of the room. "A quarrel already?" said Portia. "What is the matter?" Gratiano replied, "Lady, it is about a paltry gilt ring that Nerissa gave me, with words upon it like the poetry on a cutler's knife; *Love me, and leave me not.*"

"What does the poetry or the value of the ring signify?" said Nerissa. "You swore to me when I gave it to you, that you would keep it till the hour of death; and now you say you gave it to the lawyer's clerk. I know you gave it to a woman." — "By this hand," replied Gratiano, "I gave it to a youth, a kind of boy, a little scrubbed boy, no higher than yourself;

he was clerk to the young counsellor, that by his wise pleading saved Antonio's life : this prating boy begged it for a fee, and I could not for my life deny him." Portia said, "You were to blame, Gratiano, to part with your wife's first gift. I gave my Lord Bassanio a ring, and I am sure he would not part with it for all the world." Gratiano, in excuse for his fault, now said, "My lord Bassanio gave his ring away to the counsellor, and then the boy, his clerk, that took some pains in writing, he begged my ring."

Portia, hearing this, seemed very angry, and reproached Bassanio for giving away her ring ; and she said Nerissa had taught her what to believe, and that she knew some woman had the ring. Bassanio was very unhappy to have so offended his dear lady, and he said with great earnestness, "No, by my honor, no woman had it, but a civil doctor, who refused three thousand ducats of me, and begged the ring, which, when I denied him, he went displeased away. What could I do, sweet Portia ? I was so beset with shame for my seeming ingratitude, that I was forced to send the ring after him. Pardon me, good lady ; had you been there, I think you would have begged the ring of me to give the worthy doctor."

"Ah !" said Antonio, "I am the unhappy cause of these quarrels."

Portia bid Antonio not to grieve at that, for that he was welcome notwithstanding ; and then Antonio said, "I once did lend my body for Bassanio's sake ; and but for him to whom your husband gave the ring, I should have now been dead. I dare be bound again, my soul upon the forfeit, your lord will never more break his faith with you."—"Then you shall be his surety," said Portia ; "give him this ring, and bid him keep it better than the other."

When Bassanio looked at this ring, he was strangely surprised to find it the same he gave away; and then Portia told him, how she was the young counsellor, and Nerissa was her clerk; and Bassanio found, to his unspeakable wonder and delight, that it was by the noble courage and wisdom of his wife that Antonio's life was saved.

And Portia again welcomed Antonio, and gave him letters which, by some chance had fallen into her hands, which contained an account of Antonio's ships, that were supposed lost, being safely arrived in the harbor. So these tragical beginnings of this rich merchant's story were all forgotten in the unexpected good fortune which ensued; and there was leisure to laugh at the comical adventure of the rings, and the husbands that did not know their own wives: Gratiano merrily swearing, in a sort of rhyming speech, that

——while he lived, he 'd fear no other thing
So sore, as keeping safe Nerissa's ring.

THE TEMPEST.

(From *Tales from Shakespeare.*)

THERE was a certain island in the sea, the only inhabitants of which were an old man, whose name was Prospero, and his daughter Miranda, a very beautiful young lady. She came to this island so young, that she had no memory of having seen any other human face than her father's.

They lived in a cave or cell, made out of a rock; it was divided into several apartments, one of which Prospero called his study; there he kept his books, which chiefly treated of magic, a study at that time much affected by all learned men: and the knowledge of this art he found very useful to him; for, being thrown by a strange chance upon this island, which had been enchanted by a witch called Sycorax, who died there a short time before his arrival, Prospero, by virtue of his art, released many good spirits that Sycorax had imprisoned in the bodies of large trees, because they had refused to execute her wicked commands. These gentle spirits were ever after obedient to the will of Prospero. Of these Ariel was the chief.

The lively little sprite Ariel had nothing mischievous in his nature, except that he took rather too much

pleasure in tormenting an ugly monster called Caliban, for he owed him a grudge because he was the son of his old enemy Sycorax. This Caliban, Prospero found in the woods, a strange misshapen thing, far less human in form than an ape: he took him home to his cell, and taught him to speak; and Prospero would have been very kind to him, but the bad nature which Caliban inherited from his mother Sycorax would not let him learn anything good or useful: therefore he was employed like a slave, to fetch wood, and do the most laborious offices; and Ariel had the charge of compelling him to these services.

When Caliban was lazy and neglected his work, Ariel (who was invisible to all eyes but Prospero's) would come sily and pinch him, and sometimes tumble him down in the mire; and then Ariel, in the likeness of an ape, would make mouths at him. Then swiftly changing his shape, in the likeness of a hedgehog, he would lie tumbling in Caliban's way, who feared the hedgehog's sharp quills would prick his bare feet. With a variety of such like vexatious tricks Ariel would often torment him, whenever Caliban neglected the work which Prospero commanded him to do.

Having these powerful spirits obedient to his will, Prospero could by their means command the winds, and the waves of the sea. By his orders they raised a violent storm, in the midst of which, and struggling with the wild sea-waves that every moment threatened to swallow it up, he showed his daughter a fine large ship, which he told her was full of living beings like themselves. "O my dear father," said she, "if by your art you have raised this dreadful storm, have

pity on their sad distress. See! the vessel will be dashed to pieces. Poor souls! they will all perish. If I had power, I would sink the sea beneath the earth, rather than the good ship should be destroyed, with all the precious souls within her."

"Be not so amazed, daughter Miranda," said Prospero; "there is no harm done. I have so ordered it, that no person in the ship shall receive any hurt. What I have done has been in care of you, my dear child. You are ignorant who you are, or where you came from, and you know no more of me, but that I am your father, and live in this poor cave. Can you remember a time before you came to this cell? I think you cannot, for you were not then three years of age."

"Certainly I can, sir," replied Miranda.

"By what?" asked Prospero; "by any other house or person? Tell me what you can remember, my child."

Miranda said, "It seems to me like the recollection of a dream. But had I not once four or five women who attended upon me?"

Prospero answered, "You had, and more. How is it that this still lives in your mind? Do you remember how you came here?"

"No, sir," said Miranda, "I remember nothing more."

"Twelve years ago, Miranda," continued Prospero, "I was duke of Milan, and you were a princess, and my only heir. I had a younger brother, whose name was Antonio, to whom I trusted everything; and as I was fond of retirement and deep study, I commonly left the management of my state affairs to your uncle, my false brother (for so indeed he proved). I, neg-

lecting all worldly ends, buried among my books, did dedicate my whole time to the bettering of my mind. My brother Antonio being thus in possession of my power, began to think himself the duke indeed. The opportunity I gave him of making himself popular among my subjects, awakened in his bad nature a proud ambition to deprive me of my dukedom: this he soon effected with the aid of the king of Naples, a powerful prince, who was my enemy."

"Wherefore," said Miranda, "did they not that hour destroy us?"

"My child," answered her father, "they durst not, so dear was the love that my people bore me. Antonio carried us on board a ship, and when we were some leagues out at sea, he forced us into a small boat without either tackle, sail, or mast; there he left us, as he thought, to perish. But a kind lord of my court, one Gonzalo, who loved me, had privately placed in the boat, water, provisions, apparel, and some books which I prize above my dukedom."

"O my father," said Miranda, "what a trouble must I have been to you then!"

"No, my love," said Prospero, "you were a little cherub that did preserve me. Your innocent smiles made me to bear up against my misfortunes. Our food lasted till we landed on this desert island, since when, my chief delight has been in teaching you, Miranda, and well have you profited by my instructions."

"Heaven thank you, my dear father," said Miranda. "Now pray tell me, sir, your reason for raising this sea-storm?"

"Know then," said her father, "that by means of this storm, my enemies, the king of Naples, and my cruel brother, are cast ashore upon this island."

Having so said, Prospero gently touched his daughter with his magic wand, and she fell fast asleep ; for the spirit Ariel just then presented himself before his master, to give an account of the tempest, and how he had disposed of the ship's company ; and though the spirits were always invisible to Miranda, Prospero did not choose she should hear him holding converse (as would seem to her) with the empty air.

"Well, my brave spirit," said Prospero to Ariel, "how have you performed your task?"

Ariel gave a lively description of the storm, and the terrors of the mariners ; and how the king's son, Ferdinand, was the first who leaped into the sea ; and his father thought he saw his dear son swallowed up by the waves and lost. "But he is safe," said Ariel, "in a corner of the isle, sitting with his arms folded, sadly lamenting the loss of the king his father, whom he concludes drowned. Not a hair of his head is injured, and his princely garments, though drenched in the sea-waves, look fresher than before."

"That's my delicate Ariel," said Prospero. "Bring him hither : my daughter must see this young prince. Where is the king, and my brother?"

"I left them," answered Ariel, "searching for Ferdinand, whom they have little hopes of finding, thinking they saw him perish. Of the ship's crew not one is missing ; though each one thinks himself the only one saved : and the ship, though invisible to them, is safe in the harbor."

"Ariel," said Prospero, "thy charge is faithfully performed : but there is more work yet."

"Is there more work?" said Ariel. "Let me remind you, master, you have promised me my liberty. I pray, remember, I have done you worthy service, told

you no lies, made no mistakes, served you without grudge or grumbling."

"How now!" said Prospero. "You do not recollect what a torment I freed you from. Have you forgot the wicked witch Sycorax, who with age and envy was almost bent double? Where was she born? Speak; tell me."

"Sir, in Algiers," said Ariel.

"Oh, was she so?" said Prospero. "I must recount what you have been, which I find you do not remember. This bad witch, Sycorax, for her witchcrafts, too terrible to enter human hearing, was banished from Algiers, and here left by the sailors; and because you were a spirit too delicate to execute her wicked commands, she shut you up in a tree, where I found you howling. This torment, remember, I did free you from."

"Pardon me, dear master," said Ariel, ashamed to seem ungrateful; "I will obey your commands."

"Do so," said Prospero, "and I will set you free." He then gave orders what further he would have him do; and away went Ariel, first to where he had left Ferdinand, and found him still sitting on the grass in the same melancholy posture.

"O my young gentleman," said Ariel, when he saw him, "I will soon move you. You must be brought, I find, for the Lady Miranda to have a sight of your pretty person. Come, sir, follow me." He then began singing,

"Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change

Into something rich and strange.
 Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell :
 Hark, now I hear them — Ding-dong-bell.”¹

This strange news of his lost father soon roused the prince from the stupid fit into which he had fallen. He followed in amazement the sound of Ariel’s voice, till it led him to Prospero and Miranda, who were sitting under the shade of a large tree. Now Miranda had never seen a man before, except her own father.

“Miranda,” said Prospero, “tell me what you are looking at yonder.”

“O father,” said Miranda in a strange surprise, “surely that is a spirit. Lord ! how it looks about ! Believe, me sir, it is a beautiful creature. Is it not a spirit ?”

“No, girl,” answered her father ; “it eats, and sleeps, and has senses such as we have. This young man you see was in the ship. He is somewhat altered by grief, or you might call him a handsome person. He has lost his companions, and is wandering about to find them.”

Miranda, who thought all men had grave faces and grey beards like her father, was delighted with the

¹ Ariel had sung before : —

“Come unto these yellow sands,
 And then take hands :
 Courtsied when you have and kiss’d
 The wild waves whist,
 Foot it featly here and there ;
 And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.
 Hark, hark !
 [Burthen, dispersedly, within.] Bow-wow
 The watch-dogs bark : —
 [Burthen, etc.] Bow-wow.
 Hark, hark : I hear
 The strain of strutting chanticleer
 Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.”

appearance of this beautiful young prince; and Ferdinand, seeing such a lovely lady in this desert place, and from the strange sounds he had heard, expecting nothing but wonders, thought he was upon an enchanted island, and that Miranda was the goddess of the place, and as such he began to address her.

She timidly answered, she was no goddess, but a simple maid, and was going to give him an account of herself, when Prospero interrupted her. He was well pleased to find they admired each other, for he plainly perceived they had (as we say) fallen in love at first sight: but to try Ferdinand's constancy, he resolved to throw some difficulties in their way: therefore, advancing forward, he addressed the prince with a stern air, telling him, he came to the island as a spy, to take it from him who was the lord of it. "Follow me," said he; "I will tie you neck and feet together. You shall drink sea-water; shell-fish, withered roots, and husks of acorns shall be your food." "No," said Ferdinand, "I will resist such entertainment,¹ till I see a more powerful enemy," and drew his sword; but Prospero, waving his magic wand, fixed him to the spot where he stood, so that he had no power to move.

Miranda hung upon her father, saying, "Why are you so ungentle? Have pity, sir; I will be his surety. This is the second man I ever saw, and to me he seems a true one."

"Silence," said the father; "one word more will make me chide you, girl! What! an advocate for an impostor! You think there are no more such fine men, having seen only him and Caliban. I tell you, foolish girl, most men as far excel this, as he does

¹ Treatment.

Caliban." This he said to prove his daughter's constancy; and she replied, "My affections are most humble. I have no wish to see a goodlier man."

"Come on, young man," said Prospero to the prince, "you have no power to disobey me."

"I have not, indeed," answered Ferdinand; and not knowing that it was by magic he was deprived of all power of resistance, he was astonished to find himself so strangely compelled to follow Prospero: looking back on Miranda as long as he could see her, he said, as he went after Prospero into the cave, "My spirits are all bound up, as if I were in a dream; but this man's threats, and the weakness which I feel, would seem light to me if from my prison I might once a day behold this fair maid."

Prospero kept Ferdinand not long confined within the cell: he soon brought out his prisoner, and set him a severe task to perform, taking care to let his daughter know the hard labor he had imposed on him, and then pretending to go into his study, he secretly watched them both.

Prospero had commanded Ferdinand to pile up some heavy logs of wood. Kings' sons not being much used to laborious work, Miranda soon after found her lover almost dying with fatigue. "Alas!" said she, "do not work so hard; my father is at his studies, he is safe for these three hours: pray rest yourself."

"O my dear lady," said Ferdinand, "I dare not. I must finish my task before I take my rest."

"If you will sit down," said Miranda, "I will carry your logs the while." But this Ferdinand would by no means agree to. Instead of a help Miranda became a hindrance, for they began a long

conversation, so that the business of log-carrying went on very slowly.

Prospero, who had enjoined Ferdinand this task merely as a trial of his love, was not at his books, as his daughter supposed, but was standing by them invisible, to overhear what they said.

Ferdinand inquired her name, which she told, saying it was against her father's express command she did so.

Prospero only smiled at this first instance of his daughter's disobedience, for having by his magic art caused his daughter to fall in love so suddenly, he was not angry that she showed her love by forgetting to obey his commands. And he listened well pleased to a long speech of Ferdinand's, in which he professed to love her above all the ladies he ever saw.

In answer to his praises of her beauty, which he said exceeded all the women in the world, she replied, "I do not remember the face of any woman, nor have I seen any more men than you, my good friend, and my dear father. How features are abroad, I know not; but, believe me, sir, I would not wish any companion in the world but you, nor can my imagination form any shape but yours that I could like. But, sir, I fear I talk to you too freely, and my father's precepts I forget."

At this Prospero smiled, and nodded his head, as much as to say, "This goes on exactly as I could wish; my girl will be queen of Naples."

And then Ferdinand, in another fine long speech (for young princes speak in courtly phrases), told the innocent Miranda he was heir to the crown of Naples, and that she should be his queen.

"Ah! sir," said she, "I am a fool to weep at what

I am glad of. I will answer you in plain and holy innocence. I am your wife, if you will marry me."

Prospero prevented Ferdinand's thanks by appearing visible before them.

"Fear nothing, my child," said he; "I have overheard, and approve of all you have said. And, Ferdinand, if I have too severely used you, I will make you rich amends, by giving you my daughter. All your vexations were but trials of your love, and you have nobly stood the test. Then as my gift, which your true love has worthily purchased, take my daughter, and do not smile that I boast she is above all praise." He then, telling them that he had business which required his presence, desired they would sit down and talk together till he returned; and this command Miranda seemed not at all disposed to disobey.

When Prospero left them, he called his spirit Ariel, who quickly appeared before him, eager to relate what he had done with Prospero's brother and the king of Naples. Ariel said he had left them almost out of their senses with fear, at the strange things he had caused them to see and hear. When fatigued with wandering about, and famished for want of food, he had suddenly set before them a delicious banquet, and then, just as they were going to eat, he appeared visible before them in the shape of a harpy, a voracious monster with wings, and the feast vanished away. Then, to their utter amazement, this seeming harpy spoke to them, reminding them of their cruelty in driving Prospero from his dukedom, and leaving him and his infant daughter to perish in the sea; saying, that for this cause these terrors were suffered to afflict them.

The king of Naples, and Antonio the false brother, repented the injustice they had done to Prospero; and Ariel told his master he was certain their penitence was sincere, and that he, though a spirit, could not but pity them.

“Then bring them hither, Ariel,” said Prospero: “if you, who are but a spirit, feel for their distress, shall not I, who am a human being like themselves, have compassion on them? Bring them, quickly, my dainty Ariel.”

Ariel soon returned with the king, Antonio, and old Gonzalo in their train, who had followed him, wondering at the wild music he played in the air to draw them on to his master's presence. This Gonzalo was the same who had so kindly provided Prospero formerly with books and provisions, when his wicked brother left him, as he thought, to perish in an open boat in the sea.

Grief and terror had so stupefied their senses, that they did not know Prospero. He first discovered himself to the good old Gonzalo, calling him the preserver of his life; and then his brother and the king knew that he was the injured Prospero.

Antonio, with tears, and sad words of sorrow and true repentance, implored his brother's forgiveness; and the king expressed his sincere remorse for having assisted Antonio to depose his brother: and Prospero forgave them; and upon their engaging to restore his dukedom, he said to the king of Naples, “I have a gift in store for you too;” and opening a door, showed him his son Ferdinand playing at chess with Miranda.

Nothing could exceed the joy of the father and the son at this unexpected meeting, for they each thought the other drowned in the storm.

“O wonder!” said Miranda, “what noble creatures these are! It must surely be a brave world that has such people in it.”

The king of Naples was almost as much astonished at the beauty and the excellent graces of the young Miranda, as his son had been. “Who is this maid?” said he; “she seems the goddess that has parted us, and brought us thus together.” “No, sir,” answered Ferdinand, smiling to find his father had fallen into the same mistake that he had made when he first saw Miranda, “she is a mortal, but by immortal Providence she is mine; I chose her when I could not ask you, my father, for your consent, not thinking you were alive. She is the daughter to this Prospero, who is the famous duke of Milan, of whose renown I have heard so much, but never saw him till now: of him I have received a new life: he has made himself to me a second father, giving me this dear lady.”

“Then I must be her father,” said the king: “but oh! how oddly will it sound, that I must ask my child forgiveness.”

“No more of that,” said Prospero: “let us not remember our troubles past, since they so happily have ended.” And then Prospero embraced his brother, and again assured him of his forgiveness; and said that a wise, overruling Providence had permitted that he should be driven from his poor dukedom of Milan, that his daughter might inherit the crown of Naples, for that by their meeting in this desert island, it had happened that the king’s son had loved Miranda.

These kind words which Prospero spoke, meaning to comfort his brother, so filled Antonio with shame and remorse, that he wept and was unable to speak; and the kind old Gonzalo wept to see this joyful

reconciliation, and prayed for blessings on the young couple.

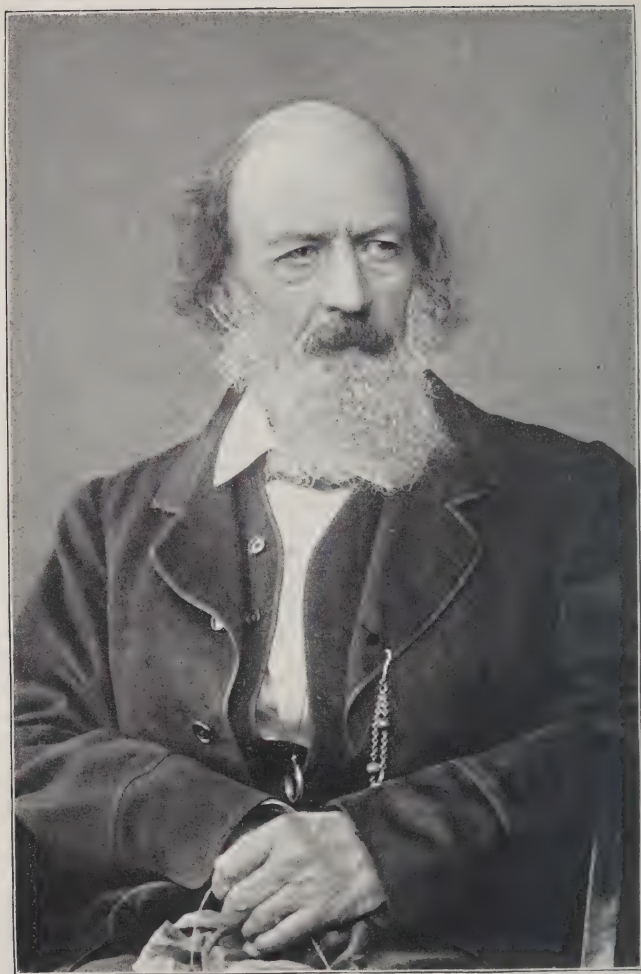
Prospero now told them that their ship was safe in the harbor, and the sailors all on board her, and that he and his daughter would accompany them home the next morning. "In the mean time," says he, "partake of such refreshments as my poor cave affords; and for your evening's entertainment I will relate the history of my life from my first landing in this desert island." He then called for Caliban to prepare some food, and set the cave in order: and the company were astonished at the uncouth form and savage appearance of this ugly monster, who (Prospero said) was the only attendant he had to wait upon him.

Before Prospero left the island, he dismissed Ariel from his service, to the great joy of that lively little spirit; who, though he had been a faithful servant to his master, was always longing to enjoy his free liberty, to wander uncontrolled in the air, like a wild bird, under green trees, among pleasant fruits, and sweet-smelling flowers. "My quaint Ariel," said Prospero to the little sprite when he made him free, "I shall miss you; yet you shall have your freedom." "Thank you, my dear master," said Ariel; "but give me leave to attend your ship home with prosperous gales, before you bid farewell to the assistance of your faithful spirit; and then, master, when I am free, how merrily I shall live!" Here Ariel sang this pretty song:

"Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.

Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough."

Prospero then buried deep in the earth his magical books and wand, for he was resolved never more to make use of the magic art. And having thus overcome his enemies, and being reconciled to his brother and the king of Naples, nothing now remained to complete his happiness, but to revisit his native land, to take possession of his dukedom, and to witness the happy nuptials of his daughter Miranda and Prince Ferdinand, which the king said should be instantly celebrated with great splendor on their return to Naples. At which place, under the safe convoy of the spirit Ariel, they, after a pleasant voyage, soon arrived.



J. H. Hays

ALFRED TENNYSON.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

ALFRED TENNYSON, the most famous English poet of the latter half of the nineteenth century, was born August 6, 1809, in the village of Somersby, in Lincolnshire, England. He was one of a large family of children, and at least one of his brothers showed also poetic genius. His father was rector of the English church in the quiet English village, and the young poet grew up in the shelter of a refined home. Mrs. Ritchie, a daughter of Thackeray, tells a pleasant story of the family life:—

“These handsome children had, beyond most children, that wondrous toy at their command which some people call imagination. The boys played great games like Arthur’s knights; they were champions and warriors defending a stone heap, or again they would set up opposing camps with a king in the midst of each. . . . When dinner-time came, and they all sat round the table, each in turn put a chapter of his history underneath the potato bowl,—long, endless histories, chapter after chapter, diffuse, absorbing, unending, as are the stories of real life of which each sunrise opens on a new part; some of these romances were in letters like *Clarissa Harlowe*. Alfred used to tell a story which lasted for months, and which was called *The Old Horse*.”

When Alfred and his brother Charles were scarcely more than boys, they published a book under the title *Poems by Two Brothers*. A year after this little book came out,

Alfred Tennyson was entered as a student at Trinity College, Cambridge, and there he formed friendships which lasted through life, though one friend, Arthur Hallam by name, the dearest of all, and the promised husband of Tennyson's sister, died in 1833. But he is connected with Tennyson's memory more than all who lived, for his death so moved the poet as to keep him silent for ten years. He had published a volume of poems after leaving the university, and again in 1832, but now he buried himself in study and meditation, seeing but few persons, and brooding over great thoughts which found expression in the series of poems afterward published under the title, *In Memoriam A. H. H.*, that is, To the Memory of Arthur Henry Hallam. In this, one of the famous books of the century, Tennyson seeks to bring life and immortality to light. Carlyle describes him thus at this time : —

“One of the finest-looking men in the world. A great shock of rough dusty-dark hair ; bright, laughing hazel eyes ; massive aquiline face, most massive, yet most delicate ; of sallow-brown complexion, almost Indian-looking ; clothes cynically loose, free-and-easy ; smokes infinite tobacco. His voice is musical-metallic — fit for loud laughter and piercing wail, and all that may lie between ; speech and speculation free and plenteous : I do not meet, in these late decades, such company over a pipe !”

In Memoriam, though written during these ten years of half solitary life, was not published for some time. Meanwhile, in 1842, his *Poems* appeared in two volumes, and gave him at once a high rank ; in 1847, he published *The Princess*, and when, in 1850, he published *In Memoriam*, he became the great successor of Wordsworth, who died this same year. He was appointed Poet Laureate in Wordsworth's place, and thereafter was looked upon till his death, October 6, 1892, as the greatest of living English poets.

His position as poet laureate led him to write, from time to time, noble patriotic poems, like the *Ode on the*

Death of the Duke of Wellington, and *The Charge of the Light Brigade*. He showed his ardent love of England in other ways. His *Idylls of the King* was a poetic effort to bring to modern minds the chivalric ideal as dimly shadowed in the tales of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. *Maud* was a passionate protest against a selfish indifference to national honor and mere regard for material wealth, and he wrote tragedies intended to reconstruct old English history. In 1884, he was made Baron Tennyson of Aldworth and of Freshwater, so that thereafter he bore the title of Lord Tennyson.

It is impossible to sum up in brief space an estimate of the essence of Tennyson's poetic greatness. In any analysis of it, the purity, elevation, and depth of thought, the pervading quality of imagination, and the constant beauty of structure must primarily be reckoned with. In other words, his mind was amply adequate to supplying him with the most noble and lovely themes, and his mastery over his art enabled him to put them into noble and lovely forms. He gathered up in himself many of the beauties of poets who went before him, and has won the tribute of so much imitation — often by persons no doubt unconscious of imitating — that nearly the whole body of English poetry in our second half century has been different because of him.

ENOCK ARDEN.

Enoch Arden appeared as the principal poem of the volume bearing its name in 1864. It is the main product of a period of reaction from the work which dealt, in the *Idylls of the King*, with the great legends of England. As in other poems of its period, Tennyson attempted to draw near to the actual life of the English people. The sympathetic reader will feel especially in the poem the fitness of the means to the end in view ; the many metaphors of the sea, the stress that is laid upon the elements of superstition and the supernatural, — elements well in keeping with the characters of the story. The beauty of the descriptive passages needs no pointing out.

LONG lines of cliff breaking have left a chasm ;
And in the chasm are foam and yellow sands ;
Beyond, red roofs about a narrow wharf
In cluster ; then a moulder'd church ; and higher
5 A long street climbs to one tall-tower'd mill ;
And high in heaven behind it a gray down
With Danish barrows ; and a hazelwood,
By autumn nutters haunted, flourishes
Green in a cuplike hollow of the down.

10 Here on this beach a hundred years ago,
Three children of three houses, Annie Lee,
The prettiest little damsel in the port,
And Philip Ray, the miller's only son,
And Enoch Arden, a rough sailor's lad
15 Made orphan by a winter shipwreck, play'd

7. *Danish barrows*, burial mounds supposed to date from the Danish incursions into England.

Among the waste and lumber of the shore,
 Hard coils of cordage, swarthy fishing-nets,
 Anchors of rusty fluke, and boats updrawn;
 And built their castles of dissolving sand
 20 To watch them overflow'd, or following up
 And flying the white breaker, daily left
 The little footprint daily wash'd away.

A narrow cave ran in beneath the cliff;
 In this the children play'd at keeping house.
 25 Enoch was host one day, Philip the next,
 While Annie still was mistress; but at times
 Enoch would hold possession for a week:
 "This is my house and this my little wife."
 "Mine too," said Philip, "turn and turn about."
 30 When, if they quarrell'd, Enoch stronger made
 Was master: then would Philip, his blue eyes
 All flooded with the helpless wrath of tears,
 Shriek out, "I hate you, Enoch," and at this
 The little wife would weep for company,
 35 And pray them not to quarrel for her sake,
 And say she would be little wife to both.

But when the dawn of rosy childhood past,
 And the new warmth of life's ascending sun
 Was felt by either, either fixt his heart
 40 On that one girl; and Enoch spoke his love,
 But Philip loved in silence; and the girl
 Seem'd kinder unto Philip than to him;
 But she loved Enoch: tho' she knew it not,
 And would if ask'd deny it. Enoch set
 45 A purpose evermore before his eyes,

36. A line which skillfully foreshadows the tragedy of the poem.

- To hoard all savings to the uttermost,
 To purchase his own boat, and make a home
 For Annie : and so prosper'd that at last
 A luckier or a bolder fisherman,
 50 A carefuller in peril, did not breathe
 For leagues along that breaker-beaten coast
 Than Enoch. Likewise had he served a year
 On board a merchantman, and made himself
 Full sailor ; and he thrice had pluck'd a life
 55 From the dread sweep of the down-streaming seas
 And all men look'd upon him favorably :
 And ere he touch'd his one-and-twentieth May
 He purchased his own boat, and made a home
 For Annie, neat and nestlike, halfway up
 60 The narrow street that clamber'd toward the mill.

- Then, on a golden autumn eventide,
 The younger people making holiday,
 With bag and sack and basket, great and small,
 Went nutting to the hazels. Philip stay'd
 65 (His father lying sick and needing him)
 An hour behind ; but as he climb'd the hill,
 Just where the prone edge of the wood began
 To feather toward the hollow, saw the pair,
 Enoch and Annie, sitting hand-in-hand,
 70 His large gray eyes and weather-beaten face
 All-kindled by a still and sacred fire,
 That burn'd as on an altar. Philip look'd,
 And in their eyes and faces read his doom ;
 Then, as their faces drew together, groan'd,
 75 And slipt aside, and like a wounded life
 Crept down into the hollows of the wood ;
54. *Full sailor* may be taken as equivalent to "able seaman."
 67, 68. Where the woods grew thinner and lighter.

There, while the rest were loud in merrymaking,
Had his dark hour unseen, and rose and past
Bearing a lifelong hunger in his heart.

- 30 So these were wed, and merrily rang the bells,
And merrily ran the years, seven happy years,
Seven happy years of health and competence,
And mutual love and honorable toil;
With children; first a daughter. In him woke,
85 With his first babe's first cry, the noble wish
To save all earnings to the uttermost,
And give his child a better bringing-up
Than his had been, or hers; a wish renew'd,
When two years after came a boy to be
90 The rosy idol of her solitudes,
While Enoch was abroad on wrathful seas,
Or often journeying landward; for in truth
Enoch's white horse, and Enoch's ocean-spoil
In ocean-smelling osier, and his face,
95 Rough-redden'd with a thousand winter gales,
Not only to the market-cross were known,
But in the leafy lanes behind the down,
Far as the portal-warding lion-whelp
And peacock-yewtree of the lonely Hall,
100 Whose Friday fare was Enoch's ministering.

Then came a change, as all things human change.
Ten miles to northward of the narrow port

94. *Osier*, i. e. basket.

96. Many English villages have an old stone cross in the market-place.

98. The heraldic device over the portal to the hall, supposed to stand as a guard (warding).

99. A yew-tree cut, after the fashion of old gardening, into the form of a peacock.

- Open'd a larger haven : thither used
Enoch at times to go by land or sea ;
105 And once when there, and clambering on a mast
In harbor, by mischance he slipt and fell :
A limb was broken when they lifted him ;
And while he lay recovering there, his wife
Bore him another son, a sickly one :
110 Another hand crept too across his trade
Taking her bread and theirs : and on him fell,
Altho' a grave and staid God-fearing man,
Yet lying thus inactive, doubt and gloom.
He seem'd, as in a nightmare of the night,
115 To see his children leading evermore
Low miserable lives of hand-to-mouth,
And her he loved, a beggar : then he pray'd
" Save them from this, whatever comes to me."
And while he pray'd, the master of that ship
120 Enoch had served in, hearing his mischance,
Came, for he knew the man and valued him,
Reporting of his vessel China-bound,
And wanting yet a boatswain. Would he go ?
There yet were many weeks before she sail'd,
125 Sail'd from this port. Would Enoch have the
place ?
And Enoch all at once assented to it,
Rejoicing at that answer to his prayer.

- So now that shadow of mischance appear'd
No graver than as when some little cloud
130 Cuts off the fiery highway of the sun,
And isles a light in the offing : yet the wife —
When he was gone — the children — what to do ?

131. At sea on half cloudy days one often notices a bit of sun-
light standing out on the water like an island.

Then Enoch lay long-pondering on his plans ;
 To sell the boat — and yet he loved her well —
 135 How many a rough sea had he weather'd in her !
 He knew her, as a horseman knows his horse —
 And yet to sell her — then with what she brought
 Buy goods and stores — set Annie forth in trade
 With all that seamen needed or their wives —
 140 So might she keep the house while he was gone.
 Should he not trade himself out yonder ? go
 This voyage more than once ? yea, twice or thrice —
 As oft as needed — last, returning rich,
 Become the master of a larger craft,
 145 With fuller profits lead an easier life,
 Have all his pretty young ones educated,
 And pass his days in peace among his own.

Thus Enoch in his heart determined all :
 Then moving homeward came on Annie pale,
 150 Nursing the sickly babe, her latest-born.
 Forward she started with a happy cry,
 And laid the feeble infant in his arms ;
 Whom Enoch took, and handled all his limbs,
 Appraised his weight and fondled father-like,
 155 But had no heart to break his purposes
 To Annie, till the morrow, when he spoke.

Then first since Enoch's golden ring had girt
 Her finger, Annie fought against his will :
 Yet not with brawling opposition she,
 160 But manifold entreaties, many a tear,
 Many a sad kiss by day by night renew'd
 (Sure that all evil would come out of it)

142. *Voyage* must be read as a dissyllable, not too pronouncedly.

Besought him, supplicating, if he cared
For her or his dear children, not to go.
185 He not for his own self caring but her,
Her and her children, let her plead in vain ;
So grieving held his will, and bore it thro'.

For Enoch parted with his old sea-friend,
Bought Annie goods and stores, and set his hand
170 To fit their little streetward sitting-room
With shelf and corner for the goods and stores.
So all day long till Enoch's last at home,
Shaking their pretty cabin, hammer and axe,
Auger and saw, while Annie seem'd to hear
175 Her own death-scaffold raising, shrill'd and rang,
Till this was ended, and his careful hand, —
The space was narrow, — having order'd all
Almost as neat and close as Nature packs
Her blossom or her seedling, paused ; and he,
180 Who needs would work for Annie to the last,
Ascending tired, heavily slept till morn.

And Enoch faced this morning of farewell
Brightly and boldly. All his Annie's fears,
Save as his Annie's, were a laughter to him.
185 Yet Enoch as a brave God-fearing man
Bow'd himself down, and in that mystery
Where God-in-man is one with man-in-God,
Pray'd for a blessing on his wife and babes,
Whatever came to him : and then he said
190 " Annie, this voyage by the grace of God
Will bring fair weather yet to all of us.
Keep a clean hearth and a clear fire for me,

165. Not an easy line to read with proper stress ; *self* should be dwelt upon, and a certain pause made after *caring*.

For I 'll be back, my girl, before you know it."
 Then lightly rocking baby's cradle, "and he,
 195 This pretty, puny, weakly little one, —
 Nay — for I love him all the better for it —
 God bless him, he shall sit upon my knees
 And I will tell him tales of foreign parts,
 And make him merry, when I come home again.
 200 Come, Annie, come, cheer up before I go."

Him running on thus hopefully she heard,
 And almost hoped herself; but when he turn'd
 The current of his talk to graver things,
 In sailor fashion roughly sermonizing
 205 On providence and trust in Heaven, she heard,
 Heard and not heard him; as the village girl,
 Who sets her pitcher underneath the spring,
 Musing on him that used to fill it for her,
 Hears and not hears, and lets it overflow.

210 At length she spoke, "O Enoch, you are wise;
 And yet for all your wisdom well know I
 That I shall look upon your face no more."

"Well then," said Enoch, "I shall look on yours
 Annie, the ship I sail in passes here
 215 (He named the day), get you a seaman's glass,
 Spy out my face, and laugh at all your fears."

But when the last of those last moments came,
 "Annie, my girl, cheer up, be comforted,
 Look to the babes, and till I come again,
 220 Keep everything shipshape, for I must go.
 And fear no more for me; or if you fear

213. Another significant prophecy, as in line 36.

Cast all your cares on God ; that anchor holds.
 Is He not yonder in those uttermost
 Parts of the morning ? if I flee to these
 225 Can I go from him ? and the sea is His,
 The sea is His : He made it."

Enoch rose,
 Cast his strong arms about his drooping wife,
 And kiss'd his wonder-stricken little ones ;
 But for the third, the sickly one, who slept
 230 After a night of feverous wakefulness,
 When Annie would have raised him Enoch said,
 "Wake him not; let him sleep; how should the
 child
 Remember this ? " and kiss'd him in his cot.
 But Annie from her baby's forehead clipt
 235 A tiny curl, and gave it : this he kept
 Thro' all his future ; but now hastily caught
 His bundle, waved his hand, and went his way.

She when the day, that Enoch mention'd, came,
 Borrow'd a glass, but all in vain : perhaps
 240 She could not fix the glass to suit her eye ;
 Perhaps her eye was dim, hand tremulous ;
 She saw him not : and while he stood on deck
 Waving, the moment and the vessel past.

Ev'n to the last dip of the vanishing sail
 245 She watch'd it, and departed weeping for him ;
 Then, tho' she mourn'd his absence as his grave,
 Set her sad will no less to chime with his,
 But throve not in her trade, not being bred

222-226. The use of Bible language at this moment is quite
 in harmony with Enoch's character.

To barter, nor compensating the want
 250 By shrewdness, neither capable of lies,
 Nor asking overmuch and taking less,
 And still foreboding "what would Enoch say?"
 For more than once, in days of difficulty
 And pressure, had she sold her wares for less
 255 Than what she gave in buying what she sold :
 She fail'd and sadden'd knowing it ; and thus,
 Expectant of that news which never came,
 Gain'd for her own a scanty sustenance,
 And lived a life of silent melancholy.

260 Now the third child was sickly-born and grew
 Yet sicklier, tho' the mother cared for it
 With all a mother's care : nevertheless,
 Whether her business often call'd her from it,
 Or thro' the want of what it needed most,
 265 Or means to pay the voice who best could tell
 What most it needed — howsoe'er it was,
 After a lingering, — ere she was aware, —
 Like the caged bird escaping suddenly,
 The little innocent soul flitted away.

270 In that same week when Annie buried it,
 Philip's true heart, which hunger'd for her peace
 (Since Enoch left he had not look'd upon her),
 Smote him, as having kept aloof so long.
 "Surely," said Philip, "I may see her now,
 275 May be some little comfort ;" therefore went,
 Past thro' the solitary room in front,
 Paused for a moment at an inner door,
 Then struck it thrice, and, no one opening,
 Enter'd ; but Annie, seated with her grief,
 280 Fresh from the burial of her little one,

Cared not to look on any human face,
But turn'd her own toward the wall and wept.
Then Philip standing up said falteringly,
“Annie, I came to ask a favor of you.”

285 He spoke ; the passion in her moan'd reply,
“Favor from one so sad and so forlorn
As I am !” half abash'd him ; yet unask'd,
His bashfulness and tenderness at war,
He set himself beside her, saying to her :

290 “I came to speak to you of what he wish'd,
Enoch, your husband : I have ever said
You chose the best among us — a strong man :
For where he fixt his heart he set his hand
To do the thing he will'd, and bore it thro'.
295 And wherefore did he go this weary way,
And leave you lonely ? not to see the world —
For pleasure ? — nay, but for the wherewithal
To give his babes a better bringing-up
Than his had been, or yours : that was his wish.
300 And if he come again, vext will he be
To find the precious morning hours were lost.
And it would vex him even in his grave,
If he could know his babes were running wild
Like colts about the waste. So, Annie, now —
305 Have we not known each other all our lives ? —
I do beseech you by the love you bear
Him and his children not to say me nay —
For, if you will, when Enoch comes again,
Why then he shall repay me — if you will,
310 Annie — for I am rich and well-to-do.
Now let me put the boy and girl to school :
This is the favor that I came to ask.”

Then Annie with her brows against the wall
 Answer'd, " I cannot look you in the face ;
 315 I seem so foolish and so broken down.
 When you came in my sorrow broke me down ;
 And now I think your kindness breaks me down :
 But Enoch lives ; that is borne in on me ;
 He will repay you : money can be repaid ;
 320 Not kindness such as yours."

And Philip ask'd
 "Then you will let me, Annie?"

There she turn'd.
 She rose, and fixt her swimming eyes upon him,
 And dwelt a moment on his kindly face,
 Then calling down a blessing on his head
 325 Caught at his hand, and wrung it passionately,
 And past into the little garth beyond.
 So lifted up in spirit he moved away.

Then Philip put the boy and girl to school,
 And bought them needful books, and every way,
 330 Like one who does his duty by his own,
 Made himself theirs ; and tho' for Annie's sake,
 Fearing the lazy gossip of the port,
 He oft denied his heart his dearest wish,
 And seldom crost her threshold, yet he sent
 335 Gifts by the children, garden-herbs and fruit,
 The late and early roses from his wall,
 Or conies from the down, and now and then,
 With some pretext of fineness in the meal
 To save the offence of charitable, flour
 340 From his tall mill that whistled on the waste.

339. To make it seem not like a gift of charity.

But Philip did not fathom Annie's mind :
 Scarce could the woman when he came upon her
 Out of full heart and boundless gratitude
 Light on a broken word to thank him with.
 345 But Philip was her children's all-in-all ;
 From distant corners of the street they ran
 To greet his hearty welcome heartily ;
 Lords of his house and of his mill were they ;
 Worried his passive ear with petty wrongs
 350 Or pleasures, hung upon him, play'd with him,
 And call'd him Father Philip. Philip gain'd
 As Enoch lost ; for Enoch seem'd to them
 Uncertain as a vision or a dream,
 Faint as a figure seen in early dawn
 355 Down at the far end of an avenue,
 Going we know not where : and so ten years,
 Since Enoch left his hearth and native land,
 Fled forward, and no news of Enoch came.

It chanced one evening Annie's children long'd
 360 To go with others nutting to the wood,
 And Annie would go with them ; then they begg'd
 For Father Philip (as they call'd him) too :
 Him, like the working bee in blossom-dust,
 Blanch'd with his mill, they found ; and saying to him,
 365 " Come with us, Father Philip," he denied ;
 But when the children pluck'd at him to go,
 He laugh'd, and yielded readily to their wish,
 For was not Annie with them ? and they went.

But after scaling half the weary down,
 370 Just where the prone edge of the wood began

370. The repetition here of the phrase in line 67 is one of the instances of the device used in the poem to bind together the

To feather toward the hollow, all her force
 Fail'd her ; and sighing, " Let me rest," she said :
 So Philip rested with her well-content ;
 While all the younger ones with jubilant cries
 375 Broke from their elders, and tumultuously
 Down thro' the whitening hazels made a plunge
 To the bottom, and dispersed, and bent or broke
 The lithe reluctant boughs to tear away
 Their tawny clusters, crying to each other
 380 And calling, here and there, about the wood.

But Philip sitting at her side forgot
 Her presence, and remember'd one dark hour
 Here in this wood, when like a wounded life
 He crept into the shadow : at last he said,
 385 Lifting his honest forehead, " Listen, Annie,
 How merry they are down yonder in the wood.
 Tired, Annie ? " for she did not speak a word.
 " Tired ? " but her face had fall'n upon her hands,
 At which, as with a kind of anger in him,
 390 " The ship was lost," he said, " the ship was lost !
 No more of that ! why should you kill yourself
 And make them orphans quite ? " And Annie said
 " I thought not of it : but — I know not why —
 Their voices make me feel so solitary."

395 Then Philip coming somewhat closer spoke.
 " Annie, there is a thing upon my mind,
 And it has been upon my mind so long,
 That tho' I know not when it first came there,
 I know that it will out at last. Oh, Annie,
 400 It is beyond all hope, against all chance,

two parts of the tragedy and make it all one. Compare lines
 80 and 507, for a similar practice ; still others will be found.

That he who left you ten long years ago
Should still be living; well then — let me speak
I grieve to see you poor and wanting help:
I cannot help you as I wish to do
405 Unless — they say that women are so quick —
Perhaps you know what I would have you know —
I wish you for my wife. I fain would prove
A father to your children: I do think
They love me as a father: I am sure
410 That I love them as if they were mine own;
And I believe, if you were fast my wife,
That after all these sad uncertain years,
We might be still as happy as God grants
To any of His creatures. Think upon it:
415 For I am well-to-do — no kin, no care,
No burthen, save my care for you and yours:
And we have known each other all our lives,
And I have loved you longer than you know.”

Then answer'd Annie; tenderly she spoke:
420 “You have been as God's good angel in our house
God bless you for it, God reward you for it,
Philip, with something happier than myself.
Can one love twice? can you be ever loved
As Enoch was? what is it that you ask?”
425 “I am content,” he answer'd, “to be loved
A little after Enoch.” “Oh,” she cried,
Scared as it were, “dear Philip, wait a while:
If Enoch comes — but Enoch will not come —
Yet wait a year, a year is not so long:
430 Surely I shall be wiser in a year:
Oh, wait a little!” Philip sadly said,
“Annie, as I have waited all my life
I well may wait a little.” “Nay,” she cried,

“ I am bound : you have my promise — in a year ;
 435 Will you not bide your year as I bide mine ? ”
 And Philip answer'd, “ I will bide my year.”

Here both were mute, till Philip glancing up
 Beheld the dead flame of the fallen day
 Pass from the Danish barrow overhead ;
 440 Then, fearing night and chill for Annie, rose,
 And sent his voice beneath him thro' the wood.
 Up came the children laden with their spoil ;
 'Then all descended to the port, and there
 At Annie's door he paused and gave his hand,
 445 Saying gently, “ Annie, when I spoke to you,
 That was your hour of weakness. I was wrong.
 I am always bound to you, but you are free.”
 Then Annie weeping answered, “ I am bound.”

She spoke ; and in one moment as it were,
 450 While yet she went about her household ways,
 Ev'n as she dwelt upon his latest words,
 That he had loved her longer than she knew,
 That autumn into autumn flash'd again,
 And there he stood once more before her face,
 455 Claiming her promise. “ Is it a year ? ” she ask'd.
 “ Yes, if the nuts,” he said, “ be ripe again :
 Come out and see.” But she — she put him off —
 So much to look to — such a change — a month —
 Give her a month — she knew that she was bound —
 460 A month — no more. Then Philip with his eyes
 Full of that lifelong hunger, and his voice
 Shaking a little like a drunkard's hand,
 “ Take your own time, Annie, take your own time.”
 And Annie could have wept for pity of him ;
 465 And yet she held him on delayingly

With many a scarce-believable excuse,
 Trying his truth and his long-sufferance,
 Till half another year had slipt away.

By this the lazy gossips of the port,
 470 Abhorrent of a calculation crost,
 Began to chafe as at a personal wrong.
 Some thought that Philip did but trifle with her,
 Some that she but held off to draw him on;
 And others laugh'd at her and Philip too,
 475 As simple folk that knew not their own minds;
 And one, in whom all evil fancies clung
 Like serpent eggs together, laughingly
 Would hint at worse in either. Her own son
 Was silent, tho' he often look'd his wish;
 480 But evermore the daughter prest upon her
 To wed the man so dear to all of them
 And lift the household out of poverty;
 And Philip's rosy face contracting grew
 Careworn and wan; and all these things fell on her
 485 Sharp as reproach.

At last one night it chanced
 That Annie could not sleep, but earnestly
 Pray'd for a sign, "my Enoch, is he gone?"
 Then compass'd round by the blind wall of night
 Brook'd not the expectant terror of her heart,
 490 Started from bed, and struck herself a light,
 Then desperately seized the holy Book,

470. Angry that their expectations were not fulfilled.

491. From early times one form of divination has been to read a personal meaning in passages selected by chance from books. The *Æneid* of Virgil was often used, and in England the Bible has been put to the same service, by persons like

Suddenly set it wide to find a sign,
 Suddenly put her finger on the text,
 "Under the palm-tree." That was nothing to her.
 495 No meaning there : she closed the Book and slept :
 When lo ! her Enoch sitting on a height,
 Under a palm-tree, over him the Sun :
 "He is gone," she thought, "he is happy, he is
 singing
 Hosanna in the highest : yonder shines
 500 The Sun of Righteousness, and these be palms
 Whereof the happy people strowing cried
 'Hosanna in the highest !' " Here she woke,
 Resolved, sent for him and said wildly to him,
 "There is no reason why we should not wed."
 505 "Then for God's sake," he answer'd, "both our
 sakes,
 So you will wed me, let it be at once."

So these were wed and merrily rang the bells,
 Merrily rang the bells and they were wed.
 But never merrily beat Annie's heart.
 510 A footstep seem'd to fall beside her path,
 She knew not whence ; a whisper on her ear,
 She knew not what ; nor loved she to be left
 Alone at home, nor ventured out alone.
 What ail'd her then, that ere she enter'd, often,
 515 Her hand dwelt lingeringly on the latch,
 Fearing to enter : Philip thought he knew :
 Such doubts and fears were common to her state,
 Annie, since the days of the Puritans. In George Eliot's
Adam Bede, Dinah Morris makes important use of the practice.
 "And when I've opened the Bible for direction," she says,
 "I've always lighted on some clear word to tell me where
 my work lay."

Being with child : but when her child was born,
 Then her new child was as herself renew'd,
 520 Then the new mother came about her heart,
 Then her good Philip was her all-in-all,
 And that mysterious instinct wholly died.

And where was Enoch ? prosperously sail'd
 The ship Good Fortune, tho' at setting forth
 525 The Biscay, roughly ridging eastward, shook
 And almost overwhelm'd her, yet unvext
 She slipt across the summer of the world,
 Then after a long tumble about the Cape
 And frequent interchange of foul and fair,
 530 She passing thro' the summer world again,
 The breath of heaven came continually
 And sent her sweetly by the golden isles,
 Till silent in her oriental haven.

There Enoch traded for himself, and bought
 535 Quaint monsters for the market of those times,
 A gilded dragon, also, for the babes.

Less lucky her home-voyage • at first indeed
 Thro' many a fair sea-circle, day by day,
 Scarce-rocking her full-busted figure-head
 540 Stared o'er the ripple feathering from her bows :
 Then follow'd calms, and then winds variable,
 Then baffling, a long course of them ; and last
 Storm, such as drove her under moonless heavens
 Till hard upon the cry of " breakers " came

527. This of course refers to the region about the equator.

537. *Voyage* here is more nearly one syllable.

538. There is a constant impression at sea of being at the
 centre of a vast circle.

545 The crash of ruin, and the loss of all
 But Enoch and two others. Half the night,
 Buoy'd upon floating tackle and broken spars,
 These drifted, stranding on an isle at morn
 Rich, but the loneliest in a lonely sea.

550 No want was there of human sustenance,
 Soft fruitage, mighty nuts, and nourishing roots,
 Nor save for pity was it hard to take
 The helpless life so wild that it was tame.
 There in a seaward-gazing mountain-gorge
 555 They built, and thatch'd with leaves of palm, a hut,
 Half hut, half native cavern. So the three,
 Set in this Eden of all plenteousness,
 Dwelt with eternal summer, ill-content.

For one, the youngest, hardly more than boy,
 560 Hurt in that night of sudden ruin and wreck,
 Lay lingering out a five-years' death-in-life.
 They could not leave him. After he was gone,
 The two remaining found a fallen stem ;
 And Enoch's comrade, careless of himself,
 565 Fire-hollowing this in Indian fashion, fell
 Sun-stricken, and that other lived alone.
 In those two deaths he read God's warning, "Wait."

The mountain wooded to the peak, the lawns
 And winding glades high up like ways to Heaven,
 570 The slender coco's drooping crown of plumes,
 The lightning flash of insect and of bird,
 The lustre of the long convolvuluses
 That coil'd around the stately stems, and ran
 Ev'n to the limit of the land, the glows
 563. *Stem*, a tree-trunk of which they tried to make a canoe

- 575 And glories of the broad belt of the world,
 All these he saw ; but what he fain had seen
 He could not see, the kindly human face,
 Nor ever hear a kindly voice, but heard
 The myriad shriek of wheeling ocean-fowl,
 580 The league-long roller thundering on the reef,
 The moving whisper of huge trees that branch'd
 And blossom'd in the zenith, or the sweep
 Of some precipitous rivulet to the wave,
 As down the shore he ranged, or all day long
 585 Sat often in the seaward-gazing gorge,
 A shipwreck'd sailor, waiting for a sail :
 No sail from day to day, but every day
 The sunrise broken into scarlet shafts
 Among the palms and ferns and precipices ;
 590 The blaze upon the waters to the east :
 The blaze upon his island overhead ;
 The blaze upon the waters to the west ;
 Then the great stars that globed themselves in
 Heaven,
 The hollower-bellowing ocean, and again
 595 The scarlet shafts of sunrise — but no sail.

- There often as he watch'd or seem'd to watch,
 So still, the golden lizard on him paused,
 A phantom made of many phantoms moved
 Before him, haunting him, or he himself
 590 Moved haunting people, things and places, known
 Far in a darker isle beyond the line ;
 The babes, their babble, Annie, the small house,
 The climbing street, the mill, the leafy lanes,

575. *Broad belt of the world*, the ocean ; the ancients, indeed, had such a conception of it.

597. So much was he a part of nature.

The peacock-yewtree and the lonely Hall,
 605 The horse he drove, the boat he sold, the chill
 November dawns and dewy-glooming downs,
 The gentle shower, the smell of dying leaves,
 And the low moan of leaden-color'd seas.

Once likewise, in the ringing of his ears,
 610 Tho' faintly, merrily — far and far away —
 He heard the pealing of his parish bells;
 Then, tho' he knew not wherefore, started up
 Shuddering, and when the beauteous hateful isle
 Return'd upon him, had not his poor heart
 615 Spoken with That, which being everywhere
 Lets none who speaks with Him seem all alone,
 Surely the man had died of solitude.

Thus over Enoch's early-silvering head
 The sunny and rainy seasons came and went
 620 Year after year. His hopes to see his own,
 And pace the sacred old familiar fields,
 Not yet had perish'd, when his lonely doom
 Came suddenly to an end. Another ship
 (She wanted water) blown by baffling winds,
 625 Like the Good Fortune, from her destined course,
 Stay'd by this isle, not knowing where she lay:
 For since the mate had seen at early dawn
 Across a break on the mist-wreathen isle
 The silent water slipping from the hills,
 630 They sent a crew that landing burst away
 In search of stream or fount, and fill'd the shores
 With clamor. Downward from his mountain gorge
 Stept the long-hair'd, long-bearded solitary,
 Brown, looking hardly human, strangely clad,
 635 Muttering and mumbling, idiot-like it seem'd,

With inarticulate rage, and making signs
 They knew not what : and yet he led the way
 To where the rivulets of sweet water ran ;
 And ever as he mingled with the crew,
 640 And heard them talking, his long-bounden tongue
 Was loosen'd, till he made them understand ;
 Whom, when their casks were fill'd they took
 aboard

And there the tale he utter'd brokenly,
 Scarce-credited at first but more and more,
 645 Amazed and melted all who listen'd to it ;
 And clothes they gave him and free passage home ;
 But oft he work'd among the rest and shook
 His isolation from him. None of these
 Came from his county, or could answer him,
 650 If question'd, aught of what he cared to know.
 And dull the voyage was with long delays,
 The vessel scarce sea-worthy ; but evermore
 His fancy fled before the lazy wind
 Returning, till beneath a clouded moon
 655 He like a lover down thro' all his blood
 Drew in the dewy meadowy morning-breath
 Of England, blown across her ghostly wall :
 And that same morning officers and men
 Levied a kindly tax upon themselves,
 360 Pitying the lonely man, and gave him it :
 Then moving up the coast they landed him,
 Ev'n in that harbor whence he sail'd before.

There Enoch spoke no word to any one,
 But homeward — home — what home ? had he a
 home ? —

638. *Sweet water*, not salt.

651. *Voyage*, two syllables again.

657. *Her ghostly wall*, the chalk cliffs of the south coast.

665 His home, he walk'd. Bright was that afternoon,
 Sunny but chill ; till drawn thro' either chasm,
 Where either haven open'd on the deeps,
 Roll'd a sea-haze and whelm'd the world in gray ;
 Cut off the length of highway on before,
 670 And left but narrow breadth to left and right
 Of wither'd holt or tilth or pasturage.
 On the nigh-naked tree the robin piped
 Disconsolate, and thro' the dripping haze
 The dead weight of the dead leaf bore it down :
 675 Thicker the drizzle grew, deeper the gloom ;
 Last, as it seem'd, a great mist-blotted light
 Flared on him, and he came upon the place.

Then down the long street having slowly stolen,
 His heart foreshadowing all calamity,
 680 His eyes upon the stones, he reach'd the home
 Where Annie lived and loved him, and his babes
 In those far-off seven happy years were born ;
 But finding neither light nor murmur there
 (A bill of sale gleam'd thro' the drizzle) crept
 685 Still downward thinking, "dead, or dead to me !"

Down to the pool and narrow wharf he went,
 Seeking a tavern which of old he knew,
 A front of timber-crost antiquity,
 So propt, worm-eaten, ruinously old,
 690 He thought it must have gone ; but he was gone
 Who kept it ; and his widow, Miriam Lane,
 With daily-dwindling profits held the house ;

667. See line 102.

688. A house of plaster crossed with timbers, "half-timbered" as it is called ; a style of architecture made familiar by the pictures of Shakespeare's birthplace.

A haunt of brawling seamen once, but now
Still, with yet a bed for wandering men.

695 There Enoch rested silent many days.

But Miriam Lane was good and garrulous,
Nor let him be, but often breaking in,
Told him, with other annals of the port,
Not knowing — Enoch was so brown, so bow'd,
700 So broken — all the story of his house.
His baby's death, her growing poverty,
How Philip put her little ones to school,
And kept them in it, his long wooing her,
Her slow consent, and marriage, and the birth
705 Of Philip's child : and o'er his countenance
No shadow past, nor motion : any one,
Regarding, well had deem'd he felt the tale
Less than the teller ; only when she closed,
“ Enoch, poor man, was cast away and lost,”
710 He, shaking his gray head pathetically,
Repeated muttering, “ cast away and lost ; ”
Again in deeper inward whispers, “ lost ! ”

But Enoch yearned to see her face again ;
“ If I might look on her sweet face again
715 And know that she is happy.” So the thought
Haunted and harass'd him, and drove him forth,
At evening when the dull November day
Was growing duller twilight, to the hill.
There he sat down gazing on all below ;
720 There did a thousand memories roll upon him,
Unspeakable for sadness. By and by
The ruddy square of comfortable light,
Far-blazing from the rear of Philip's house,
Allured him, as the beacon-blaze allures

725 The bird of passage, till he madly strikes
Against it, and beats out his weary life.

For Philip's dwelling fronted on the street,
The latest house to landward ; but behind,
With one small gate that open'd on the waste,
730 Flourish'd a little garden square and wall'd :
And in it throve an ancient evergreen,
A yewtree, and all round it ran a walk
Of shingle, and a walk divided it:
But Enoch shunn'd the middle walk and stole
735 Up by the wall, behind the yew ; and thence
That which he better might have shunn'd, if griefs
Like his have worse or better, Enoch saw.

For cups and silver on the burnish'd board
Sparkled and shone ; so genial was the hearth :
740 And on the right hand of the hearth he saw
Philip, the slighted suitor of old times,
Stout, rosy, with his babe across his knees ;
And o'er her second father stoopt a girl,
A later but a loftier Annie Lee,
745 Fair-hair'd and tall, and from her lifted hand
Dangled a length of ribbon and a ring
To tempt the babe, who rear'd his creasy arms,
Caught at, and ever miss'd it, and they laugh'd :
And on the left hand of the hearth he saw
50 The mother glancing often toward her babe,
But turning now and then to speak with him,
Her son, who stood beside her tall and strong,
And saying that which pleased him, for he smiled.

728. *Latest*, last.

733. *Shingle*, gravel from the seashore.

Now when the dead man come to life beheld
755 His wife his wife no more, and saw the babe
Hers, yet not his, upon the father's knee,
And all the warmth, the peace, the happiness,
And his own children tall and beautiful,
And him, that other, reigning in his place,
760 Lord of his rights and of his children's love, —
Then he, tho' Miriam Lane had told him all,
Because things seen are mightier than things heard,
Stagger'd and shook, holding the branch, and fear'd
To send abroad a shrill and terrible cry,
765 Which in one moment, like the blast of doom,
Would shatter all the happiness of the hearth.

He therefore turning softly like a thief,
Lest the harsh shingle should grate underfoot,
And feeling all along the garden wall,
770 Lest he should swoon and tumble and be found,
Crept to the gate, and open'd it, and closed,
As lightly as a sick man's chamber-door,
Behind him, and came out upon the waste.

And there he would have knelt, but that his knees
775 Were feeble, so that falling prone he dug
His fingers into the wet earth, and pray'd.

“Too hard to bear! why did they take me thence?
O God Almighty, blessed Saviour, Thou
That didst uphold me on my lonely isle,
780 Uphold me, Father, in my loneliness
A little longer! aid me, give me strength
Not to tell her, never to let her know.
Help me not to break in upon her peace.
My children too! must I not speak to these?

785 They know me not. I should betray myself.
 Never : no father's kiss for me — the girl
 So like her mother, and the boy, my son."

There speech and thought and nature fail'd a little
 And he lay tranced ; but when he rose and paced
 790 Back toward his solitary home again,
 All down the long and narrow street he went
 Beating it in upon his weary brain,
 As tho' it were the burthen of a song,
 " Not to tell her, never to let her know."

795 He was not all unhappy. His resolve
 Upbore him, and firm faith, and evermore
 Prayer from a living source within the will,
 And beating up thro' all the bitter world,
 Like fountains of sweet water in the sea,
 800 Kept him a living soul. " This miller's wife,"
 He said to Miriam, " that you spoke about,
 Has she no fear that her first husband lives ? "
 " Ay, ay, poor soul," said Miriam, " fear enow !
 If you could tell her you had seen him dead,
 805 Why, that would be her comfort ; " and he thought
 " After the Lord has call'd me she shall know,
 I wait His time ; " and Enoch set himself,
 Scorning an alms, to work whereby to live.
 Almost to all things could he turn his hand.
 810 Cooper he was and carpenter, and wrought
 To make the boatmen fishing-nets, or help'd
 At lading and unlading the tall barks,
 That brought the stinted commerce of those days ;
 Thus earn'd a scanty living for himself :
 815 Yet since he did but labor for himself,

Work without hope, there was not life in it
Whereby the man could live ; and as the year
Roll'd itself round again to meet the day
When Enoch had return'd, a languor came
820 Upon him, gentle sickness, gradually
Weakening the man, till he could do no more,
But kept the house, his chair, and last his bed.
And Enoch bore his weakness cheerfully.
For sure no gladlier does the stranded wreck
825 See thro' the gray skirts of a lifting squall
The boat that bears the hope of life approach
To save the life despair'd of, than he saw
Death dawning on him, and the close of all.

For thro' that dawning gleam'd a kindlier hope
830 On Enoch thinking, "after I am gone,
Then may she learn I lov'd her to the last."
He call'd aloud for Miriam Lane and said
"Woman, I have a secret — only swear,
Before I tell you — swear upon the book
835 Not to reveal it, till you see me dead."
"Dead," clamor'd the good woman, "hear him talk;
I warrant, man, that we shall bring you round."
"Swear," added Enoch sternly, "on the book."
And on the book, half-frighted, Miriam swore.
840 Then Enoch rolling his gray eyes upon her,
"Did you know Enoch Arden of this town?"
"Know him?" she said, "I knew him far away.
Ay, ay, I mind him coming down the street;
Held his head high, and cared for no man, he."
845 Slowly and sadly Enoch answer'd her:
"His head is low, and no man cares for him.
I think I have not three days more to live;
I am the man." At which the woman gave

A half-incredulous, half-hysterical cry.

850 “You Arden, you! nay,—sure he was a foot
Higher than you be.” Enoch said again

“My God has bow’d me down to what I am;
My grief and solitude have broken me;
Nevertheless, know you that I am he

855 Who married—but that name has twice been
changed—

I married her who married Philip Ray.

Sit, listen.” Then he told her of his voyage,
His wreck, his lonely life, his coming back,
His gazing in on Annie, his resolve,

860 And how he kept it. As the woman heard,
Fast flow’d the current of her easy tears,
While in her heart she yearn’d incessantly
To rush abroad all round the little haven,
Proclaiming Enoch Arden and his woes;

865 But awed and promise-bounden she forbore,
Saying only, “See your bairns before you go!
Eh, let me fetch ’em, Arden,” and arose
Eager to bring them down, for Enoch hung
A moment on her words, but then replied.

870 “Woman, disturb me not now at the last,
But let me hold my purpose till I die.
Sit down again; mark me and understand,
While I have power to speak. I charge you now
When you shall see her, tell her that I died

875 Blessing her, praying for her, loving her;
Save for the bar between us, loving her
As when she lay her head beside my own.
And tell my daughter Annie, whom I saw

865. *Bounden*, an old form of *bound*, here used, doubtless, in large measure for the metre’s sake.

So like her mother, that my latest breath
880 Was spent in blessing her and praying for her.
And tell my son that I died blessing him.
And say to Philip that I blest him too ;
He never meant us any thing but good.
But if my children care to see me dead,
885 Who hardly knew me living, let them come,
I am their father ; but she must not come,
For my dead face would vex her after-life.
And now there is but one of all my blood,
Who will embrace me in the world-to-be :
890 This hair is his : she cut it off and gave it,
And I have borne it with me all these years,
And thought to bear it with me to my grave ;
But now my mind is changed, for I shall see him,
My babe in bliss : wherefore when I am gone,
905 Take, give her this, for it may comfort her :
It will moreover be a token to her,
That I am he."

He ceased ; and Miriam Lane
Made such a voluble answer promising all,
That once again he roll'd his eyes upon her
900 Repeating all he wish'd, and once again
She promised.

Then the third night after this,
While Enoch slumber'd motionless and pale,
And Miriam watch'd and dozed at intervals,
There came so loud a calling of the sea,
905 That all the houses in the haven rang.
He woke, he rose, he spread his arms abroad,
Crying with a loud voice " A sail ! a sail !
I am saved ; " and so fell back and spoke no more

So past the strong heroic soul away.
 910 And when they buried him the little port
 Had seldom seen a costlier funeral.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

The Charge of the Light Brigade was first printed in a London daily newspaper in December, 1854, with a note by the author saying it was prompted by his "reading the first report of the *Times*' correspondent, where only six hundred and seven sabres are mentioned as having taken part in the charge." Balaklava, where the charge took place, was the British headquarters, in the Crimean War, from September, 1854, to June, 1856; the charge itself was made October 25, 1854. From the military point of view it was an absurd and hopeless movement. The order which occasioned it was a blunder. Captain Nolan, on whom it fell to deliver the command, was the first man to die.

In the volume of 1855, the poem appeared considerably amended, but the changes were so criticised that the poet restored the lines more nearly to their original form. Moreover, he had a thousand copies of them printed in leaflets for distribution among the soldiers before Sebastopol; for he had heard how they liked the poem, and wanted them, as he said in a note printed with it, "to know that those who sit at home love and honor them."

I.

HALF a league, half a league,
 Half a league onward,
 All in the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.
 5 "Forward the Light Brigade!
 Charge for the guns!" he said:
 Into the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.

II.

“Forward the Light Brigade!”
10 Was there a man dismay’d?
Not tho’ the soldier knew
Some one had blunder’d:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
15 Theirs but to do and die:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

III.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
20 Cannon in front of them
Volley’d and thunder’d:
Storm’d at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
25 Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred.

IV.

Flash’d all their sabres bare,
Flash’d as they turn’d in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
30 Charging an army, while
All the world wonder’d:
Plunged in the battery-smoke
Right thro’ the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
35 Reel’d from the sabre-stroke
Shatter’d and sunder’d.

Then they rode back, but not —
Not the six hundred.

V.

Cannon to right of them,
40 Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
45 They that had fought so well
Came thro' the jaws of Death
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

VI.

50 When can their glory fade?
Oh, the wild charge they made!
All the world wonder'd.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade,
55 Noble six hundred!

THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

FULL knee-deep lies the winter snow,
And the winter winds are wearily sighing:
Toll ye the church-bell sad and slow,
And tread softly and speak low,
3 For the old year lies a-dying.
Old year, you must not die;
You came to us so readily,

You lived with us so steadily,
Old year, you shall not die.

- 10 He lieth still : he doth not move :
He will not see the dawn of day.
He hath no other life above.
He gave me a friend, and a true true-love,
And the New-year will take 'em away.
- 15 Old year, you must not go ;
So long as you have been with us,
Such joy as you have seen with us,
Old year, you shall not go.

- He froth'd his bumpers to the brim ;
- 20 A jollier year we shall not see.
But tho' his eyes are waxing dim,
And tho' his foes speak ill of him,
He was a friend to me.
- Old year, you shall not die ;
- 25 We did so laugh and cry with you,
I've half a mind to die with you,
Old year, if you must die.

- He was full of joke and jest,
But all his merry quips are o'er.
- 30 To see him die, across the waste
His son and heir doth ride post-haste,
But he'll be dead before.
- Every one for his own.
The night is starry and cold, my friend,
- 35 And the New-year blithe and bold, my
friend,
Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathes ! over the snow
 I heard just now the crowing cock.
 The shadows flicker to and fro :
 40 The cricket chirps : the light burns low :
 'T is nearly twelve o'clock.
 Shake hands, before you die.
 Old year, we 'll dearly rue for you :
 What is it we can do for you ?
 45 Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin.
 Alack ! our friend is gone.
 Close up his eyes : tie up his chin :
 Step from the corpse, and let him in
 50 That standeth there alone,
 And waiteth at the door.
 There 's a new foot on the floor, my friend,
 And a new face at the door, my friend,
 A new face at the door.

CROSSING THE BAR.

Crossing the Bar was contained in the volume of 1889, *Demeter and Other Poems*. For a singer of eighty years to strike so truly lyrical a note, to show himself as eminently a poet as in his prime, was not the least of Tennyson's achievements. The verses were sung at the poet's funeral in Westminster Abbey. The last poem he wrote, with music by Lady Tennyson, was also a part of the service.

SUNSET and evening star,
 And one clear call for me !
 And may there be no moaning of the bar,
 When I put out to sea,
 3. *Moaning of the bar.* A familiar line in Charles Kingsley's

5 But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
10 And after that the dark !
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark ;

For though from out our bourne of time and place
The flood may bear me far,
15 I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

poem, *The Three Fishers*, comes to mind, — “And the harbor
bar be moaning.”

The Riverside Press
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